Surajmal Rajal 1867

THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. III.

great services which you have
the publick, has not likewise a litt
contributed to that universal ac
knowledgment which is paid you
by your country.

The consideration of this part of your character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those extraordinary talents, which have given you so great a figure in the *British* Senate, as well as in that elegance and politeness which appear in your more retired conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain you with an address of this na-

I cannot, however, conclude without owning those great obgations which you have laid upon,

SIR,

your most obedient,

humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR.

Nº 170 Friday, September 14, 1711.

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum—— Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All theſe inconveniences are incident to love: Reproaches, jealouſies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correſpondents, I find ſeveral from women complaining of jealous huſbands, and at the ſame time proteſting their own innocence; and deſiring my advice on this occaſion. I ſhall therefore take this ſubject into my conſideration; and the more willingly, becauſe I find that the Marquis of *Halifax*, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, has inſtructed a wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate, a cholerick, a ſullen, a covetous, or a ſilly huſband, has not ſpoken one word of a jealous huſband.

Jealouſy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the perſon

whom he intirely loves. Now becauſe our inward paſſions and inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his ſuſpicions. His thoughts hang at beſt in a ſtate of doubtfulneſs and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantageous ſide; ſo that his inquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing. His pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a ſtrong ingredient in this paſſion; for the ſame affection which ſtirs up the jealous man's deſires, and gives the party beloved ſo beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary love, it is of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal return of love. Not the warmeſt expreſſions of affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender hypocriſy, are able to give any ſatisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the affection is real, and the ſatisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wiſhes himſelf a kind of deity to the perſon he loves: He would be the only pleaſure of her ſenſes, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes delight in, beſides himſelf.

Phædria's requeſt to his miſtreſs upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:
Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremò animus, quando ego ſum tuus.

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

" When you are in company with that ſoldier, behave
" as if you were abſent: But continue to love me by day
" and by night: Want me; dream of me; expect me;
" think of me; wiſh for me; delight in me: Be wholly
" with me: In ſhort, be my very ſoul, as I am yours.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all he takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be chearful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: So that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to ingross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and asswage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands; *Be not jealous over the wife*

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of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself. Ecclus.

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most overrun with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of any infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot or contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and

and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising: They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtile and overwise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles: Besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of women kind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some *women*; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all *men* subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of *America*, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropicks; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, until you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the

proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the ſun in their conſtitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealouſy, and the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the paſſion may be beſt allayed, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her obſervation; but jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deſerves all her art and application in the attempt: Beſides, ſhe has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the affection of her huſband riſing towards her in proportion as his doubts and ſuſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a mixture of love in jealouſy, as is well worth the ſeparating. But this ſhall be the ſubject of another paper. L

Nº 171 Saturday, September 15.

Credula res amor eſt —— Ovid. Met. 7. ver. 826.

The man, who loves, is eaſy of belief.

HAVING in my yeſterday's paper diſcovered the nature of jealouſy, and pointed out the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to my fair correſpondents, who deſire to live well with a jealous huſband, and to eaſe his mind of its unjuſt ſuſpicions.

The firſt rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the jealous man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a ſatire on himſelf out of a panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider the perſon, but to direct the character; and is ſecretly pleaſed or confounded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf

himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by *Horace* in his ode to *Lydia*.

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitùs macerer ignibus. Od. 13. lib. 1.

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In rising sighs and falling tears,
That shew too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore

fore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay or diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece: For if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, until he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aking heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 208.

Though equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humour so far, until their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a

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melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*; which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and *Herod* all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. *Herod* attributed the summons to *Antony*'s desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his

uncle

uncle *Joſeph*, with private orders to put her to death, if any ſuch violence was offered to himſelf. This *Joſeph* was much delighted with *Mariamne*'s converſation, and endeavoured with all his art and rhetorick, to ſet out the exceſs of *Herod*'s paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain inſtance of her Lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to *Joſeph*'s interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſonable paſſion quite put out, for a time, thoſe little remains of affection ſhe ſtill had for her Lord: Her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider the kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by *Mark Antony*, when his ſoul was all in flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's converſation and familiarity with her in his abſence. This therefore was the firſt diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his ſuſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole ſoul to her in the warmeſt proteſtations of love and conſtancy; when amidſt all his ſighs and languiſhings ſhe aſked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle *Joſeph* were an inſtance of ſuch an inflamed affection. The jealous King was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a queſtion, and concluded his uncle muſt have been too familiar with her, before he would have diſcovered ſuch a ſecret. In ſhort, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himſelf to ſpare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a ſecond journey into *Ægypt*, when he committed his Lady to the care of *Sohemus*, with the ſame private orders he had before given his uncle, if any miſchief befel himſelf. In the mean while *Mariamne* ſo won upon *Sohemus* by her preſents and obliging converſation, that ſhe drew all the ſecret from

him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of *Mariamne*'s enemies, who accused her to the King of a design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack: who in the extremity of his tortures confest, that his mistress's aversion to the King arose from something *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publickly condemned and executed. *Herod* soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the publick administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by publick storms, which at that time very nearly threatned him.

N° 172 Monday, September 17.

Non ſolùm ſcientia, quæ eſt remota à juſtitia, calliditas potiùs quàm ſapientia eſt appellanda; verùm etiam animus paratus ad periculum, ſi ſuâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, audaciæ potiùs nomen habeat, quàm fortitudinis—— Plato apud Tull.

As knowledge, without juſtice, ought to be called cunning, rather than wiſdom; ſo a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerneſs, and not the publick good, deſerves the name of audacity, rather than of courage.

THERE can be no greater injury to human ſociety than that good talents among men ſhould be held honourable to thoſe who are endowed with them without any regard how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accompliſhments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the intereſts of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abſtract our minds from the obſervation of any excellence in thoſe we converſe with, until we have taken ſome notice, or received ſome good information of the diſpoſition of their minds; otherwiſe the beauty of their perſons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of thoſe whom our reaſon and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we ſuffer ourſelves to be thus carried away by mere beauty, or mere wit, *Omniamante*, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good will as the moſt innocent virgin or diſcreeteſt matron; and there cannot be a more abject ſlavery in this world than to dote upon what we think we ought to contemn: Yet this muſt be our condition in all the parts of life, if we ſuffer ourſelves to approve any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourſelves to conſider all things by the light of reaſon and juſtice, though a man were in the

height

height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the same contempt or indifference as he would upon a coxcomb: The wanton carriage in a woman would disappoint her of the admiration which she aims at; and the vain dress or discourse of a man would destroy the comeliness of his shape, or goodness of his understanding. I say the goodness of his understanding, for it is no less common to see men of sense commence coxcombs, than beautiful women become immodest. When this happens in either, the favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good qualities they have from nature should abate in proportion. But however just it is to measure the value of men by the application of their talents, and not by the eminence of those qualities abstracted from their use; I say, however just such a way of judging is, in all ages as well as this, the contrary has prevailed upon the generality of mankind. How many lewd devices have been preserved from one age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if painters and sculptors had been esteemed as much for the purpose as the execution of their designs? modest and well-governed imaginations have by this means lost the representations of ten thousand charming portraitures, filled with images of innate truth, generous zeal, courageous faith, and tender humanity; instead of which, satyrs, furies, and monsters are recommended by those arts to a shameful eternity.

The unjust application of laudable talents, is tolerated, in the general opinion of men, not only in such cases as are here mentioned, but also in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his parts in contending for justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his character be? and how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the profession no otherwise, than as labouring to protect the injured, to subdue the oppressor, to imprison the careless debtor, and do right to the painful artificer; but many of this excellent character are overlooked by the greater number; who affect covering a weak place in a client's title, diverting the course of an inquiry, or finding a skilful

refuge

refuge to palliate a falsehood; yet it is still called eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed: But resolution in an assassin is according to reason quite as laudable, as knowledge and wisdom exercised in the defence of an ill cause.

Were the intention stedfastly considered, as the measure of approbation, all falsehood would soon be out of countenance: And an address in imposing upon mankind, would be as contemptible in one state of life as another. A couple of courtiers making professions of esteem, would make the same figure after breach of promise, as two knights of the post convicted of perjury. But conversation is fallen so low in point of morality, that as they say in a bargain, *Let the Buyer look to it*; so in friendship, he is the man in danger who is most apt to believe: He is the more likely to suffer in the commerce, who begins with the obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those men only are truly great, who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the conscience of worthy enterprises, than in the prospect of glory which attends them. These exalted spirits would rather be secretly the authors of events which are serviceable to mankind, than, without being such, to have the publick fame of it. Where therefore an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or detraction, it does but increase by such endeavours of its enemies: The impotent pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a crowd to the injury of a single person, will naturally produce the contrary effect; the fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the possession of true glory, which is, to hear the opposers of it with patience, and preserve the virtue by which it was acquired. When a man is thoroughly persuaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his duty, it is not in the power of seasons, persons or accidents, to diminish his value. He only is a great man who can neglect the applause of the multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its favour. This is indeed an arduous task; but it should comfort a glorious spirit that it is the highest step to which human

human nature can arrive. Triumph, applauſe, acclamation, are dear to the mind of man; but it is ſtill a more exquiſite delight to ſay to yourſelf, you have done well, than to hear the whole human race pronounce you glorious, except you yourſelf can join with them in your own reflections. A mind thus equal and uniform may be deſerted by little faſhionable admirers and followers, but will ever be had in reverence by ſouls like itſelf. The branches of the oak endure all the ſeaſons of the year, though its leaves fall off in autumn; and theſe too will be reſtored with the returning ſpring. T

No 173 Tueſday, September 18.

——*Remove fera monſtra, tuæque*
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Meduſæ.
Ovid. Met. lib. 5. ver. 216.

Remove that horrid monſter, and take hence
Meduſa's petrifying countenance.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for the erecting of ſeveral handicraft prizes to be contended for by our *Britiſh* artiſans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our ſeveral manufactures. I have ſince that been very much ſurprized with the following advertiſement which I find in the *Poſt-Boy* of the eleventh inſtant, and again repeated in the *Poſt-Boy* of the fifteenth.

ON the ninth of *October* next will be run for upon *Coleſhill Heath* in *Warwickſhire*, a plate of ſix guineas value, three heats, by any horſe, mare, or gelding that hath not won above the value of five pounds, the winning horſe to be ſold for ten pounds, to carry ten ſtone weight, if fourteen hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered *Friday* the fifteenth at the *Swan* in *Coleſhill*, before ſix in the evening. Alſo a plate of leſs value to be run for by aſſes. The ſame day a gold ring to be grinned for by men.

The

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the ten pounds race-horses, may probably have its use; but the two last in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at *Coleshill*, or how making mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire*, more than in any other parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like an ass-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body-clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country-fellows within ten miles of the *Swan*, grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the ninth of *October*. The prize, which is proposed to be grinned for, has raised such an ambition among the common-people of out-grinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the country; and that a *Warwickshire* man will be known by his grin, as Roman catholicks imagine a *Kentish* man is by his tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity, is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and should carry for its posy the old motto inverted,

Detur tetriori.

Or to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'st grinner
Be the winner.

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch* painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an account which I lately received of one of these grinning-matches from a gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned advertisement, entertained the coffee-house with the following narrative. Upon the taking of *Namure*, amidst other publick rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a whig justice of peace to be grinned for. The first

competitor

competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy *Frenchman*, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like *Milton*'s Death,

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile——

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he shewed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a farther trial they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malecontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into such an hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists, that he had practised with verjuice for some days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize it seems fell at length upon a cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many

years

years together over his laſt. At the very firſt grin he caſt every human feature out of his countenance, at the ſecond he became the face of a ſpout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a baſs-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole aſſembly wondered at his accompliſhments, and beſtowed the ring on him unanimouſly; but, what he eſteemed more than all the reſt, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was ſo charmed with his grins, and the applauſes which he received on all ſides, that ſhe married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobler having made uſe of it as his wedding-ring.

This paper might perhaps ſeem very impertinent, if it grew ſerious in the concluſion. I would nevertheleſs leave it to the conſideration of thoſe who are the patrons of this monſtrous trial of ſkill, whether or no they are not guilty, in ſome meaſure, of an affront to their ſpecies, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that part of us, which has ſo great an image impreſſed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raiſing ſuch ſilly competitions among the ignorant, propoſing prizes for ſuch uſeleſs accompliſhments, filling the common people's heads with ſuch ſenſeleſs ambitions, and inſpiring them with ſuch abſurd ideas of ſuperiority and pre-eminence, has not in it ſomething immoral as well as ridiculous. L

No 174 Wedneſday, September 19.

Hæc memini & victum fruſtra contendere Thyrſin.
Virg. Ecl. 7. ver. 69.

Theſe rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquiſh'd *Thyrſis* did in vain contend. Dryden.

THERE is ſcarce any thing more common than animoſities between parties that cannot ſubſiſt but by their agreement: This was well repreſented in the ſedition of the members of the human body in the old

Roman

Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety: and this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of *Great Britain*: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise; that the *Carthaginians* were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud or cozenage: and indeed, what is the sole business of the trader's account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expences? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks, has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at

the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters or the way, in their respective motions.

It is very well, good captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble monuments of charity and publick spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir ROGER's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me, more than the houshold of the peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the *Roman* proverb upon the *Carthaginian* traders; the *Romans* were their professed enemies: I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the *Roman* generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken occasion from an old proverb to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in *Holland*, they say of him that *he has not kept true accounts*. This phrase, perhaps among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest

reproach;

reproach; for a man to be miſtaken in the calculation of his expence, in his ability to anſwer future demands, or to be impertinently ſanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all inſtances of as much infamy as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honeſty.

Numbers are ſo much the meaſure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not poſſible to demonſtrate the ſucceſs of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking without them. I ſay this in anſwer to what Sir ROGER is pleaſed to ſay, that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his caſh-book, or balancing his accounts. When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a ſhilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loſs by my adventure; but I ought alſo to be able to ſhew that I had reaſon for making it, either from my own experience, or that of other people, or from a reaſonable preſumption that my returns will be ſufficient to anſwer my expence and hazard; and this is never to be done without the ſkill of numbers. For inſtance, if I am to trade to *Turkey*, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their ſilks in *England*, and the cuſtomary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of theſe matters beforehand, that I may preſume upon ſufficient returns to anſwer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and aſſurance out and home, the cuſtoms to the queen, and the intereſt of my own money, and beſides all theſe expences, a reaſonable profit to myſelf. Now what is there of ſcandal in this ſkill? What has the merchant done, that he ſhould be ſo little in the good graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no man's incloſures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the induſtrious labourer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furniſhes employment and ſubſiſtence to greater numbers than the richeſt nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his eſtate, and for making a great addition to his rents;

and yet it is certain, that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

This is the œconomy of the merchant; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chace is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir ROGER knows the full value of these returns; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chace, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs, he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his descent from the maid of honour. But it is very happy for Sir ROGER that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. It is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better, who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence.

N° 175 Thursday, September 20.

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægrè.—

Ovid. Rem. Am. ver. 625.

To save your house from neighb'ring fire is hard. TATE.

I SHALL this day entertain my readers with two or three letters I have received from my correspondents: The first discovers to me a species of females which have hitherto escaped my notice, and is as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young gentleman of a competent fortune, 'and a sufficient taste of learning, to spend five or 'six hours every day very agreeably among my books. 'That I might have nothing to divert me from my studies, and to avoid the noises of coaches and chairmen, 'I have taken lodgings in a very narrow street not far 'from *Whitehall*; but it is my misfortune to be so posted, that my lodgings are directly opposite to those of 'a *Jezebel*. You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so called by the neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious charms at her window) appears constantly dressed 'at her sash, and has a thousand little tricks and fooleries to attract the eyes of all the young fellows in the 'neighbourhood. I have seen more than six persons 'at once from their several windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on her 'myself with the highest contempt, could divert myself 'with her airs for half an hour, and afterwards take up 'my *Plutarch* with great tranquillity of mind; but was 'a little vexed to find that in less than a month she had 'considerably stolen upon my time, so that I resolved 'to look at her no more. But the *Jezebel*, who, as I suppose, might think it a diminution to her honour, to

'have the number of her gazers lessened, resolved not 'to part with me so, and began to play so many new 'tricks at her window, that it was impossible for me to 'forbear observing her. I verily believe she put herself 'to the expence of a new wax-baby on purpose to 'plague me; she used to dandle and play with this 'figure as impertinently as if it had been a real child: 'Sometimes she would let fall a glove or a pin-cushion 'in the street, and shut or open her casement three or 'four times in a minute. When I had almost weaned 'myself from this, she came in her shift sleeves, and 'dressed at the window. I had no way left but to let 'down my curtains, which I submitted to, though it 'considerably darkened my room, and was pleased 'to think that I had at last got the better of her; but 'was surprised the next morning to hear her talking out 'of her window quite cross the street, with another 'woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that 'she made her a visit, and got acquainted with her with-'in three hours after the fall of my window-curtains.

'Sir, I am plagued every moment in the day, one 'way or other, in my own chambers; and the *Jezebel* 'has the satisfaction to know, that though I am not look-'ing at her, I am listening to her impertinent dialogues 'that pass over my head. I would immediately change 'my lodgings, but that I think it might look like a 'plain confession, that I am conquered; and besides 'this, I am told that most quarters of the town are 'infested with these creatures. If they are so, I am 'sure it is such an abuse, as a lover of learning and 'silence ought to take notice of.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

I am afraid, by some lines in this letter, that my young student is touched with a distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the abuse which he mentions, having myself observed a nest of *Jezebels* near the *Temple*, who make it their diversion to draw up the eyes of young Templars, that at the same

time

time they may see them stumble in an unlucky gutter which runs under the window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have lately read the conclusion of your forty-seventh speculation upon *Butts* with great pleasure, 'and have ever since been thoroughly persuaded that one 'of those gentlemen is extremely necessary to enliven 'conversation. I had an entertainment last week upon 'the water for a Lady to whom I make my addresses, 'with several of our friends of both sexes. To divert 'the company in general, and to shew my mistress in 'particular, my genius for rallery, I took one of the 'most celebrated *Butts* in town along with me. It is 'with the utmost shame and confusion that I must ac-'quaint you with the sequel of my adventure: As soon 'as we were got into the boat, I played a sentence or 'two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my 'ill genius, who I verily believe inspired him purely 'for my destruction, suggested to him such a reply, as 'got all the laughter on his side. I was dashed at so 'unexpected a turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, re-'solved not to let me recover myself, and pursuing his 'victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful 'and barbarous manner until we came to *Chelsea*. I had 'some small success while we were eating cheese-cakes: 'but coming home, he renewed his attacks with his for-'mer good-fortune, and equal diversion to the whole 'company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously own that 'I was never so handled in all my life; and to complete 'my misfortune, I am since told that the *Butt*, flushed 'with his late victory, has made a visit or two to the 'dear object of my wishes, so that I am at once in 'danger of losing all my pretensions to wit, and my 'mistress into the bargain. This, Sir, is a true ac-'count of my present troubles, which you are the 'more obliged to assist me in, as you were yourself in 'a great measure the cause of them, by recommending 'to us an instrument, and not instructing us at the same 'time how to play upon it.

'I have been thinking whether it might not be high-'ly convenient that all *Butts* should wear an inscription

'affixed to some part of their bodies, shewing on which 'side they are to be come at, and that if any of them 'are persons of unequal tempers, there should be some 'method taken to inform the world at what time it is 'safe to attack them, and when you had best to let 'them alone. But, submitting these matters to your 'more serious consideration,

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young gentlemen under the same misfortune with my present correspondent. The best rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only *Whether their companions are weak*, but *Whether themselves are wits.*

The following letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I shall give it my reader as it was sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Exeter, Sept.* 7.

'YOU were pleased in a late speculation to take 'notice of the inconvenience we lie under in the 'country, in not being able to keep pace with the fa'shion: But there is another misfortune which we are 'subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, 'which has hitherto escaped your observation. I 'mean, the having things palmed upon us for *London* 'fashions, which were never once heard of there.

'A Lady of this place had some time since a box of 'the newest ribbons sent down by the coach: whether 'it was her own malicious invention, or the wantonness 'of a *London* milliner, I am not able to inform you; but 'among the rest, there was one cherry-coloured ribbon, 'consisting of about half a dozen yards, made up in the 'figure of a small head-dress. The aforesaid Lady had 'the assurance to affirm, amidst a circle of female in'quisitors, who were present at the opening of the box, 'that this was the newest fashion worn at court. Ac'cordingly the next *Sunday* we had several females, who 'came to church with their heads dressed wholly in 'ribbons, and looked like so many victims ready to be 'sacrificed. This is still a reigning mode among us. At

'the

'the same time we have a set of gentlemen who take 'the liberty to appear in all public places without any 'buttons to their coats, which they supply with several 'little silver hasps, though our freshest advices from '*London*, make no mention of any such fashion; and we 'are something shy of affording matter to the button-'makers for a second petition.

'What I would humbly propose to the publick is, 'that there may be a society erected in *London*, to con-'sist of the most skilful persons of both sexes, for the '*Inspection of modes and fashions*; and that hereafter no 'person or persons shall presume to appear singularly 'habited in any part of the country, without a testi-'monial from the aforesaid society, that their dress is 'answerable to the mode at *London*. By this means, 'Sir, we shall know a little whereabout we are.

'If you could bring this matter to bear, you would 'very much oblige great numbers of your country 'friends, and among the rest,

Your very humble servant,

X Jack Modish.

N° 176 Friday, September 21.

Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum sal.
Lucr. l. 4. ver. 1155.

A little, pretty, witty, charming she!

THERE are in the following letter matters, which I, a bachelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it until farther consideration, but leave the author of the epistle to express his condition his own way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Do not deny but you appear in many of your papers 'to understand human life pretty well; but there 'are very many things which you cannot possibly have 'a true notion of, in a single life; these are such as re-'spect the married state; otherwise I cannot account 'for your having overlooked a very good sort of people, 'which are commonly called in scorn the *Hen-peckt*. 'You are to understand that I am one of those innocent 'mortals who suffer derision under that word, for being 'governed by the best of wives. It would be worth 'your consideration to enter into the nature of affection 'itself and tell us, according to your philosophy, why 'it is that our Dears should do what they will with us, 'shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes 'whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to 'life, have the use of speech to the greatest fluency 'imaginable, and then sink away again, and all because 'they fear we do not love them enough; that is, the 'poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think 'it possible we should be able to love them in so great 'a degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a 'true good natured man, whom rakes and libertines 'call *Hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these different moods 'with his dear life, and at the same time see they are 'wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough 'to tell the dear good creature that she is an hypocrite.

'This sort of good men is very frequent in the po-'pulous and wealthy city of *London*, and is the true *Hen-'peckt* man; the kind creature cannot break through 'his kindnesses so far as to come to an explanation 'with the tender soul, and therefore goes on to com-'fort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when 'she is not angry, and to give her his cash when he 'knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy 'for a whole month, which is computed by hard-hearted 'men the space of time which a froward woman takes 'to come to herself, if you have courage to stand out.

'There are indeed several other species of the *Hen-'peckt*, and in my opinion they are certainly the best 'subjects the Queen has; and for that reason I take it 'to be your duty to keep us above contempt.

'I do

'I do not know whether I make myself understood in 'the representation of an hen-peckt life, but I shall take 'leave to give you an account of myself, and my own 'spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no fool, 'have on several occasions been tried whether I will take 'ill-usage, and the event has been to my advantage; 'and yet there is not such a slave in *Turkey* as I am to my 'Dear. She has a good share of it, and is what you 'call a very pretty agreeable woman. I perfectly dote 'on her, and my affection to her gives me all the anxie-'ties imaginable but that of jealousy. My being thus 'confident of her, I take as much as I can judge of my 'heart, to be the reason, that whatever she does, though 'it be never so much against my inclination, there is still 'left something in her manner that is amiable. She will 'sometimes look at me with an assumed grandeur, and 'pretend to resent that I have not had respect enough for 'her opinion in such an instance in company. I cannot 'but smile at the pretty anger she is in, and then she pre-'tends she is used like a child. In a word, our great de-'bate is, which has the superiority in point of under-'standing. She is eternally forming an argument of de-'bate; to which I very indolently answer, Thou art 'mighty pretty. To this she answers, All the world but 'you think I have as much sense as yourself. I repeat to 'her, indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no pa-'tience; she will throw down any thing about her, 'stamp and pull off her head-clothes. Fy, my dear, say 'I; how can a woman of your sense fall into such an in-'temperate rage? This is an argument which never 'fails. Indeed, my Dear, says she, you make me mad 'sometimes, so you do, with the silly way you have of 'treating me like a pretty idiot. Well, what have I got 'by putting her into good humour? Nothing, but that 'I must convince her of my good opinion by my prac-'tice; and then I am to give her possession of my little 'ready-money, and, for a day and a half following, 'dislike all she dislikes, and extol every thing she ap-'proves. I am so exquisitely fond of this darling, that 'I seldom see any of my friends, am uneasy in all 'companies until I see her again; and when I come 'home she is in the dumps because she says she is sure 'I came so soon only because I think her handsome. I

'dare not upon this occasion laugh; but though I am 'one of the warmest churchmen in the kingdom, I am 'forced to rail at the times, because she is a violent 'whig. Upon this we talk politicks so long, that she is 'convinced I kiss her for her wisdom. It is a common 'practice with me to ask her some question concerning 'the constitution, which she answers me in general 'out of *Harrington's Oceana*: Then I commend her 'strange memory, and her arm is immediately locked 'in mine. While I keep her in this temper she plays 'before me, sometimes dancing in the midst of the 'room, sometimes striking an air at her spinnet, vary-'ing her posture and her charms in such a manner that 'I am in continual pleasure: She will play the fool, if 'I allow her to be wise; but if she suspects I like her 'for her trifling, she immediately grows grave.

'These are the toils in which I am taken, and I 'carry off my servitude as well as most men; but my 'application to you is in behalf of the *Hen-peckt* in ge-'neral, and I desire a dissertation from you in defence 'of us. You have, as I am informed, very good au-'thorities in our favour, and hope you will not omit 'the mention of the renowned *Socrates*, and his phi-'losophick resignation to his wife *Xantippe*. This 'would be a very good office to the world in general, 'for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their quality and 'numbers, not only in cities but in courts; in the 'latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former 'the most wealthy of all men. When you have con-'sidered wedlock thoroughly, you ought to enter into 'the suburbs of matrimony, and give us an account 'of the thraldom of kind keepers, and irresolute lo-'vers; the keepers who cannot quit their fair ones, 'though they see their approaching ruin; the lovers 'who dare not marry, though they know they never 'shall be happy without the mistresses whom they can-'not purchase on other terms.

'What will be a great embellishment to your dis-'course, will be, that you may find instances of the 'haughty, the proud, the frolick, the stubborn, who 'are each of them in secret downright slaves to their 'wives or mistresses. I must beg of you in the last place 'to dwell upon this, that the wise and valiant in all

'ages

'ages have been *Hen-peckt*: and that the sturdy tempers 'who are not slaves to affection, owe that exemption 'to their being inthralled by ambition, avarice, or 'some meaner passion. I have ten thousand thousand 'things more to say, but my wife sees me writing, 'and will, according to custom, be consulted, if I do 'not seal this immediately.

Yours,

T Nathaniel Henroost.

N° 177 Saturday, September 22.

——*Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus*
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?—Juv. Sat. 15. ver. 140.

Who can all sense of others ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape. TATE.

IN one of my last week's papers I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness of blood*, is an admirable groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is intitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity;

versity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir *Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner, but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this, is not that *Philanthropy*, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: For if, notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessaries of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations,

whilst

whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Eugenius is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent, in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. *Eugenius* has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year; but never values himself above ninescore, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes afoot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in

in practice. By this method we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroick instances, and with a noble heat of sentiments, mentions that verse in the proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord*: 'There is more rhetorick 'in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood 'by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are 'delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an 'epitome.'

This passage in scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetick manner, that he shall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me, I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose; What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have always read with great delight in the book of *Job*. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

When

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me; What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have witheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail: Or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

L

Monday,

No 178 Monday, September 24.

Comis in uxorem —— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. ver. 133.
Civil to his wife. Pope.

I Cannot defer taking notice of this letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am but too good a judge of your paper of the 15th 'instant, which is a master-piece; I mean that of 'jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of 'that torture in the breast of a man, and not to men-'tion also the pangs of it in the heart of a woman. You 'have very judiciously, and with the greatest penetration 'imaginable, considered it as woman is the creature of 'whom the diffidence is raised: but not a word of a 'man, who is so unmerciful as to move jealousy in his 'wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is pos-'sible you may not believe there are such tyrants in the 'world; but alas, I can tell you of a man who is ever 'out of humour in his wife's company, and the plea-'santest man in the world every where else; the greatest 'sloven at home when he appears to none but his fa-'mily, and most exactly well-dressed in all other places. 'Alas, Sir, is it of course, that to deliver one's self 'wholly into a man's power without possibility of ap-'peal to any other jurisdiction but his own reflections, is 'so little an obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be 'offended and fall into a rage, because my heart swells 'tears into my eyes when I see him in a cloudy mood? 'I pretend to no succour, and hope for no relief but 'from himself; and yet he that has sense and justice in 'every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only 'to sleep off an intemperance, and spend all the time 'he is there as if it were a punishment, cannot but give

'the

'the anguish of a jealous mind. He always leaves his 'home as if he were going to court, and returns as if he 'were entring a gaol. I could add to this, that from his 'company and his usual discourse, he does not scruple 'being thought an abandoned man, as to his morals. 'Your own imagination will say enough to you concern-'ing the condition of me his wife; and I wish you 'would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not 'ill-natured, and reads you much, that the moment I 'hear the door shut after him, I throw myself upon my 'bed, and drown the child he is so fond of with my 'tears, and often frighten it with my cries; that I curse 'my being; that I run to my glass all over bathed in 'sorrows, and help the utterance of my inward anguish 'by beholding the gush of my own calamities as my 'tears fall from my eyes. This looks like an imagined 'picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my pas-'times. Hitherto I have only told you the general 'temper of my mind, but how shall I give you an ac-'count of the distraction of it? Could you but conceive 'how cruel I am one moment in my resentment, and 'at the ensuing minute, when I place him in the condi-'tion my anger would bring him to, how compassionate; 'it would give you some notion how miserable I am, 'and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with 'the greatest gentleness that is possible against unhand-'some appearances, and that married persons are under 'particular rules; when he is in the best humour to 'receive this, I am answered only, that I expose my 'own reputation and sense if I appear jealous. I wish, 'good Sir, you would take this into serious considera-'tion and admonish husbands and wives what terms they 'ought to keep towards each other. Your thoughts on 'this important subject will have the greatest reward, 'that which descends on such as feel the sorrows of the 'afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe myself,

Your unfortunate,

humble servant,

CELINDA.

I had it in my thoughts, before I received the letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful passion in the mind of

of a woman; and the ſmart ſhe ſeems to feel does not abate the inclination I had to recommend huſbands a more regular behaviour, than to give the moſt exquiſite of torments to thoſe who love them, nay whoſe torments would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to obſerve how little is made of this inexpreſſible injury, and how eaſily men get into a habit of being leaſt agreeable where they are moſt obliged to be ſo. But this ſubject deſerves a diſtinct ſpeculation, and I ſhall obſerve for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a ſyſtem of conjugal morality. I deſign in the firſt place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practiſes all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of an huſband. When he was a bachelor much buſineſs made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living ſo exact in the care of his perſon. One who aſked why he was ſo long waſhing his mouth, and ſo delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was anſwered, becauſe there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty.

If a man would give himſelf leave to think, he would not be ſo unreaſonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that fleſh and blood is capable of ſo ſtrict an alliance, as that a fine woman muſt go on to improve herſelf until ſhe is as good and impaſſive as an angel, only to preſerve a fidelity to a brute and a ſatyr. The Lady who deſires me for her ſake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am perſuaded, thinks ſuch a perſeverance very impracticable.

HUSBAND,

'STAY more at home. I know where you viſited 'at ſeven of the clock on *Thurſday* evening. The 'colonel whom you charged me to ſee no more, is in town.

T

Martha Houſewife.

N° 179 Tuesday, September 25.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata rhamnes:
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 341.

Old age explodes all but morality:
Austerity offends aspiring youth:
But he that joins instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes.

ROSCOMMON.

I May cast my readers under two general divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: Were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must

I must confess; were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophick gravity. They are insnared into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the best men are involved, very often stands in need of such little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to disperse melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which some will add, that the *British* climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the variety of my speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be innocent. A scrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a discreet author in modesty suppresses; how many strokes of raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but are stifled in their birth by reason of some remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting, without being im-

immoral. One may apply to these authors that passage in *Waller*.

Poets lose half the praise they would have got,
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.

As nothing is more easy than to be a wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires some genius and invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the publick, but with an eye to my particular correspondent, who has sent me the following letter, which I have castrated in some places upon these considerations.

SIR,

'HAving lately seen your discourse upon a match of grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an account of a whistling match, which, with many others, I was entertained with about three years since at the *Bath*. The prize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest whistler, that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and go through his tune without laughing, to which at the same time he was provoked by the antick postures of a *Merry-Andrew*, who was to stand upon the stage, and play his tricks in the eye of the performer. There were three competitors for the ring. The first was a ploughman of a very promising aspect: his features were steady, and his muscles composed in so inflexible a stupidity, that upon his first appearance every one gave the guinea for lost. The pickled herring however found the way to shake him; for upon his whistling a country jig, this unlucky wag danced to it with such variety of distortions and grimaces, that the countryman could not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means spoiled his whistle, and lost the prize.

'The next that mounted the stage was an under-citizen of the *Bath*, a person remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his great wisdom and his broad band. He contracted his mouth with much gravity, and, that he might dispose his mind to be more serious than ordinary, begun the tune of *The children in the wood*, and went through part of it with

'good

'good success; when on a sudden the wit at his elbow, 'who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive 'for some time, gave him a touch upon the left shoulder, 'and stared him in the face with so bewitching a 'grin, that the whistler relaxed his fibres into a kind 'of simper, and at length burst out into an open laugh. 'The third who entered the lists was a footman, who 'in defiance of the *Merry-Andrew*, and all his arts, 'whistled a *Scotch* tune and an *Italian* sonata, with so 'settled a countenance, that he bore away the prize, to 'the great admiration of some hundreds of persons, 'who, as well as myself, were present at this trial of 'skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you 'have determined of the grinners, the whistlers ought 'to be encouraged, not only as their art is practised 'without distortion, but as it improves country musick, 'promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary people to 'keep their countenances, if they see any thing ridi-'culous in their betters; besides that it seems an en-'tertainment very particularly adapted to the *Bath*, as 'it is usual for a rider to whistle to his horse when he 'would make his waters pass.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having dispatched these two important 'points of grinning and whistling, I hope you will 'oblige the world with some reflections upon yawning, 'as I have seen it practised on a twelfth-night among 'other *Christmas* gambols at the house of a very wor-'thy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at 'that time of the year. They yawn for a *Cheshire* 'cheese, and begin about midnight, when the whole 'company is disposed to be drowsy. He that yawns 'widest, and at the same time so naturally as to pro-'duce the most yawns among the spectators, carries 'home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you 'ought, I question not but your paper will set half the 'kingdom a yawning, though I dare promise you it 'will never make any body fall asleep. L

Wednesday,

N° 180 Wednesday, September 26.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. ver. 14.

The people suffer when the prince offends. CREECH.

THE following letter has so much weight and good sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, though it relates to an hardened sinner, whom I have very little hopes of reforming, *viz. Lewis* XIV. of *France*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AMidst the variety of subjects of which you have 'treated, I could wish it had fallen in your way, 'to expose the vanity of conquests. This thought 'would naturally lead one to the *French* King, who 'has been generally esteemed the greatest conqueror of 'our age, until her Majesty's armies had torn from 'him so many of his countries, and deprived him of the 'fruit of all his former victories. For my own part, if 'I were to draw his picture, I should be for taking 'him no lower than to the peace of *Reswick*, just at the 'end of his triumphs, and before his reverse of for-'tune: and even then I should not forbear thinking 'his ambition had been vain and unprofitable to him-'self and his people.

'As for himself, it is certain he can have gained no-'thing by his conquests, if they have not rendered 'him master of more subjects, more riches, or greater 'power. What I shall be able to offer upon these 'heads, I resolve to submit to your consideration.

'To begin then with his increase of subjects. From 'the time he came of age, and has been a manager for 'himself, all the people he had acquired were such only 'as he had reduced by his wars, and were left in his 'possession by the peace; he had conquered not above one

'third part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more than 'one third part of the inhabitants of that province.

'About 100 years ago the houses in that country 'were all numbered, and by a just computation the in-'habitants of all sorts could not then exceed 750000 'souls. And if any man will consider the desolation 'by almost perpetual wars, the numerous armies that 'have lived almost ever since at discretion upon the peo-'ple, and how much of their commerce has been remov-'ed for more security to other places, he will have lit-'tle reason to imagine that their numbers have since 'increased; and therefore with one third part of that 'province that prince can have gained no more than 'one third part of the inhabitants, or 250000 new 'subjects, even though it should be supposed they were 'all contented to live still in their native country, and 'transfer their allegiance to a new master.

'The fertility of this province, its convenient situa-'tion for trade and commerce, its capacity for fur-'nishing employment and subsistence to great numbers, 'and the vast armies that have been maintained here, 'make it credible that the remaining two thirds of '*Flanders* are equal to all his other conquests; and 'consequently by all he cannot have gained more than '750000 new subjects, men, women, and children, es-'pecially if a deduction shall be made of such as have 'retired from the conqueror to live under their old 'masters.

'It is time now to set his loss against his profit, and 'to shew for the new subjects he had acquired, how 'many old ones he had lost in the acquisition: I think 'that in his wars he has seldom brought less into the 'field in all places than 200000 fighting men, besides 'what have been left in garrisons; and I think the 'common computation is, that of an army, at the end 'of a campaign, without sieges or battles, scarce four 'fifths can be mustered of those that came into the 'field at the beginning of the year. His wars at se-'veral times until the last peace have held about 20 'years; and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth part of his 'armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have 'lost less than 800000 of his old subjects, and all able-

'body'd

'body'd men; a greater number than the new subjects 'he had acquired.

'But this loss is not all: Providence seems to have 'equally divided the whole mass of mankind into dif-'ferent sexes, that every woman may have her husband, 'and that both may equally contribute to the continu-'ance of the species. It follows then, that for all the 'men that have been lost, as many women must have 'lived single, and it were but charity to believe they 'have not done all the service they were capable of 'doing in their generation. In so long a course of 'years great part of them must have died, and all the 'rest must go off at last without leaving any represen-'tatives behind. By this account he must have lost not 'only 800000 subjects, but double that number, and all 'the increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

'It is said in the last war there was a famine in his 'kingdom, which swept away two millions of his peo-'ple. This is hardly credible: If the loss was only of 'one fifth part of that sum, it was very great. But it is 'no wonder there should be famine, where so much of 'the people's substance is taken away for the king's use, 'that they have not sufficient left to provide against 'accidents; where so many of the men are taken 'from the plough to serve the king in his wars, and 'a great part of the tillage is left to the weaker hands 'of so many women and children. Whatever was the 'loss it must undoubtedly be placed to the account of 'his ambition.

'And so must also the destruction or banishment of '3 or 400000 of his reformed subjects; he could have 'no other reasons for valuing those lives so very cheap, 'but only to recommend himself to the bigotry of the '*Spanish* nation.

'How should there be industry in a country where 'all property is precarious? What subject will sow his 'land that his prince may reap the whole harvest? 'parsimony and frugality must be strangers to such a 'people; for will any man save to-day what he has 'reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? 'And where is the encouragement for marrying? Will 'any man think of raising children, without any assu-

'rance of clothing for their backs, or so much as food 'for their bellies? And thus by his fatal ambition he 'must have lessened the number of his subjects not 'only by slaughter and destruction, but by preventing 'their very births, he has done as much as was possible 'towards destroying posterity itself.

'Is this then the great, the invincible *Lewis?* This 'the immortal man, the *tout-puissant*, or the almighty, 'as his flatterers have called him? Is this the man that 'is so celebrated for his conquests? For every subject 'he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his 'inheritance? Are not his troops fewer, and those 'neither so well fed, or clothed, or paid, as they were 'formerly, though he has now so much greater cause to 'exert himself? And what can be the reason of all 'this, but that his revenue is a great deal less, his sub-'jects are either poorer, or not so many to be plunder-'ed by constant taxes for his use?

'It is well for him he had found out a way to steal 'a kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did 'before, his ruin had been long since finished. This 'brings to my mind a saying of King *Pyrrhus*, after he 'had a second time beat the *Romans* in a pitched bat-'tle, and was complimented by his Generals: *Yes*, 'says he, *such another victory and I am quite undone.* And 'since I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will end with a ve-'ry good, though known story of this ambitious mad-'man. When he had shewn the utmost fondness of his 'expedition against the *Romans*, *Cyneas* his chief mini-'ster asked him what he proposed to himself by this 'war? Why, says *Pyrrhus*, to conquer the *Romans*, and 'reduce all *Italy* to my obedience. What then? says '*Cyneas*. To pass over into *Sicily*, says *Pyrrhus*, and 'then all the *Sicilians* must be our subjects. And what 'does your majesty intend next? Why truly, says the 'King, to conquer *Carthage*, and make myself master 'of all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says the minister, is to 'be the end of all your expeditions? Why then, says 'the King, for the rest of our lives we will sit down to 'good wine. How, Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better than 'we have now before us? Have we not already as much 'as we can drink?

'Riot

'Riot and excess are not the becoming characters 'of princes; but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had debauched 'like *Vitellius*, they had been less hurtful to their people.

Your humble servant,

T PHILARITHMUS.

Nº 181 Thursday, September 27.

His lacrymis vitam damus, & miserescimus ultrò.
Virg. Æn. 2. ver. 145.

Mov'd by these tears, we pity and protect.

I AM more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind.

SIR,

'AMong all the distresses which happen in families, 'I do not remember that you have touched upon 'the marriage of children without the consent of their 'parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I 'was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose 'for myself; and have ever since languished under the 'displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he 'sees me happy in the best of husbands, and blessed 'with very fine children, can never be prevailed upon 'to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this 'unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach 'of duty in some measure inexcusable; and at the 'same time creates in me such a tenderness towards 'him, that I love him above all things, and would die 'to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at 'his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me; 'but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from 'him; I have written several letters to him, but he will 'neither open nor receive them. About two years ago 'I sent my little boy to him, dressed in a new apparel;

‘ but the child returned to me crying, becauſe he ſaid his grandfather would not ſee him, and had ordered him to be put out of his houſe. My mother is won over to my ſide, but dares not mention me to my father for fear of provoking him. About a month ago he lay ſick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life: I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going to inquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of ſpeaking in my behalf: She told him with abundance of tears, that I was come to ſee him, that I could not ſpeak to her for weeping, and that I ſhould certainly break my heart if he refuſed at that time to give me his bleſſing, and be reconciled to me. He was ſo far from relenting towards me, that he bid her ſpeak no more of me, unleſs ſhe had a mind to diſturb him in his laſt moments; for, Sir, you muſt know that he has the reputation of an honeſt and religious man, which makes my misfortune ſo much the greater. God be thanked he is ſince recovered: But his ſevere uſage has given me ſuch a blow, that I ſhall ſoon ſink under it, unleſs I may be relieved by any impreſſions which the reading of this in your paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.

Of all hardneſſes of heart there is none ſo inexcuſable as that of parents towards their children. An obſtinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occaſions; but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderneſs, and compaſſion, which are apt to ariſe in us towards thoſe who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the tranſcendent excellency and goodneſs of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and becauſe his creatures have not ſuch a ſpontaneous benevolence and compaſſion towards thoſe who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an inſtinct, that ſupplies the place of this inherent goodneſs. I have illuſtrated this kind of inſtinct in former papers, and have ſhewn how it runs through all the ſpecies of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation ſubſiſts by it.

This

This instinct in man is more general and uncircumscribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reason and duty. For if we consider ourselves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of στοργὴ, or natural affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preservation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.

The man therefore who, notwithstanding any passion or resentment, can overcome this powerful instinct, and extinguish natural affection, debases his mind even below brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great design of Providence, and strikes out of his nature one of the most divine principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought against such an unreasonable proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *Case in Point*; the relation between the child and father being what comes nearest to that between a creature and his Creator. If the father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never so high a nature, how will he address himself to the supreme Being under the tender appellation of a father, and desire of him such a forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential considerations; but if the last mentioned motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my paper with a very remarkable story, which is recorded in an old chronicle published by *Freher*, among the writers of the *German* history.

Eginhart, who was secretary to *Charles the Great*, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that post. His great abilities gained him the favour of his master, and the esteem of the whole court. *Imma*, the daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his person and con-

converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him. As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the age, *Eginhart* anſwered her with a more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. *Eginhart* at length reſolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the princeſs's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a perſon who had ſomething to communicate to her from the emperor. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the princeſs. This very much perplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the King, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the princeſs *Imma* with his fears; who, after ſome conſultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt miniſter acroſs the ſnow; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſhed at this accident; but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it until a proper opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices. The Emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the moſt faithful of his counſellors, and acquainting them with his ſecretary's crime, aſked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. They moſt of them gave their opinion, that the perſon could not be too ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his maſter. Upon the

whole

whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that *Eginhart's* punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given him in marriage, with a dower suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly. L

N° 182 Friday, September 28.

Plus aloës quàm mellis habet— Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 180.

The bitter overbalances the sweet.

AS all parts of human life come under my observation, my reader must not make uncharitable inferences from my speaking knowingly of that sort of crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the letters of correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is wonderful to me that among the many enormities which you have treated of, you have not mentioned that of wenching, and particularly the insnaring part; I mean, that it is a thing very fit for your pen, to expose the villany of the practice of deluding women. You are to know, Sir, that I myself am a woman who have been one of the unhappy that have fallen into this misfortune, and that by the insinuation of a very worthless fellow, who served others in the same manner both before my ruin and since that time. I had, as soon as the rascal left me, so much indignation and resolution, as not to go upon the town, as

the phraſe is, but took to work for my living in an obſcure place, out of the knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

'It is the ordinary practice and buſineſs of life, with a ſet of idle fellows about this town, to write letters, ſend meſſages, and form appointments with little raw unthinking girls, and leave them, after poſſeſſion of them, without any mercy, to ſhame, infamy, poverty, and diſeaſe. Were you to read the nauſeous impertinences which are written on theſe occaſions, and to ſee the ſilly creatures ſighing over them, it would not but be matter of mirth as well as pity. A little prentice girl of mine has been for ſome time applied to by an *Iriſh* fellow, who dreſſes very fine, and ſtruts in a laced coat, and is the admiration of ſeamſtreſſes who are under age in town. Ever ſince I have had ſome knowledge of the matter, I have debarred my prentice from pen, ink and paper. But the other day he beſpoke ſome cravats of me: I went out of the ſhop, and left his miſtreſs to put them up into a bandbox in order to be ſent to him when his man called. When I came into the ſhop again, I took occaſion to ſend her away, and found in the bottom of the box written theſe words, *Why would you ruin a harmleſs creature that loves you?* then in the lid, *There is no reſiſting* Strephon: I ſearched a little farther, and found in the rim of the box, *At eleven o'clock at night come in an hackney coach at at the end of our ſtreet.* This was enough to alarm me; I ſent away the things, and took my meaſures accordingly. An hour or two before the appointed time I examined my young lady, and found her trunk ſtuffed with impertinent letters, and an old ſcroll of parchment in *Latin*, which her lover had ſent her as a ſettlement of fifty pounds a year: among other things, there was alſo the beſt lace I had in my ſhop to make him a preſent for cravats. I was very glad of this laſt circumſtance, becauſe I could very conſcientiouſly ſwear againſt him that he had enticed my ſervant away, and was her accomplice in robbing me: I procured a warrant againſt him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender hour of love approaching, I, who had acted for myſelf in my youth the ſame ſenſeleſs part, knew how

to

'to manage accordingly: Therefore, after having locked 'up my maid, and not being so much unlike her in 'height and shape, as in a huddled way not to pass 'for her, I delivered the bundle designed to be carried 'off to her lover's man, who came with the signal to 'receive them. Thus I followed after to the coach, 'where when I saw his master take them in, I cried 'out thieves! thieves! and the constable with his atten-'dants seized my expecting lover. I kept myself un-'observed until I saw the crowd sufficiently increased, 'and then appeared to declare the goods to be mine; 'and had the satisfaction to see my man of mode put 'into the *Round-House*, with the stolen wares by him, 'to be produced in evidence against him the next morn-'ing. This matter is notoriously known to be fact; 'and I have been contented to save my prentice, and 'take a year's rent of this mortified lover, not to appear 'farther in the matter. This was some penance: but, 'Sir, is this enough for a villany of much more perni-'cious consequence than the trifles for which he was to 'have been indicted? Should not you, and all men 'of any parts or honour, put things upon so right a 'foot, as that such a rascal should not laugh at the im-'putation of what he was really guilty, and dread being 'accused of that for which he was arrested?

'In a word, Sir, it is in the power of you, and such 'as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a 'poor creature of her honour as her clothes. I leave 'this to your consideration, only take leave (which I 'cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if 'this had been the sense of mankind thirty years ago, 'I should have avoided a life spent in poverty and 'shame.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

Alice Threadneedle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Round-House, Sept.* 9.

'I AM a man of pleasure about town, but by the 'stupidity of a dull rogue of a Justice of peace, and 'an insolent constable, upon the oath of an old harri-

'dan, am imprisoned here for theft, when I designed 'only fornication. The midnight magistrate, as he 'conveyed me along, had you in his mouth, and said 'this would make a pure story for the SPECTATOR. 'I hope, Sir, you will not pretend to wit, and take 'the part of dull rogues of business. The world is so 'altered of late years, that there was not a man who 'would knock down a watchman in my behalf, but I 'was carried off with as much triumph as if I had 'been a pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of 'all the wit and humour in the world. The time was 'when all the honest whore-masters in the neighbour-'hood would have rose against the cuckolds in my 'rescue. If fornication is to be scandalous, half the 'fine things that have been writ by most of the wits 'of the last age may be burnt by the common hang-'man. Harkye, Mr. SPEC, do not be queer; after 'having done some things pretty well, do not begin 'to write at that rate that no Gentleman can read 'thee. Be true to love, and burn your *Seneca*. You 'do not expect me to write my name from hence, but 'I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

N° 183 Saturday, September 29.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

Hesiod.

Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise,
Sometimes present her naked to mens eyes.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. *Jotham's* fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful

beautiful as any which have been made since that time. *Nathan*'s fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest wit and critic in the *Augustan* age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct poet among the moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient criticks will have it, that the Iliad and Odyssey of *Homer* are fables of this nature; and that the several names of Gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first Iliad, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, *Pallas* is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the Odyssey, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The great-

est

eſt *Italian* wits have applied themſelves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: As *Spenſer's Fairy Queen* is one continued ſeries of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the fineſt proſe authors of antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their favourite kind of fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this ſort that made any conſiderable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with pleaſure and virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt dawnings of philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this ſhort preface, which I have made up of ſuch materials as my memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my reader with a fable of this kind, which I deſign as the entertainment of the preſent paper, I muſt in a few words open the occaſion of it.

In the account which *Plato* gives us of the converſation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumſtance.

When *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the day that the condemned perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his diſciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to ſhew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his uſual manner) to take every occaſion of philoſophiſing upon ſome uſeful ſubject, he obſerved the pleaſure of that ſenſation which now aroſe in thoſe very parts of his leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleaſure and pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to repreſent the nature of pleaſure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It

It is poſſible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe *Socrates* lanching out into a diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the buſineſs of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful allegory or fable. But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the ſpirit of that divine author.

There were two families which from the beginning of the world were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngeſt deſcendant of the firſt family was pleaſure, who was the daughter of happineſs, who was the child of virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was pain, who was the ſon of miſery, who was the child of vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter *conſidering that this ſpecies commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families, pleaſure who was the daughter of happineſs, and pain who was the ſon of miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.*

Pleaſure and pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him

ſome

some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man pleasure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find pleasure and pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If pain comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by pleasure; and if pleasure enters, you may be sure pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter *in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from pain, there to dwell with misery, vice, and the furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from pleasure, there to dwell with happiness, virtue, and the gods.* L

Nº 184 Monday, October 1.

——*Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 360.

——In long works sleep will sometimes surprise.

Roscommon.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I give them, and pursue it into speculations which I never

I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the match of grinning, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'YOU have already obliged the world with a discourse upon grinning, and have since proceeded 'to whistling, from whence you at length came to 'yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very 'natural transition to sleeping. I therefore recommend 'to you for the subject of a paper the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into 'every body's hands, and may be seen with some additions in the *Daily Courant* of *August* the ninth.

'Nicholas Hart, *who slept last year in St.* Bartholomew's *hospital, intends to sleep this year at the* Cock and 'Bottle *in* Little-Britain.

'Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I 'find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every 'year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which 'begins upon the fifth of *August*, and ends on the 'eleventh of the same month: That

'On the first of that month he grew dull;
'On the second, appeared drowsy;
'On the third, fell a yawning;
'On the fourth, began to nod;
'On the fifth, dropped asleep;
'On the sixth, was heard to snore;
'On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;
'On the eighth, recovered his former posture;
'On the ninth, fell a stretching;
'On the tenth about midnight, awaked;
'On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little 'small-beer.

'This account I have extracted out of the journal of 'this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept 'by a gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken

'to

to be his hiſtoriographer. I have ſent it to you, not only as it repreſents the actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it ſeems a very natural picture of the life of many an honeſt *Engliſh* Gentleman, whoſe whole hiſtory very often conſiſts of yawning, nodding, ſtretching, turning, ſleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary particulars. I do not queſtion, Sir, that, if you pleaſe, you could put out an advertiſement not unlike the abovementioned, of ſeveral men of figure; that Mr. *John* ſuch-a one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* ſuch-a-one, Eſquire, who ſlept in the country laſt ſummer, intends to ſleep in town this winter. The worſt of it is, that the drowſy part of our ſpecies is chiefly made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours without ever diſturbing the publick peace: they are drones without ſtings. I could heartily wiſh, that ſeveral turbulent, reſtleſs, ambitious ſpirits, would for a-while change places with theſe good men, and enter themſelves into *Nicholas Hart*'s fraternity. Could one but lay aſleep a few buſy heads which I could name, from the firſt of *November* next to the firſt of *May* enſuing, I queſtion not but it would very much redound to the quiet of particular perſons, as well as to the benefit of the publick.

'But to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary circumſtance for a man to gain his livelihood by ſleeping, and that reſt ſhould procure a man ſuſtenance as well as induſtry; yet ſo it is that *Nicholas* got laſt year enough to ſupport himſelf for a twelvemonth. I am likewiſe informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themſelves very much for ſleeping on *Parnaſſus*, but I never heard they got a groat by it: On the contrary, our friend *Nicholas* gets more by ſleeping than he could by working, and may be more properly ſaid, than ever *Homer* was, to have had golden dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowſy huſband who raiſed an eſtate by ſnoring, but then he is repreſented to have ſlept what the common people call a *Dog's ſleep*; or if his ſleep was real, his wife was awake, and about her buſineſs. Your pen, which loves to moralize upon all ſubjects, may raiſe ſomething, methinks,

'thinks, on this circumstance also, and point out to us 'those sets of men, who instead of growing rich by an 'honest industry, recommend themselves to the favours 'of the Great, by making themselves agreeable com-'panions in the participations of luxury and pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most 'eminent pens in *Grubstreet* is now employed in writ-'ing the dream of this miraculous sleeper, which I hear 'will be of a more than ordinary length, as it must con-'tain all the particulars that are supposed to have passed 'in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said 'to have gone already through three days and three 'nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most re-'markable passages of the four first empires of the world. 'If he can keep free from party-strokes, his work may 'be of use; but this I much doubt, having been inform-'ed by one of his friends and confidents, that he has 'spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great freedom.

L *I am ever, Sir, &c.*

N° 185 Tuesday, October 2.

—*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?* Virg. Æn. 1. ver. 15.

And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world call zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins*, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and

and if we had the whole hiſtory of zeal from the days of *Cain* to our own times, we ſhould ſee it filled with ſo many ſcenes of ſlaughter and bloodſhed, as would make a wiſe man very careful how he ſuffers himſelf to be actuated by ſuch a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and ſpeculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion, is either pride, intereſt, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, ſets himſelf above him in his own judgment, and in ſeveral particulars pretends to be the wiſer perſon. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the caſe very often, we may obſerve from the behaviour of ſome of the moſt zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendſhips and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the ſame ſcheme of belief. The reaſon is, becauſe the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good chriſtian to be the worthier perſon, at the ſame time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite paſſage which we ſee quoted in almoſt every ſyſtem of ethicks, though upon another occaſion.

——*Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor—— Ovid. Met. l. 7. ver. 20.

I ſee the right, and I approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue. TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we ſhould be much more angry with a ſinner than a heretick; ſince there are ſeveral caſes which may excuſe the latter before his great judge, but none which can excuſe the former.

Intereſt is likewiſe a great inflamer, and ſets a man on proſecution under the colour of zeal. For this reaſon we find none are ſo forward to promote the true worſhip by fire and ſword, as thoſe who find their preſent account in it. But I ſhall extend the word *Intereſt* to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our ſpiritual ſafety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his ſide,

as

as they ſerve to ſtrengthen him in his private opinions. Every proſelyte is like a new argument for the eſtabliſhment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reaſon of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the Atheiſt, who maintains and ſpreads his opinions with as much heat as thoſe who believe they do it only out of a paſſion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in ſome meaſure quelled and ſubdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not ſeem to him inconſiſtent with the duties of a chriſtian, it throws off all reſtraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great eaſe to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God ſervice, whilſt he is gratifying the bent of a perverſe revengeful temper. For this reaſon we find, that moſt of the maſſacres and devaſtations, which have been in the world, have taken their riſe from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to ſee a man zealous in a good matter, and eſpecially when his zeal ſhews itſelf for advancing morality, and promoting the happineſs of mankind: But when I find the inſtruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he impriſons mens perſons, confiſcates their eſtates, ruins their families, and burns the body to ſave the ſoul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of theſe falſe zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation, I mean the zealots in atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, though they fall ſhort, in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in this particular, and be exempt from that ſingle fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent

prudent fervours of religion: But ſo it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceneſs and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the ſafety of mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their proper colours. They are a ſort of gameſters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the ſame time they allow that neither of them ſhall get any thing by the bargain. In ſhort, the zeal of ſpreading atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than atheiſm itſelf.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheiſts and infidels, I muſt farther obſerve that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impoſſibility, and at the ſame time look upon the ſmalleſt difficulty in an article of faith as a ſufficient reaſon for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reaſon of mankind, that are conformable to the ſenſe of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happineſs of ſocieties, or of particular perſons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and ſchemes erected in their ſtead that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain aſk one of theſe bigotted infidels, ſuppoſing all the great points of atheiſm, as the caſual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking ſubſtance, the mortality of the ſoul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the moſt celebrated atheiſts; I ſay, ſuppoſing ſuch a creed as this were formed, and impoſed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of faith, than any ſet of articles which they ſo violently oppoſe. Let me therefore adviſe this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the publick good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonſenſe. C

Nº 186 Wednesday, October 3.

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.—Hor. Od. 3. l. 1. ver. 38.

——Scarce the Gods and heav'nly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes. DRYDEN.

UPON my return to my lodgings last night I found a letter from my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I have given some account of in my former papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's speculation; and at the same time inclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflexions, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

'A believer may be excused by the most hardened 'atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, 'because he does it with an eye to both their interests. 'The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a be'liever, because he does not propose the doing himself 'or the believer any good by such a conversion.

'The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort 'and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes 'nature look gay about me; it doubles all my plea'sures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can 'look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and 'sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than death, the 'loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, 'so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and 'the state of being in which there will be no fears nor 'apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separa'tion. Why will any man be so impertinently officious 'as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is 'there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If

'it

it is a dream, let me enjoy it, ſince it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I muſt confeſs I do not know how to truſt a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. Not only natural ſelf-love, but reaſon directs us to promote our own intereſt above all things. It can never be for the intereſt of a believer to do me a miſchief, becauſe he is ſure upon the balance of accounts to find himſelf a loſer by it. On the contrary, if he conſiders his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the ſame time reſtrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reaſonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his preſent intereſt, or does not diſtreſs me when it turns to his preſent advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as theſe would be very much ſtrengthened by reaſon and principle, ſo without them they are only inſtincts, or wavering unſettled notions, which reſt on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with ſo good ſucceſs of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. The atheiſt has not found his poſt tenable, and is therefore retired into Deiſm, and a diſbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greateſt number of this ſet of men, are thoſe who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know ſo very little of the matter in queſtion, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance.

'As folly and inconſiderateneſs are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and ſupports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of mankind, or an oſtentation of courage in deſpiſing the terrors of another world, which have ſo great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an averſion to a belief that muſt cut them off from many of thoſe pleaſures they propoſe to themſelves, and fill them with remorſe for many of thoſe they have already taſted.

'The great received articles of the Chriſtian Religion have been ſo clearly proved, from the authority

'of

'of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, 'that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and 'eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it 'possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. 'The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of 'our Saviour produced naturally such habits of virtue in 'the mind of man, that I say, supposing it were possible 'for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself 'must at least allow that no other system of religion 'could so effectually contribute to the heightening of 'morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of 'human nature, and of the love which the Supreme 'Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage 'us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our 'neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from the chief articles of 'our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three 'great branches? To give a single example in each 'kind: What can be a stronger motive to a firm trust 'and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the 'giving his Son to suffer for us? What can make us 'love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind 'more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or 'what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity 'of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, 'and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a specimen of those 'admirable inforcements of morality, which the Apostle 'has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

'If our modern infidels considered these matters 'with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, 'we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice: They would not be 'raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, 'as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the publick 'peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into 'confusion and disorder. If none of these reflections can 'have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by

'which they seem to be guided much more than their 'reason. I would therefore have them consider, that 'the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, 'have been those who lived up to the religion of their 'country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to mo-'rality, and to the best lights they had of the divine 'nature. *Pythagoras*'s first rule directs us to worship 'the Gods *as it is ordained by law*, for that is the most 'natural interpretation of the precept. *Socrates*, who 'was the most renowned among the heathens both for 'wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his 'friends to offer a cock to *Æsculapius*; doubtless out 'of a submissive deference to the established worship of 'his country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom 'he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found 'his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the moun-'tains to the *Persian Jupiter*, and the sun, *according to 'the custom of the Persians*; for those are the words of 'the historian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and atomical 'philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in 'this particular; for though the Being of a God was 'intirely repugnant to their schemes of natural philo-'sophy, they contented themselves with the denial of 'a providence, asserting at the same time the existence 'of gods in general; because they would not shock 'the common belief of mankind, and the religion of 'their country. L

Nº 187 Thursday, October 4.

——*Miseri quibus*
Intentata nites—— Hor. Od. 5. l. 1. ver. 12.

Ah, wretched those who love, yet ne'er did try
The smiling treachery of the eye! CREECH.

THE intelligence given by this correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his letter at length.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I Do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain ſpecies of women, whom we ordinarily call jilts. You cannot poſſibly go upon a more uſeful work, than the conſideration of theſe dangerous animals. The coquette is indeed one degree towards the jilt; but the heart of the former is bent upon admiring herſelf, and giving falſe hopes to her lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but ſhe muſt add to that advantage a certain delight in being a torment to others. Thus when her lover is in the full expectation of ſucceſs, the jilt ſhall meet him with a ſudden indifference, and admiration in her face at his being ſurpriſed that he is received like a ſtranger, and a caſt of her head another way with a pleaſant ſcorn of the fellow's inſolence. It is very probable the lover goes home utterly aſtoniſhed and dejected, ſits down to his ſcrutoir, ſends her word in the moſt abject terms, that he knows not what he has done; that all which was deſirable in this life is ſo ſuddenly vaniſhed from him, that the charmer of his ſoul ſhould withdraw the vital heat from the heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful abſence for ſome time, pining in ſecret, and out of humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a reſolution to try his fate, and explain with her reſolutely upon her unaccountable carriage. He walks up to her apartment, with a thouſand inquietudes and doubts in what manner he ſhall meet the firſt caſt of her eye; when upon his firſt appearance ſhe flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuſes him of his abſence, and treats him with a familiarity as ſurpriſing as her former coldneſs. This good correſpondence continues until the Lady obſerves the lover grows happy in it, and then ſhe interrupts it with ſome new inconſiſtency of behaviour. For (as I juſt now ſaid) the happineſs of a jilt conſiſts only in the power of making others uneaſy. But ſuch is the folly of this ſect of women, that they carry on this pretty ſkittiſh behaviour, until they have no charms left to render it ſupportable. *Corinna*, that uſed to torment all who converſed with her with falſe glances, and

'little heedless unguarded motions, that were to betray 'some inclination towards the man she would insnare, 'finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; 'and is obliged to indulge the jilt in her constitution, by 'laying artificial plots, writing perplexing letters from 'unknown hands, and making all the young fellows in 'love with her, until they find out who she is. Thus, as 'before she gave torment by disguising her inclination, 'she now is obliged to do it by hiding her person.

'As for my own part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has been 'my unhappy fate to be jilted from my youth upwards; 'and as my taste has been very much towards intrigue, 'and having intelligence with women of wit, my whole 'life has passed away in a series of impositions. I shall, 'for the benefit of the present race of young men, give 'some account of my loves. I know not whether you 'have ever heard of the famous girl about town called '*Kitty*: This creature (for I must take shame upon my-'self) was my mistress in the days when keeping was in 'fashion. *Kitty*, under the appearance of being wild, 'thoughtless, and irregular in all her words and actions, 'concealed the most accomplished jilt of her time. 'Her negligence had to me a charm in it like that of 'chastity, and want of desires seemed as great a merit 'as the conquest of them. The air she gave herself 'was that of a romping girl, and whenever I talked to 'her with any turn of fondness, she would immediately 'snatch off my periwig, try it upon herself in the glass, 'clap her arms a-kimbow, draw my sword, and make 'passes on the wall, take off my cravat, and seize it to 'make some other use of the lace, or run into some 'other unaccountable rompishness, until the time I had 'appointed to pass away with her was over. I went 'from her full of pleasure at the reflexion that I 'had the keeping of so much beauty in a woman, who, 'as she was too heedless to please me, was also too un-'attentive to form a design to wrong me. Long did I 'divert every hour that hung heavy upon me in the 'company of this creature, whom I looked upon as 'neither guilty nor innocent, but could laugh at my-'self for my unaccountable pleasure in an expence upon 'her, until in the end it appeared my pretty insensible 'was with child by my footman.

'This accident roused me into a disdain against all 'libertine women, under what appearance soever they 'hid their insincerity, and I resolved after that time to 'converse with none but those who lived within the rules 'of decency and honour. To this end I formed myself 'into a more regular turn of behaviour, and began to 'make visits, frequent assemblies, and lead out Ladies 'from the theatres, with all the other insignificant du-'which the professed servants of the Fair place them-'selves in constant readiness to perform. In a very little 'time, (having a plentiful fortune) fathers and mothers 'began to regard me as a good match, and I found easy 'admittance into the best families in town to observe 'their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the 'Fair to no purpose, have by the force of my ill stars 'made my application to three jilts successively.

'*Hyæna* is one of those who form themselves into a 'melancholy and indolent air, and endeavour to gain 'admirers from their inattention to all around them. '*Hyæna* can loll in her coach, with something so fixed in 'her countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her 'meditation is employed only on her dress and her charms 'in that posture. If it were not too coarse a simile, I 'should say, *Hyæna*, in the figure she affects to appear 'in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to 'destroy every fly that approaches it. The net *Hyæna* 'throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can 'observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long 'and weary season, but I found her passion went no farther 'than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable 'temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, 'provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

'*Biblis* was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay 'in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing 'in their love itself. *Biblis* is no man's mistress, but every 'woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love 'with *Chloe*, who is my present pleasure and torment. 'I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for 'her, and have been her man in the sight and expecta-'tion of the whole town these three years, and thought 'myself near the end of my wishes; when the other 'day she called me into her closet and told me,

‘ with a very grave face, that ſhe was a woman of honour, and ſcorned to deceive a man who loved her with ſo much ſincerity as ſhe ſaw I did, and therefore ſhe muſt inform me that ſhe was by nature the moſt inconſtant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her; if I inſiſted upon it, I ſhould; but that ſhe was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or ſay I know not, but deſire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR, Your moſt humble ſervant,

Charles Yellow.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, *Haberdaſher of hats, at the corner of* Devereux-Court *in the* Strand, *gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and bruſhes for the uſe of young tradeſmen in their laſt year of apprenticeſhip, at reaſonable rates.* T

Nº 188 Friday, October 5.

Lætus ſum laudari à te laudato viro. Tull.

It gives me pleaſure, to be praiſed by you, whom all men praiſe.

HE is a very unhappy man who ſets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undiſtinguiſhing applauſe among men. What pious men call the teſtimony of a good conſcience, ſhould be the meaſure of our ambition in this kind; that is to ſay, a man of ſpirit ſhould contemn the praiſe of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deſerves. Beſides which the character of the perſon who commends you is to be conſidered, before you ſet a value upon his eſteem. The praiſe of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you ſhould receive his kindneſs as he is a good neighbour in ſociety, and not as a good judge of your actions in

in point of fame and reputation. The ſatiriſt ſaid very well of popular praiſe and acclamations, *Give the tinkers and coblers their preſents again, and learn to live of yourſelf.* It is an argument of a looſe and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiſcuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue ſhould be too delicate for ſo coarſe an appetite of fame. Men of honour ſhould endeavour only to pleaſe the worthy, and the man of merit ſhould deſire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble ſentiment which I heard yeſterday uttered in converſation; *I know,* ſaid a gentleman, *a way to be greater than any man: if he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his ſuperiority to me; and that ſatisfaction is a greater act of the ſoul in me, than any in him which can poſſibly appear to me.* This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous ſpirit; and the approbation of ſuch minds is what may be eſteemed true praiſe: For with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themſelves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at: But the motive truly glorious is, when the mind is ſet rather to do things laudable, than to purchaſe reputation. Where there is that ſincerity as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unſought, but a neceſſary conſequence. The *Lacedemonians,* though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeneſs, had a certain delicacy in their ſenſe of glory, and ſacrificed to the muſes when they entered upon any great enterpriſe. They would have the commemoration of their actions be tranſmitted by the pureſt and moſt untainted memorialiſts. The din which attends victories and publick triumphs is by far leſs eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honeſt and wiſe hiſtorians. It is a frivolous pleaſure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflexions of his cloſet, is a gratification worthy an heroick ſpirit. The applauſe of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the atteſtation of a reaſonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praiſe ſtill more ridiculous, is, that it is uſually given for circumſtances which are foreign to the perſons admired.

Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hands and put into another's. The application only, and not the poſſeſſion, makes thoſe outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of ſenſe agree in admiring men for having what they themſelves would rather be poſ-ſeſſed of; the wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous, the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monſtrous, than to ſee perſons of ingenuity addreſs their ſervices and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts: In theſe caſes, the praiſe on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as abſurd as any of the ſpeeches of *Bulfinch* in the droll: Such an addreſs one is apt to tranſlate into other words: and when the different parties are thoroughly conſidered, the panegyrick generally implies no more than if the author ſhould ſay to the patriot; My very good Lord, you and I can never underſtand one another, therefore I humbly deſire we may be intimate friends for the future.

The rich may as well aſk to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but ſuch as himſelf. He that commends another, engages ſo much of his own reputation as he gives to that perſon commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himſelf is not of ability to be ſuch a ſurety. The wiſe *Phocion* was ſo ſenſible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the multitude approved, that upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who ſtood near him, and aſked in a ſurpriſed manner, What ſlip have I made?

I ſhall conclude this paper with a billet which has fallen into my hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom ſhe had highly commended. The author of it had formerly been her lover. When all poſſibility of commerce between them on the ſubject of love was cut off, ſhe ſpoke ſo handſomely of him, as to give occaſion for this letter.

Madam,

Madam,

'I Should be inſenſible to a ſtupidity, if I could for-
'bear making you my acknowledgments for your
'late mention of me with ſo much applauſe. It is, I
'think, your fate to give me new ſentiments; as you
'formerly inſpired me with the true ſenſe of love, ſo do
'you now with the true ſenſe of glory. As deſire had
'the leaſt part in the paſſion I heretofore profeſſed to-
'wards you, ſo has vanity no ſhare in the glory to which
'you have now raiſed me. Innocence, knowledge,
'beauty, virtue, ſincerity, and diſcretion, are the con-
'ſtant ornaments of her who has ſaid this of me. Fame
'is a babbler, but I have arrived at the higheſt glory in
'this world, the commendation of the moſt deſerving
'perſon in it. T

Nº 189 Saturday, October 6.

——*Patriæ pietatis imago.* Virg. Æn. 10. ver. 824.

An image of paternal tenderneſs!

THE following letter being written to my book-ſeller, upon a ſubject of which I treated ſome time ſince, I ſhall publiſh it in this paper, together with the letter that was incloſed in it.

Mr. Buckley,

'MR. SPECTATOR having of late deſcanted
'upon the cruelty of parents to their children,
'I have been induced (at the requeſt of ſeveral of Mr.
'SPECTATOR's admirers) to incloſe this letter, which
'I aſſure you is the original from a father to his own
'ſon, notwithſtanding the latter gave but little or no
'provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to
'the world, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his opi-
'nion of it in ſome of his ſpeculations, and particu-
'larly to

(Mr. *Buckley,*)

Your humble ſervant.

SIRRAH,

'YOU are a ſaucy audacious raſcal, and both fool 'and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you 'comply or no; that does not raze out my impreſſions 'of your inſolence, going about railing at me, and the 'next day to ſolicit my favour: Theſe are inconſiſt-'encies, ſuch as diſcover thy reaſon depraved. To be 'brief, I never deſire to ſee your face; and, Sirrah, if 'you go to the work-houſe, it is no diſgrace to me for 'you to be ſupported there; and if you ſtarve in the 'ſtreets, I will never give any thing underhand in your 'behalf. If I have any more of your ſcribbling non-'ſenſe I will break your head the firſt time I ſet ſight on 'you. You are a ſtubborn beaſt; is this your gratitude 'for my giving you money? You rogue, I will better 'your judgment, and give you a greater ſenſe of your 'duty to (I regret to ſay) your father, &c.

'*P.S.* It is prudence for you to keep out of my 'ſight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes 'Right, on the outſide of your letter, I ſhall give you 'a great knock on the ſcull for it.'

Was there ever ſuch an image of paternal tenderneſs! It was uſual among ſome of the *Greeks* to make their ſlaves drink to exceſs, and then expoſe them to their children, who by that means conceived an early averſion to a vice which makes men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational. I have expoſed this picture of an unnatural father with the ſame intention, that its deformity may deter others from its reſemblance. If the reader has a mind to ſee a father of the ſame ſtamp repreſented in the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the fineſt comedies that ever appeared upon the *Engliſh* ſtage: I mean the part of Sir *Sampſon* in *Love for Love*.

I muſt not however engage myſelf blindly on the ſide of the ſon, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a *ſaucy and audacious raſcal* in the firſt line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. *To go about railing* at his father, and to find no other place but *the out-ſide*

side of his letter to tell him *that might overcomes right*, if it does not discover *his reason to be depraved*, and *that he is either fool or mad*, as the cholerick old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty*. But whether this may be brought about *by breaking his head*, or *giving him a great knock on the scull*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son, as the mother in *Virgil*.

——— Crudelis tu quoque mater:
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Ecl. 8. ver. 48.

Cruel alike the mother and the son.

Or like the crow and her egg, in the *Greek* proverb.

Κακȣ̃ κόρακ⊛ κακὸν ὠὸν.

Bad the crow; bad the egg.

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who, upon some great mens pressing him to forgive his daughter who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be ac-

 quitted,

quitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflexions upon human nature that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude: that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is father *Le Compte*, if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the *Chinese*, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundations sown with salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of *Herodotus*. That historian in his account of the *Persian* customs and religion tells us, It is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, supposititious or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.

L.

Monday,

Nº 190 Monday, October 8.

Servitus crescit nova——Hor. Od. 8. l. 2. ver. 18.

A servitude to former times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflexions upon the general negligence used in the case of regard towards women, or, in other words, since I talked of wenching, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they lie before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your speculations are not confined to any part of human life, but concern the wicked as well 'as the good, I must desire your favourable acceptance 'of what I, a poor strolling girl about town, have to say 'to you. I was told by a Roman Catholick gentleman 'who picked me up last week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say I was told by 'such a person, who endeavoured to convert me to his 'own religion, that in countries where popery prevails, 'besides the advantage of licensed stews, there are large 'endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he called 'them, such as are past all remedy, and are allowed such 'maintenance and support as to keep them without farther care until they expire. This manner of treating 'poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it; and 'as you are a person who pretend to carry your reflexions 'upon all subjects whatever that occur to you, with candour, and act above the sense of what misinterpretation 'you may meet with, I beg the favour of you to lay before 'all the world the unhappy condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a way of labour instead of 'idleness. There are crouds of us whose manner of 'livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and 'who would willingly lead a new life, if the rigour of

'the

'the virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming in-'to the world again. As it now happens, to the eternal 'infamy of the male sex, falshood among you is not 'reproachful, but credulity in women is infamous.

'Give me leave, Sir, to give you my history. You 'are to know that I am a daughter of a man of a good 'reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The heir of 'this great house took it in his head to cast a favour-'able eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend 'to say he promised me marriage: I was not a creature 'silly enough to be taken by so foolish a story: But he 'ran away with me up to this town, and introduced me 'to a grave matron, with whom I boarded for a day or 'two with great gravity, and was not a little pleased 'with the change of my condition, from that of a coun-'try life to the finest company, as I believed, in the 'whole world. My humble servant made me understand 'that I should be always kept in the plentiful condition 'I then enjoyed: when after a very great fondness 'towards me, he one day took his leave of me for four 'or five days. In the evening of the same day my good 'landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive, 'began to comfort me, and with a smile told me I must 'see the world. When I was deaf to all she could say 'to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank 'air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take 'these squeamish humours upon me, for my friend had 'left me to the town; and, as their phrase is, she expect-'ed I would see company, or I must be treated like 'what I had brought myself to. This put me into a fit 'of crying: And I immediately, in a true sense of my 'condition, threw myself on the floor, deploring my fate, 'calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. 'While I was in all this agony, I observed a decrepit old 'fellow come into the room, and looking with a sense of 'pleasure in his face at all my vehemence and transport. 'In a pause of my distress I heard him say to the shame-'less old woman who stood by me, she is certainly a new 'face, or else she acts it rarely. With that the Gentle-'woman, who was making her market of me, in all the turn 'of my person, the heaves of my passion, and the suitable 'changes of my posture, took occasion to commend my

'neck,

'neck, my shape, my eyes, my limbs.' All this was 'accompanied with such speeches as you may have heard 'horse-coursers make in the sale of nags, when they are 'warranted for their soundness. You understand by this 'time that I was left in a brothel, and exposed to the 'next bidder, that could purchase me of my patroness. 'This is so much the work of hell; the pleasure in the 'possession of us wenches abates in proportion to the 'degrees we go beyond the bounds of innocence; and 'no man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to 'debauch. Well, Sir, my first man, when I came upon 'the town, was Sir *Jeoffry Foible*, who was extremely 'lavish to me of his money, and took such a fancy to 'me that he would have carried me off, if my patroness 'would have taken any reasonable terms for me: but 'as he was old, his covetousness was his strongest passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common refuse of all the rakes and debauchees in town. 'I cannot tell whether you will do me justice or no, until I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as 'I now live with *Sal*, I could give you a very just account of who and who is together in this town. You 'perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant who lies with a 'Roman-Catholic: but more of this hereafter, as you 'please me. There do come to our house the greatest 'politicians of the age; and *Sal* is more shrewd than 'any body thinks: No body can believe that such wise 'men could go to baudy-houses out of idle purposes; 'I have heard them often talk of *Augustus Cæsar*, who 'had intrigues with the wives of senators, not out of 'wantonness but stratagem.

'It is a thousand pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after one visit or 'two, you would soon understand that we women of the 'town are not such useless correspondents as you may 'imagine: You have undoubtedly heard that it was a 'courtezan who discovered *Catiline*'s conspiracy. If you 'print this I will tell you more; and am in the mean time,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

REBECCA NETTLETOP.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am an idle young woman that would work for my
'livelihood, but that I am kept in such a manner as
'I cannot stir out. My tyrant is an old jealous fellow,
'who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one
'shoe and one slipper: no head-dress, and no upper
'petticoat. As you set up for a reformer, I desire you
'would take me out of this wicked way, and keep me
'yourself.

EVE AFTERDAY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am to complain to you of a set of impertinent coxcombs, who visit the apartments of us women of the town, only, as they call it, to see the world. I must confess to you, this to men of delicacy might have an effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy and drunken fellows, it tends only to make vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humorous, and at the same time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir, hereafter from time to time give you the names of these wretches who pretend to enter our houses merely as spectators. These men think it wit to use us ill: Pray tell them, however worthy we are of such treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take notice of this, and pity the oppressed: I wish we could add to it, the innocent. T

Nº 191 Tuesday, October 9.

—— οὖλον ὄνειρον. Hom. Il. 2. ver. 6.

—— Deluding vision of the night. POPE.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted him in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine

determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than to the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspence, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of *Mahomet's* burying-place at *Mecca*, and by that means, say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine: but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number, because, says he, it is the number of the beast. Several would prefer the number 12000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own age in their number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, because it is the same number that succeeded in the last lottery. Each of these, upon no other grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called *The Golden Number*.

These principles of election are the pastimes and extravagances of human reason, which is of so busy a nature, that it will be exerting itself in the meanest trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wisest of men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprised that none of the fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who publish their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our lotteries to their advantage: Did any of them set up for a caster of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended discoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of *September* the 27th, I was surprised to see the following one:

This is to give notice, That ten shillings over and above the market price, will be given for the ticket in 1500000 l. *Lottery*, Nº 132, *by* Nath. Cliff, *at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr. *Cliff*'s principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon Nº 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret until about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the agent, and not the principal in this advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the person that lately advertised I would give 'ten shillings more than the current price for the 'ticket Nº 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is 'a secret I have communicated to some friends, who 'rally me incessantly upon that account. You must 'know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a 'certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was

'resolved

'reſolved it ſhould be the number I moſt approved. I 'am ſo poſitive I have pitched upon the great lot, that 'I ſhould almoſt lay all I am worth of it. My viſions are 'ſo frequent and ſtrong upon this occaſion, that I have 'not only poſſeſſed the lot, but diſpoſed of the money 'which in all probability it will ſell for. This morning, 'in particular, I ſet up an equipage which I look upon 'to be the gayeſt in the town; the liveries are very 'rich, but not gaudy. I ſhould be very glad to ſee a ſpe-'culation or two upon lottery ſubjects, in which you 'would oblige all people concerned, and in particular

Your moſt humble ſervant,

George Goſling.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 pound, I 'will make thee a handſome preſent.'

After having wiſhed my correſpondent good luck and thanked him for his intended kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the ſubject of the lottery, and only obſerve that the greateſt part of mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my friend *Goſling*'s extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in poſſibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our poſſeſſions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the profits of ſome future place, project, or reverſion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee tradeſmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their buſineſs; and men of eſtates reduced to poverty, who have never ſuffered from loſſes or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law-ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occaſions romantick generoſity, chimerical grandeur, ſenſeleſs oſtentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his preſent circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* proverb runs, The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.

It ſhould be an indiſpenſible rule in life, to contract our deſires to our preſent condition, and whatever may be

be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L.

N° 192 Wednesday, October 10.

—— Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, & laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.

Ter. Andr. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

All men agreed in complimenting me, and applauded my good fortune in being the father of so towardly a son.

I Stood the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him; and methought I could observe in his countenance different motions of delight, as he turned his eye towards the one and the other of them. The man is a person moderate in his designs for their preferment and welfare; and as he has an easy fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest son is a child of a very towardly disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to improve his fortune. I do not know any man who has a juster relish of life than the person I am speaking of, or keeps a better guard against the terrors of want or the hopes of gain. It is usual in a crowd of children, for the parent to name out of his own flock all the great officers of the kingdom. There is something so very surprising in the parts of a child of a man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his endowments. I know a good woman who has but three sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more certainty, than that she shall see one of them

them a bishop, the other a judge, and the third a court-physician. The humour is, that any thing which can happen to any man's child, is expected by every man for his own. But my friend, whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain expectations, but has his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children, than their advancement or wealth. Good habits are what will certainly improve a man's fortune and reputation; but on the other side, affluence of fortune will not as probably produce good affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition, to amuse himself with the promises his imagination makes to him of the future condition of his children, and to represent to himself the figure they shall bear in the world after he has left it. When his prospects of this kind are agreeable, his fondness gives as it were a longer date to his own life; and the survivorship of a worthy man in his son is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can believe of his son, that he will escape the follies and indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The continuance of his virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his life; but it is the most lamentable of all reflexions, to think that the heir of a man's fortune is such a one as will be a stranger to his friends, alienated from the same interests, and a promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worse than laid waste; and the family, of which he is the head, is in a more deplorable condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend *Ruricola*, and walk from room to room revolving many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the booby his heir in pain while he is doing the honours of his house to the friend of his father, the heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of genius is not to be imputed to any man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of *Ruricola* (whose life was one continued series of worthy actions and gentle-

man-like inclinations) is the companion of drunken clowns, and knows no ſenſe of praiſe but in the flattery he receives from his own ſervants; his pleaſures are mean and inordinate, his language baſe and filthy, his behaviour rough and abſurd. Is this creature to be accounted the ſucceſſor of a man of virtue, wit, and breeding? At the ſame time that I have this melancholy proſpect at the houſe where I miſs my old friend, I can go to a gentleman's not far off it, where he has a daughter who is the picture both of his body and mind, but both improved with the beauty and modeſty peculiar to her ſex. It is ſhe who ſupplies the loſs of her father to the world; ſhe, without his name or fortune, is a truer memorial of him, than her brother who ſucceeds him in both. Such an offspring as the eldeſt ſon of my friend perpetuates his father in the ſame manner as the appearance of his ghoſt would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal turn which this young man has taken, except it may be to a certain ſeverity and diſtance which his father uſed towards him, and might, perhaps, have occaſioned a diſlike to thoſe modes of life which were not made amiable to him by freedom and affability.

We may promiſe ourſelves that no ſuch excreſcence will appear in the family of the *Cornelii*, where the father lives with his ſons like their eldeſt brother, and the ſons converſe with him as if they did it for no other reaſon but that he is the wiſeſt man of their acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent traders, their good correſpondence with each other is uſeful to all that know them, as well as to themſelves: And their friendſhip, good-will, and kind offices, are diſpoſed of jointly as well as their fortune, ſo that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the obligation multiplied in returns from them all.

It is the moſt beautiful object the eyes of man can behold, to ſee a man of worth and his ſon live in an intire unreſerved correſpondence. The mutual kindneſs and affection between them give an inexpreſſible ſatiſfaction to all who know them. It is a ſublime pleaſure which increaſes by the participation. It is as ſacred as friendſhip, as pleaſurable as love, and as joyful as religion.

ligion. This ſtate of mind does not only diſſipate ſorrow, which would be extreme without it, but enlarges pleaſures which would otherwiſe be contemptible. The moſt indifferent thing has its force and beauty when it is ſpoke by a kind father, and an inſignificant trifle has its weight when offered by a dutiful child. I know not how to expreſs it, but I think I may call it a tranſplanted ſelf-love. All the enjoyments and ſufferings which a man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the relation he has to another. A man's very honour receives a new value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his grave, it will be had in remembrance that ſuch an action was done by ſuch a one's father. Such conſiderations ſweeten the old man's evening, and his ſoliloquy delights him when he can ſay to himſelf, No man can tell my child his father was either unmerciful or unjuſt: My ſon ſhall meet many a man who ſhall ſay to him, I was obliged to thy father, and be my child a friend to his child for ever.

It is not in the power of all men to leave illuſtrious names or great fortunes to their poſterity, but they can very much conduce to their having induſtry, probity, valour, and juſtice: It is in every man's power to leave his ſon the honour of deſcending from a virtuous man, and add the bleſſings of heaven to whatever he leaves him. I ſhall end this rhapſody with a letter to an excellent young man of my acquaintance, who has lately loſt a worthy father.

Dear Sir,

'I Know no part of life more impertinent than the 'office of adminiſtring conſolation: I will not enter 'into it, for I cannot but applaud your grief. The 'virtuous principles you had from that excellent man, 'whom you have loſt, have wrought in you as they 'ought, to make a youth of three and twenty incapable of comfort upon coming into poſſeſſion of a great 'fortune. I doubt not but you will honour his memory 'by a modeſt enjoyment of his eſtate; and ſcorn to 'triumph over his grave, by employing in riot, exceſs, 'and debauchery, what he purchaſed with ſo much in'duſtry, prudence, and wiſdom. This is the true way

'to

'to shew the sense you have of your loss, and to take 'away the distress of others upon the occasion. You 'cannot recall your father by your grief, but you may 'revive him to his friends by your conduct. T

Nº 193. Thursday, October 11.

——Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Manè salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.
Virg. Georg. 2. ver. 461.

His Lordship's palace, from its stately doors,
A flood of levée hunting mortals pours.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange variety of faces and persons which fill the streets with business and hurry, it is no unpleasant amusement to make guesses at their different pursuits, and judge by their countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present attention. Of all this busy croud, there are none who would give a man inclined to such inquiries better diversion for his thoughts, than those whom we call good courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the levées of great men. These worthies are got into an habit of being servile with an air, and enjoy a certain vanity in being known for understanding how the world passes. In the pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other hope or purpose, but to make a bow to a man in court-favour, and be thought, by some insignificant smile of his, not a little engaged in his interests and fortunes. It is wondrous, that a man can get over the natural existence and possession of his own mind so far, as to take delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated civilities. But what maintains the humour is, that outward show is what most men pursue, rather than real happiness. Thus both the idol and idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good

good ſubjects, who are extremely uneaſy at their own ſeats in the country, where all from the ſkies to the center of the earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to ſhine in courts, or to be partners in the power of the world; I ſay for the benefit of theſe, and others who hanker after being in the whiſper with great men, and vexing their neighbours with the changes they would be capable of making in the appearance at a country ſeſſions, it would not methinks be amiſs to give an account of that market for preferment, a great man's levée.

For ought I know, this commerce between the mighty and their ſlaves, very juſtly repreſented, might do ſo much good, as to incline the great to regard buſineſs rather than oſtentation; and make the little know the uſe of their time too well, to ſpend it in vain applications and addreſſes.

The famous doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained ſo much reputation for his horary predictions, is ſaid to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above ſtairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover one bell was pulled; and if a peaſant had loſt a cow the ſervant rung another. This method was kept in reſpect to all other paſſions and concerns, and the ſkilful waiter below ſifted the inquirer, and gave the Doctor notice accordingly. The levée of a great man is laid after the ſame manner, and twenty whiſpers, falſe alarms, and private intimations, paſs backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himſelf, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together: When the ſcene is ready, the doors fly open and diſcover his Lordſhip.

There are ſeveral ways of making this firſt appearance, you may be either half dreſſed, and waſhing yourſelf, which is indeed the moſt ſtately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is ſomething graceful in expoſing themſelves naked; but the politicians, or civil officers, have uſually affected to be more reſerved, and preſerve a certain chaſtity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil liſt, I will not ſay;

but have ever underftood the fact to be, that the clofe minifter is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breafted on thefe occafions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the bufinefs of a levée is to receive the acknowledgment of a multitude, that a man is wife, bounteous, valiant and powerful. When the firft fhot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to obferve how much fubmiffion the patron's modefty can bear, and how much fervitude the client's fpirit can defcend to. In the vaft multiplicity of bufinefs, and the croud about him, my Lord's parts are ufually fo great, that to the aftonifhment of the whole affembly, he has fomething to fay to every man there, and that fo fuitable to his capacity as any man may judge that it is not without talents that men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man afk a flag-officer, which way was the wind, a commander of horfe the prefent price of oats, and a ftock-jobber at what difcount fuch a fund was, with as much eafe as if he had been bred to each of thofe feveral ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the fame time that the patron informs himfelf of matters, he gives the perfon of whom he inquires, an opportunity to exert himfelf. What adds to the pomp of thefe interviews is, that it is performed with the greateft filence and order imaginable. The patron is ufually in the midft of the room, and fome humble perfon gives him a whifper, which his Lordfhip anfwers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourfelf further, you may be fure of my part in it.* This happy man is difmiffed; and my Lord can turn himfelf to a bufinefs of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an anfwer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals, and if there be any thing that's offered in particular, to be in hafte.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my Lord's creatures have all had their whifpers round to keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb fhow is become more general. He cafts his eye to that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one; to the other, *and when did you come to town?* And perhaps juft before he nods to another; and enters with him, *but, Sir, I'am glad to fee you, now I think of it.* Each of thefe are happy for the next

next four and twenty hours; and thoſe who bow in ranks undiſtinguiſhed, and by dozens at a time, think they have very good proſpects if they may hope to arrive at ſuch notices half a year hence.

The ſatiriſt ſays, there is ſeldom common ſenſe in high fortune; and one would think to behold a levée, that the great were not only infatuated with their ſtation, but alſo that they believed all below were ſeized too; elſe how is it poſſible they could think of impoſing upon themſelves and others in ſuch a degree, as to ſet up a levée for any thing but a direct farce? But ſuch is the weakneſs of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional ſenſes, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehenſion itſelf. Thus it is ordinary to ſee a great man attend one liſtening, bow to one at a diſtance, and call to a third at the ſame inſtant. A girl in new ribbands is not more taken with herſelf, nor does ſhe betray more apparent coquetries, than even a wiſe man in ſuch a circumſtance of courtſhip. I do not know any thing that I ever thought ſo very diſtaſteful as the affectation which is recorded of *Cæſar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three ſeveral writers at the ſame time. This was an ambition below the greatneſs and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretenſions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the perſon; but ſuch a way of acting is childiſh, and inconſiſtent with the manner of our being. And it appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be any thing effectually diſpatched in the diſtraction of a publick levée; but the whole ſeems to be a conſpiracy of a ſet of ſervile ſlaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's underſtanding. T

RAJA SERFOJI'S

Nº 194. Friday, October 12.

—*Difficili bile tumet jecur.* Hor. Od. 13. lib. 1. ver. 4.
Anger boils up in my hot lab'ring breaſt. *Glanvil.*

THE preſent paper ſhall conſiſt of two letters which obſerve upon faults that are eaſily cured both in love and friendſhip. In the latter, as far as it merely regards converſation, the perſon who neglects viſiting an agreeable friend is puniſhed in the very tranſgreſſion, for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the caſe of Love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpreſſible if every little inſtance of kindneſs is not reciprocal. There are things in this ſort of commerce which there are not words to expreſs, and a man may not poſſibly know how to repreſent, what yet may tear his heart into ten thouſand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, unattentive to his diſcourſe, or to interrupt either with ſomething that argues a diſinclination to be entertained by him, has in it ſomething ſo diſagreeable, that the utmoſt ſteps which may be made in farther enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay *Corinna,* who ſets up for an indifference and becoming heedleſneſs, gives her huſband all the torment imaginable out of mere indolence, with this peculiar vanity, that ſhe is to look as gay as a maid in the character of a wife. It is no matter what is the reaſon of a man's grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy man is convinced that ſhe means him no diſhonour, but pines to death becauſe ſhe will not have ſo much deference to him as to avoid the appearances of it. The author of the following letter is perplexed with an injury that is in a degree yet leſs criminal, and yet the ſource of the utmoſt unhappineſs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have read your papers which relate to jealouſy, 'and deſire your advice in my caſe, which you will 'ſay is not common. I have a wife, of whoſe virtue I 'am

'am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she 'loves me; which gives me as great uneasiness as being 'faulty the other way would do. I know not whether I 'am not yet more miserable than in that case, for she 'keeps possession of my heart, without the return of 'hers. I would desire your observations upon that tem-'per in some women who will not condescend to con-'vince their husbands of their innocence or their Love, 'but are wholly negligent of what reflexions the poor 'men make upon their conduct (so they cannot call it 'criminal,) when at the same time a little tenderness 'of behaviour, or regard to shew an inclination to 'please them, would make them intirely at ease. Do 'not such women deserve all the misinterpretation which 'they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual 'practice of guilt, who care not whether they are 'thought guilty or not? If my wife does the most or-'dinary thing, as visiting her sister, or taking the air 'with her mother, it is always carried with the air of 'a secret: Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no 'consequence, as if it was only want of memory made 'her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my 'anxiety. I have complained to her of this behaviour 'in the gentlest terms imaginable, and beseeched her 'not to use him, who desired only to live with her like 'an indulgent friend, as the most morose and unsociable 'husband in the world. It is no easy matter to describe 'our circumstance, but it is miserable with this aggra-'vation, that it might be easily mended, and yet no re-'medy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a 'phrase or two in this letter which she will know came 'from me. If we enter into an explanation which may 'tend to our future quiet by your means, you shall have 'our joint thanks; in the mean time I am (as much as 'I can in this ambiguous condition be any thing)

SIR,

Your humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GIVE me leave to make you a present of a character
'not yet described in your papers, which is that
'of a man who treats his friend with the same odd
'variety which a fantastical female tyrant practises to-
'wards her lover. I have for some time had a friend-
'ship for one of those mercurial persons: The rogue I
'know loves me, yet takes advantage of my fondness
'for him to use me as he pleases. We are by turns the
'best friends and the greatest strangers imaginable;
'sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other
'times he avoids me for a long time, yet neither he
'nor I know why. When we meet next by chance,
'he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an
'appointment the same evening: And when I expect
'he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to
'another place; where he has sat reading the news,
'when there is no post; smoaking his pipe, which he
'seldom cares for; and staring about him in company
'with whom he has nothing to do, as if he wondered
'how he came there.

'That I may state my case to you the more fully, I
'shall transcribe some short minutes I have taken of him
'in my almanack since last spring; for you must know
'there are certain seasons in the year, according to which,
'I will not say our friendship but the enjoyment of it
'rises or falls. In *March* and *April* he was as various
'as the weather; in *May* and part of *June* I found him
'the sprightliest best-humoured fellow in the world;
'in the dog-days he was much upon the indolent;
'in *September* very agreeable but very busy; and since
'the glass fell last to changeable, he has made three
'appointments with me, and broke them every one.
'However I have good hopes of him this winter, espe-
'cially if you will lend me your assistance to reform
'him, which will be a great ease and pleasure to,

October 9, 1711. *S I R*,

Your most humble servant.

T

Nº 195 Saturday, October 13.

Νήπιοι, ἐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντὸς,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε δὲ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ.

Heſ. Oper. & Dier. lib. 1. ver. 40.

Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
Nor the great bleſſings of a frugal board!

THere is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales* of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the ſultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe *rightly prepared* inſtruments, until ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: When, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the ſultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſick. I have deſcribed in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary exerciſe is for its preſervation: I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may in ſome meaſure ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that

it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments must such a medley of intemperance

perance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry or mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, until you have finished your meal: at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate and occasion excess; nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *the first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from

her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which these writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer an hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, until about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into *English* under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life*. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of chearfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomi-

tants

'tants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.'

Having designed this paper as a sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health. L

Nº 196. Monday, October 15.

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

Hor. Ep. 11. lib. 1. ver. 30.

True happiness is to no place confin'd,
But still is found in a contented mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is a particular fault which I have observed in most of the moralists in all ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves and teaching others to be happy. This state is not to be arrived at in this life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler strain than your predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The thoughts of him who would be discreet and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our pain rather than promoting our joy. Great inquietude is to be avoided, but great felicity is not to be attained. The great lesson is æquanimity, a regularity of spirit, which is a little above chearfulness and below mirth. Chearfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental: It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore, I say, let your precept be, *Be easy.* That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it-

'self by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be 'wholly unactive.

'There are a couple of old fellows of my acquaintance who meet every day and smoke a pipe, and by 'their natural love to each other, though they have 'been men of business and bustle in the world, enjoy a 'greater tranquillity than either could have worked himself into by any chapter of *Seneca*. Indolence of body 'and mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently 'enjoyed; but the very inquiry after happiness has something restless in it, which a man who lives in a series of 'temperate meals, friendly conversations, and easy slumbers, gives himself no trouble about. While men of 'refinement are talking of tranquillity, he possesses it.

'What I would by these broken expressions recommend to you, Mr. SPECTATOR, is, that you would 'speak of the way of life, which plain men may pursue, 'to fill up the spaces of time with satisfaction. It is a 'lamentable circumstance, that wisdom, or, as you call 'it, philosophy, should furnish ideas only for the 'learned; and that a man must be a philosopher to know 'how to pass his time away agreeably. It would therefore be worthy our pains to place in an handsome light 'the relations and affinities among men, which render 'their conversation with each other so grateful, that the 'highest talents give but an impotent pleasure in comparison with them. You may find descriptions and discourses which will render the fire-side of an honest 'artificer as entertaining as your own club is to you. 'Good-nature has an endless source of pleasures in it; 'and the representation of domestic life filled with its 'natural gratifications, (instead of the necessary vexations which are generally insisted upon in the writings 'of the witty) will be a very good office to society.

'The vicissitudes of labour and rest in the lower part 'of mankind make their being pass away with that 'sort of relish which we express by the word comfort; 'and should be treated of by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such subjects which appear indeed 'more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, 'Sir, I would have you turn your thoughts to the advantage of such as want you most; and shew that simplicity,

'plicity, innocence, industry, and temperance, are arts 'which lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, wis'dom, knowledge, and contemplation.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Hackney, October* 12.

'I Am the young woman whom you did so much 'justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I 'am perfect mistress of the fan, and use it with the 'utmost knowledge and dexterity. Indeed the world, as 'malicious as it is, will allow, that from an hurry of 'laughter I recollect myself the most suddenly, make a 'curtsy, and let fall my hands before me, closing my 'fan at the same instant, the best of any woman in '*England*. I am not a little delighted that I have had 'your notice and approbation; and however other 'young women may rally me out of envy, I triumph 'in it, and demand a place in your friendship. You 'must therefore permit me to lay before you the pre'sent state of my mind. I was reading your *Spectator* 'of the ninth instant, and thought the circumstance of 'the ass divided between two bundles of hay which 'equally affected his senses, was a lively representation 'of my present condition: for you are to know that I 'am extremely enamoured with two young Gentlemen 'who at this time pretend to me. One must hide no'thing when one is asking advice, therefore I will own 'to you that I am very amorous and very covetous. 'My lover *Will* is very rich, and my lover *Tom* very 'handsome I can have either of them when I please: 'But when I debate the question in my own mind, I 'cannot take *Tom* for fear of losing *Will*'s estate, nor 'enter upon *Will*'s estate, and bid adieu to *Tom*'s per'son. I am very young, and yet no one in the world, 'dear Sir, has the main chance more in her head than 'myself. *Tom* is the gayest, the blithest creature! He 'dances well, is very civil and diverting at all hours 'and seasons. Oh he is the joy of my eyes! But then 'again, *Will* is so very rich and careful of the main. How

'many

'many pretty dresses does *Tom* appear in to charm me! 'But then it immediately occurs to me, that a man of his 'circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole, 'I have at last examined both these desires of love and 'avarice, and upon strictly weighing the matter I begin 'to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; there-'fore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall 'take *Will*. Alas, poor *Tom*!

Your humble servant,

T BIDDY LOVELESS.

N° 197 Tuesday, October 16.

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ, et
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides? &, vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatr m? pretium ætas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim! Castor sciat, an Docilis plus,
Brundusium Numici meliùs via ducat, an Appî.
Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 15.

One strives for trifles, and for toys contends:
He is in earnest; what he says, defends:
'That I should not be trusted, right or wrong,
'Or be debarr'd the freedom of my tongue,
'And not bawl what I please: to part with this,
'I think another life too mean a price.'
The question is—Pray, what?—Why, which can boast
Or *Docilis*, or *Castor*, knowing most;
Or whether thro' *Numicum* ben't as good
To fair *Brundusium*, as the *Appian* road. CREECH.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses, to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and

and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent, as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman or the gait of a taylor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definitions and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples; while the lawyer is putting cases and raising matter for disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely that spirits of strife and contention in the conversations of Gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready-money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are shewing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain SENTRY puſhes this matter ſo far, that I have heard him ſay, *He has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company.*

The Captain, who is a man of good ſenſe, but dry converſation, was laſt night giving me an account of a diſcourſe, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. I was giving my opinion, ſays the Captain, without apprehending any debate that might ariſe from it, of a General's behaviour in a battle that was fought ſome years before either the Templar or myſelf were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reaſoning above a quarter of an hour upon a ſubject which I ſaw he underſtood nothing of, endeavoured to ſhew me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which, ſays the Captain, to avoid any farther conteſts, I told him, That truly I had not conſidered thoſe ſeveral arguments which he had brought againſt me, and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but ſays my antagoniſt, who would not let me eſcape ſo, there are ſeveral things to be urged in favour of your opinion, which you have omitted; and thereupon begun to ſhine on the other ſide of the queſtion. Upon this, ſays the Captain, I came over to my firſt ſentiments, and intirely acquieſced in his reaſons for my ſo doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former poſture, and confuted both himſelf and me a third time. In ſhort, ſays my friend, I found he was reſolved to keep me at ſword's length, and never let me cloſe with him, ſo that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagoniſt free leave to ſmile at his victory, who I found, like *Hudibras, could ſtill change ſides, and ſtill confute.*

For my own part, I have ever regarded our inns of court as nurſeries of ſtateſmen and law-givers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleaſure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the moſt noted *Temple* coffee-houſes, I found the whole room, which was full of young ſtudents, divided into ſeveral parties, each of which was deeply engaged in ſome controverſy. The managment of the late miniſtry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and ſeveral preliminaries

to the peace were propoſed by ſome, and rejected by others; the demoliſhing of *Dunkirk* was ſo eagerly inſiſted on, and ſo warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In ſhort, I obſerved that the deſire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and intereſt, generally carried the argument to ſuch a height, as made the diſputants inſenſibly conceive an averſion towards each other, and part with the higheſt diſſatisfaction on both ſides.

The managing an argument handſomely being ſo nice a point, and what I have ſeen ſo very few excel in, I ſhall here ſet down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinſman of mine, who had made ſo great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company upon every ſubject that was ſtarted.

Having the entire manuſcript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publiſh ſuch parts of it as I ſhall think requiſite for the inſtruction of the *Britiſh* youth. What regards my preſent purpoſe is as follows:

Avoid diſputes as much as poſſible. In order to appear eaſy and well-bred in converſation, you may aſſure yourſelf that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reaſons with the utmoſt coolneſs and modeſty, two things which ſcarce ever fail of making an impreſſion on the hearers. Beſides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor ſhew either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourſelf, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, ſhould you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: You were never poſitive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made ſome approve the Socratical way of reaſoning, where while you ſcarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an abſurdity, and though poſſibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you ſeem only to deſire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is ſo difficult, and yet ſo neceſſary to preſerve, you may pleaſe to conſider, that nothing can be more unjuſt or ridiculous, than to

be

be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, That among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall

I ſhall cloſe this ſubject with giving you one caution: When you have gained a victory, do not puſh it too far; it is ſufficient to let the company and your adverſary ſee it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make uſe of it. X

N° 198 Wedneſday, October 17.

Cervæ luporum præda rapacium
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere eſt triumphus.
Hor. Od. 4. lib. 4. ver. 50.

We, like the ſtag, the brindel wolf provoke,
And, when retreat is victory,
Ruſh on, though ſure to die. Anon.

THERE is a ſpecies of women, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Salamanders. Now a ſalamander is a kind of heroine in chaſtity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midſt of flames without being hurt. A ſalamander knows no diſtinction of ſex in thoſe ſhe converſes with, grows familiar with a ſtranger at firſt ſight, and is not ſo narrow-ſpirited as to obſerve whether the perſon ſhe talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male viſitant to her bed-ſide, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely ſcandalized at the unreaſonableneſs of an huſband, or the ſeverity of a parent, that would debar the ſex from ſuch innocent liberties. Your ſalamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer againſt jealouſy, and admirer of the *French* good breeding, and a ſtickler for freedom in converſation. In ſhort, the ſalamander lives in an invincible ſtate of ſimplicity and innocence: Her conſtitution is preſerved in a kind of natural froſt; ſhe wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worſt. Her chaſtity is engaged in a conſtant *ordeal*,

or fiery trial: Like good Queen *Emma*, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-ſhares, without being ſcorched, or ſinged by them.

It is not therefore for the uſe of the ſalamander, whether in a married or ſingle ſtate of life, that I deſign the following paper; but for ſuch females only as are made of fleſh and blood, and find themſelves ſubject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair ſex who are not of the ſalamander kind, I would moſt earneſtly adviſe them to obſerve a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as poſſible what religion calls *temptations*, and the world *opportunities*. Did they but know how many thouſands of their ſex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, proteſtations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs; they would ſhun like death the very firſt approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and miſery. I muſt ſo far give up the cauſe of the male world, as to exhort the female ſex in the language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*;

Truſt not a man, we are by nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and unconſtant:
When a man talks of love, with caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this ſubject, but ſhall conclude it with a ſtory which I lately heard from one of our *Spaniſh* officers, and which may ſhew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of *Caſtile*, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave compoſed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himſelf eaſy in it, he caſt his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for ſome years have laid

laid that whole country waſte. The *Caſtilian* having made his addreſſes to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happineſs for ſome time; when at length the huſband's affairs made it neceſſary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of *Naples*, where a great part of his eſtate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ſhipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an *Algerine* pirate, who carried the whole company on ſhore, and made them ſlaves. The *Caſtilian* and his wife had the comfort to be under the ſame maſter; who ſeeing how dearly they loved one another, and gaſped after their liberty, demanded a moſt exorbitant price for their ranſom. The *Caſtilian*, though he would rather have died in ſlavery himſelf, than have paid ſuch a ſum as he found would go near to ruin him, was ſo moved with compaſſion towards his wife, that he ſent repeated orders to his friend in *Spain* (who happened to be his next relation) to ſell his eſtate, and tranſmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ranſom might be made more reaſonable, and unwilling to ſell an eſtate which he himſelf had ſome proſpect of inheriting, formed ſo many delays, that three whole years paſſed away without any thing being done for the ſetting them at liberty.

There happened to live a *French* renegado in the ſame place where the *Caſtilian* and his wife were kept priſoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he ſometimes added a ſong or a dance, or ſome other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewiſe to do them ſeveral good offices. The *Caſtilian*, as he was one day in converſation with this renegado, diſcovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correſpondent in *Caſtile*, and at the ſame time aſked his advice how he ſhould behave himſelf in that exigency: He further told the renegado, that he found it would be impoſſible for him to raiſe the money, unleſs he himſelf might go over to diſpoſe of his eſtate. The renegado, after having repreſented to him that his *Algerine* maſter would

never

never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the *Castilian* to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt on this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: He immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of *Algiers*, carried away the money, and left the *Castilian* in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after. L

N° 199 Thursday, October 18.

——*Scribere jussit amor.* Ovid. Ep. 4. ver. 10.

Love bid me write.

THE following letters are written with such an air of sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THough you are every where in your writings a friend to women, I do not remember that you 'have directly considered the mercenary practice of 'men in the choice of wives. If you would please to 'employ your thoughts upon that subject, you would 'easily conceive the miserable condition many of us are 'in, who not only from the laws of custom and mo'desty are restrained from making any advances towards 'our wishes, but are also from the circumstance of for'tune, out of all hope of being addressed to by those 'whom we love. Under all these disadvantages, I am 'obliged to apply myself to you, and hope I shall pre'vail with you to print in your very next paper the fol'lowing letter, which is a declaration of passion to one 'who has made some faint addresses to me for some time. 'I believe he ardently loves me, but the inequality of 'my fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to 'the world, if he pursues his designs by way of mar'riage; and I believe, as he does not want discerning, 'he discovered me looking at him the other day una'wares, in such a manner as has raised his hopes of 'gaining me on terms the men call easier. But my 'heart was very full on this occasion, and if you know 'what love and honour are, you will pardon me that I 'use no further arguments with you, but hasten to my 'letter to him, whom I call *Oroondates*, because if I do 'not succeed, it shall look like romance; and if I am

'regarded,

'regarded, you ſhall receive a pair of gloves at my
'wedding, ſent you under the name of *Statira*.

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'AFter very much perplexity in myſelf, and re-
'volving how to acquaint you with my own ſen-
'timents, and expoſtulate with you concerning yours,
'I have choſen this way, by which means I can be at
'once revealed to you, or, if you pleaſe, lie concealed.
'If I do not within few days find the effect which I
'hope from this, the whole affair ſhall be buried in ob-
'livion. But alas! what am I going to do, when I am
'about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done
'ſo, I am to aſſure you, that with all the paſſion which
'ever entered a tender heart, I know I can baniſh you
'from my ſight for ever, when I am convinced that you
'have no inclinations towards me but to my diſhonour.
'But alas! Sir, why ſhould you ſacrifice the real and
'eſſential happineſs of life, to the opinion of a world,
'that moves upon no other foundation but profeſſed
'error and prejudice? You all can obſerve that riches
'alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every
'thing elſe when it ſtands in competition with riches.
'Since the world is ſo bad, that religion is left to us
'ſilly women, and you men act generally upon princi-
'ples of profit and pleaſure, I will talk to you without
'arguing from any thing but what may be moſt to your
'advantage as a man of the world. And I will lay
'before you the ſtate of the caſe, ſuppoſing that you
'had it in your power to make me your miſtreſs, or
'your wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is
'more for your intereſt, and will contribute more to
'your pleaſure.

'We will ſuppoſe then the ſcene was laid, and you
'were now in expectation of the approaching even-
'ing wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what
'convenient corner of the town you thought fit, to
'conſummate all which your wanton imagination has
'promiſed you in the poſſeſſion of one who is in the
'bloom

'bloom of youth, and in the reputation of innocence: 'you would soon have enough of me, as I am sprightly, 'young, gay, and airy. When fancy is sated, and finds 'all the promises it made itself false, where is now the 'innocence which charmed you? The first hour you 'are alone you will find that the pleasure of a debauchee 'is only that of a destroyer; he blasts all the fruit he 'tastes, and where the brute has been devouring, there 'is nothing left worthy the relish of the man. Reason 'resumes her place after imagination is cloyed; and I 'am, with the utmost distress and confusion, to behold 'myself the cause of uneasy reflexions to you, to be 'visited by stealth, and dwell for the future with the 'two companions (the most unfit for each other in the 'world) solitude and guilt. I will not insist upon the 'shameful obscurity we should pass our time in, nor run 'over the little short snatches of fresh air, and free 'commerce which all people must be satisfied with, 'whose actions will not bear examination, but leave 'them to your reflexions, who have seen of that life, 'of which I have but a mere idea.

'On the other hand, if you can be so good and ge-'nerous as to make me your wife, you may promise 'yourself all the obedience and tenderness with which 'gratitude can inspire a virtuous woman. Whatever 'gratifications you may promise yourself from an 'agreeable person, whatever compliances from an easy 'temper, whatever consolations from a sincere friend-'ship, you may expect as the due of your generosity. 'What at present in your ill view you promise your-'self from me, will be followed by distaste and satiety; 'but the transports of a virtuous love are the least part 'of its happiness. The raptures of innocent passion 'are but like lightning to the day, they rather interrupt 'than advance the pleasure of it. How happy then is 'that life to be, where the highest pleasures of sense are 'but the lowest parts of its felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural request of 'taking me in direct terms. I know there stands be-'tween me and that happiness, the haughty daughter 'of a man who can give you suitably to your fortune. 'But if you weigh the attendance and behaviour of her

'who comes to you in partnership of your fortune, and 'expects an equivalent, with that of her who enters 'your house as honoured and obliged by that permission, whom of the two will you choose? You, perhaps, 'will think fit to spend a day abroad in the common 'entertainments of men of sense and fortune; she will 'think herself ill used in that absence, and contrive at 'home an expence proportioned to the appearance 'which you make in the world. She is in all things 'to have a regard to the fortune which she brought 'you, I to the fortune to which you introduced me. 'The commerce between you two will eternally have 'the air of a bargain, between us of a friendship: 'Joy will ever enter into the room with you, and kind 'wishes attend my benefactor when he leaves it. Ask 'yourself, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever 'the pleasure of having laid an immediate obligation 'on a grateful mind? such will be your case with me. 'In the other marriage you will live in a constant comparison of benefits, and never know the happiness of 'conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the 'prudential way, according to the sense of the ordinary world. I know not what I think or say, when 'that melancholy reflexion comes upon me; but shall 'only add more, that it is in your power to make 'me your grateful wife, but never your abandoned 'mistress.

T

Nº 200 Friday, October 19.

Vincit amor patriæ— Virg. Æn. 6. ver. 823.

The noblest motive is the publick good.

THE ambition of princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their people. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for

for their ſucceſſes. If a ſevere view were to be taken of their conduct, if the profit and loſs by their wars could be juſtly balanced, it would be rarely found that the conqueſt is ſufficient to repay the coſt.

As I was the other day looking over the letters of my correſpondents, I took this hint from that of *Philarithmus*; which has turned my preſent thoughts upon political arithmetick, an art of greater uſe than entertainment. My friend has offered an eſſay towards proving that *Lewis* XIV. with all his acquiſitions is not maſter of more people than at the beginning of his wars, nay that for every ſubject he had acquired, he had loſt three that were his inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not miſtaken in his calculations, *Lewis* muſt have been impoveriſhed by his ambition.

The prince for the publick good has a ſovereign property in every private perſon's eſtate, and conſequently his riches muſt increaſe or decreaſe in proportion to the number and riches of his ſubjects. For example: If ſword or peſtilence ſhould deſtroy all the people of this metropolis, (God forbid there ſhould be room for ſuch a ſuppoſition! but if this ſhould be the caſe) the Queen muſt needs loſe a great part of her revenue, or, at leaſt, what is charged upon the city muſt increaſe the burden upon the reſt of her ſubjects. Perhaps the inhabitants here are not above a tenth part of the whole; yet as they are better fed, and clothed, and lodged, than her other ſubjects, the cuſtoms and exciſes upon their conſumption, the impoſts upon their houſes, and other taxes, do very probably make a fifth part of the whole revenue of the crown. But this is not all; the conſumption of the city takes off a great part of the fruits of the whole iſland; and as it pays ſuch a proportion of the rent or yearly value of the lands in the country, ſo it is the cauſe of paying ſuch a proportion of taxes upon thoſe lands. The loſs then of ſuch a people muſt needs be ſenſible to the prince, and viſible to the whole kingdom.

On the other hand, if it ſhould pleaſe God to drop from heaven a new people equal in numbers and riches to the city, I ſhould be ready to think their exciſes, cuſtoms, and houſe-rent would raiſe as great a revenue to

the crown as would be loſt in the former caſe. And as the conſumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, eſpecially thoſe moſt adjacent, would riſe in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the publick. The gain in this caſe would be as ſenſible as the former loſs.

Whatſoever is aſſeſſed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to conſider what is paid by, or by means of, the meaneſt ſubjects, in order to compute the value of every ſubject to the prince.

For my own part, I ſhould believe that ſeven eighths of the people are without property in themſelves or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this ſort there are ſeven millions in the whole iſland of *Great Britain*: And yet one would imagine that ſeven eighths of the whole people ſhould conſume at leaſt three fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the caſe, the ſubjects without property pay three fourths of the rents, and conſequently enable the landed men to pay three fourths of their taxes. Now if ſo great a part of the land tax were to be divided by ſeven millions, it would amount to more than three ſhillings to every head. And thus as the poor are the cauſe, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the pooreſt ſubject is upon this account worth three ſhillings yearly to the prince.

Again; one would imagine the conſumption of ſeven eighths of the whole people, ſhould pay two thirds of all the cuſtoms and exciſes. And if this ſum too ſhould be divided by ſeven millions, *viz.* the number of poor people, it would amount to more than ſeven ſhillings to every head: And therefore with this and the former ſum every poor ſubject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at leaſt ten ſhillings yearly to the ſovereign. So much then the Queen loſes with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new ſubjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I preſently grew conceited of the argument, and was juſt preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament,

liament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of diſtinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of pariſh-ſettlements, and removing every other obſtacle to the increaſe of the people. But as ſoon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the miſchiefs of ſelling the birth-right of *Britons* for a ſhilling, of ſpoiling the pure *Britiſh* blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confuſion of languages and religions, and of letting in ſtrangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I become ſo humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increaſe by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the publick good, ſo I am ever contriving ſchemes to promote it; and I think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived ſome as wiſe as any of the caſtle-builders. I had no ſooner given up my former project, but my head was preſently full of draining fens and marſhes, banking out the ſea, and joining new lands to my country; for ſince it is thought impracticable to increaſe the people to the land, I fell immediately to conſider how much would be gained to the prince by increaſing the land to the people.

If the ſame omnipotent Power which made the world, ſhould at this time raiſe out of the ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal extent of land, with equal buildings, corn, cattle and other conveniencies and neceſſaries of life, but no men, women, nor children, I ſhould hardly believe this would add either to the riches of the people, or revenue of the prince; for ſince the preſent buildings are ſufficient for all the inhabitants, if any of them ſhould forſake the old to inhabit the new part of the iſland, the increaſe of houſe rent in this would be attended with at leaſt an equal decreaſe of it in the other: Beſides, we have ſuch a ſufficiency of corn and cattle, that we give bounties to our neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our hands, and we will not ſuffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our fellow-ſubjects; and for the remaining product of the country it is already equal to all our markets. But if all theſe things ſhould be doubled to the ſame buyers, the

owners muſt be glad with half their preſent prices, the landlords with half their preſent rents; and thus by ſo great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would not increaſe, nor the taxes to the publick.

On the contrary, I ſhould believe they would be very much diminiſhed; for as the land is only valuable for its fruits, and theſe are all periſhable, and for the moſt part muſt either be uſed within the year, or periſh without uſe, the owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they ſhould waſte in their poſſeſſion: So that it is probable the annual production of thoſe periſhable things, even of the tenth part of them, beyond all poſſibility of uſe, will reduce one half of their value. It ſeems to be for this reaſon that our neighbour merchants who ingroſs all the ſpecies, and know how great a quantity is equal to the demand, deſtroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the annual production of twice as much as can be uſed, muſt reduce all to an eighth part of their preſent prices; and thus this extended iſland would not exceed one fourth part of its preſent value, or pay more than one fourth part of the preſent tax.

It is generally obſerved, That in countries of the greateſt plenty there is the pooreſt living; like the ſchoolmens aſs in one of my ſpeculations, the people almoſt ſtarve between two meals. The truth is, the poor, which are the bulk of a nation, work only that they may live; and if with two days labour they can get a wretched ſubſiſtence, they will hardly be brought to work the other four. But then with the wages of two days they can neither pay ſuch prices for their proviſions, nor ſuch exciſes to the government.

That paradox therefore in old *Heſiod* πλέον ἥμισυ παντός, or half is more than the whole, is very applicable to the preſent caſe; ſince nothing is more true in political arithmetick, than that the ſame people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I begin to think there was nothing abſurd in Sir *W. Petty*, when he fancied if all the highlands of *Scotland* and the whole kingdom of *Ireland* were ſunk in the ocean, ſo that the people were all ſaved and brought into the lowlands of *Great Britain*; nay, though they were to be reimburſt the value of their eſtates by the body of the people, yet

both

both the ſovereign and the ſubjects in general would be enriched by the very loſs.

If the people only make the riches, the father of ten children is a greater benefactor to his country, than he who has added to it 10 000 acres of land and no people. It is certain *Lewis* has joined vaſt tracts of land to his dominions: But if *Philarithmus* ſays true, that he is not now maſter of ſo many ſubjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring ſuch mighty armies into the field, and for their being neither ſo well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The reaſon is plain, *Lewis* muſt needs have been impoveriſhed not only by his loſs of ſubjects, but by his acquiſition of lands. T

Nº 201 Saturday, October 20.

Religentem eſſe oportet, religioſum nefas.

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

A man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious.

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a child with devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be intirely quenched and ſmothered.

A ſtate of temperance, ſobriety, and juſtice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be ſtiled philoſophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more ſublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted ſcience; and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior Being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly shew that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes; but whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by christianity; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt

apt to think could not be too warm, may diſorder the mind, unleſs its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we ſhould be particularly careful to keep our reaſon as cool as poſſible, and to guard ourſelves in all parts of life againſt the influence of paſſion, imagination, and conſtitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reaſon, is very apt to degenerate into enthuſiaſm. When the mind finds herſelf very much inflamed with her devotions, ſhe is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by ſomething divine within her. If ſhe indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing paſſion, ſhe at laſt flings herſelf into imaginary raptures and ecſtaſies; and when once ſhe fancies herſelf under the influence of a divine impulſe, it is no wonder if ſhe ſlights human ordinances, and refuſes to comply with any eſtabliſhed form of religion, as thinking herſelf directed by a much ſuperior guide.

As enthuſiaſm is a kind of exceſs in devotion, ſuperſtition is the exceſs not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen ſaying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem eſſe oportet, Religioſum nefas*; a man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious: For as the author tells us, *Nigidius* obſerved upon this paſſage, that the *Latin* words which terminate in *oſus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an exceſs.

An enthuſiaſt in religion is like an obſtinate clown, a ſuperſtitious man like an inſipid courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of madneſs, ſuperſtition of folly. Moſt of the ſects that fall ſhort of the church of *England* have in them ſtrong tinctures of enthuſiaſm, as the *Roman* catholick religion is one huge overgrown body of childiſh and idle ſuperſtitions.

The *Roman* catholick church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this particular. If an abſurd dreſs or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded: On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never ſo ridiculous, which has taken ſanctuary in the church, ſticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* biſhop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat ſuch a form in ſuch

ſuch particular ſhoes or ſlippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a part of publick devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a croſier in his hand: To this a brother *Vandal*, as wiſe as the others, adds an antick dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch myſteries, until by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty ſhow.

Their ſucceſſors ſee the vanity and inconvenience of the ceremonies; but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the Pope officiate at St. *Peter*'s, where, for two hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is ſo glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, ſetting aſide the infinite advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong, ſteady, maſculine piety; but enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition are the weakneſſes of human reaſon, that expoſe us to the ſcorn and deriſion of infidels, and ſink us even below the beaſts that periſh.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error ariſing from miſtaken devotion; but becauſe reflections on that ſubject would be of no uſe to an *Engliſh* reader, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. L

Monday,

Nº 202 Monday, October 22.

Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior odit & horret.
Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 25.

Many, though faultier much themſelves, pretend
Their leſs offending neighbours faults to mend.

THE other day as I paſſed along the ſtreet, I ſaw a ſturdy prentice-boy diſputing with an hackney-coachman; and in an inſtant, upon ſome word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fiſt, and ſtrike the fellow a ſlap on the face; at the ſame time calling him raſcal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's ſon. The young Gentleman was it ſeems bound to a blackſmith; and the debate aroſe about payment for ſome work done about a coach, near which they fought. His maſter, during the combat, was full of his boy's praiſes; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who ſtood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could truſt him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflexions upon the ſudden popularity which was raiſed about the lad; and perhaps with my friend *Tacitus*, fell into obſervations upon it, which were too great for the occaſion; or aſcribed this general favour to cauſes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blackſmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good-will from his preſent equality with the mob about him: Add to this, that he was not ſo much a Gentleman, as not, at the ſame time that he called himſelf ſuch, to uſe as rough methods for his defence as his antagoniſt. The advantage of his having good friends, as his maſter expreſſed it, was not lazily urged; but he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior to the coachman in the perſonal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his birth was of any ſervice to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should shew collateral eminences besides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decencies and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow-creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in no way so much as in the domestick part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humours into unnatural excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole being a wayward and uneasy condition, for want of the obvious reflexion that all parts of human life is a commerce. It is not only paying wages and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with readiness to protect and cherish them, is what intitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to observe, that men expect from their dependents, from their sole motive of fear, all the good effects which a liberal education, and affluent fortune, and every other advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other reasons but the terror of losing his master's favour; when all the laws divine and human cannot keep him whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of those virtues. But both in great and ordinary affairs, all superiority, which is not founded on merit and virtue, is supported only by artifice and stratagem. Thus you see flatterers are the agents in families of humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but reason. Make-bates, distant relations, poor kinsmen, and indigent followers, are the fry which support the œconomy of an humoursom rich man. He is eternally whispered with intelligence of who are true or false to him in matters of no consequence, and he maintains twenty friends to defend him against the insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old coat.

I shall

I ſhall not enter into further ſpeculation upon this ſubject at preſent, but think the following letters and petition are made up of proper ſentiments on this occaſion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a ſervant to an old Lady who is governed by 'one ſhe calls her friend; who is ſo familiar an one, 'that ſhe takes upon her to adviſe her without being 'called to it, and makes her uneaſy with all about her. 'Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to give us ſome remarks upon 'voluntary counſellors; and let theſe people know 'that to give any body advice, is to ſay to that perſon, 'I am your betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, 'deſcribe that eternal flirt and diſturber of families, 'Mrs. *Taperty*, who is always viſiting, and putting peo-'ple in a way, as they call it. If you can make her ſtay 'at home one evening, you will be a general bene-'factor to all the ladies-women in town, and particu-'larly to

Your loving Friend,

Suſan Civil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a footman, and live with one of thoſe men, 'each of whom is ſaid to be one of the beſt humoured 'men in the world, but that he is paſſionate. Pray be 'pleaſed to inform them, that he who is paſſionate, and 'takes no care to command his haſtineſs, does more 'injury to his friends and ſervants, in one half hour, 'than whole years can atone for. This maſter of mine, 'who is the beſt man alive in common fame, diſobliges 'ſomebody every day he lives; and ſtrikes me for the 'next thing I do, becauſe he is out of humour at it. 'If theſe Gentlemen knew that they do all the Miſchief 'that is ever done in converſation, they would reform; 'and I who have been a ſpectator of Gentlemen at din-'ner for many years, have ſeen that indiſcretion does 'ten times more miſchief than ill-nature. But you will 'repreſent this better than

Your abuſed humble ſervant,

Thomas Smoky.

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble petition of *John Steward*, *Robert Butler*, *Harry Cook*, and *Abigail Chambers*, in behalf of themselves and their relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several services of most of the great families within the cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

SHEWETH,

'THat in many of the families in which your petitioners live and are employed, the several heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is business, and are very little judges when they are well or ill used by us your said petitioners.

'That for want of such skill in their own affairs, and by indulgence of their own laziness and pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous animals called spies.

'That whenever a spy is entertained, the peace of that house is from that moment banished.

'That spies never give an account of good services, but represent our mirth and freedom by the words, wantonness and disorder.

'That in all families where there are spies, there is a general jealousy and misunderstanding.

'That the masters and mistresses of such houses live in continual suspicion of their ingenuous and true servants, and are given up to the management of those who are false and perfidious.

'That such masters and mistresses who entertain spies, are no longer more than cyphers in their own families; and that we your petitioners are with great disdain obliged to pay all our respect, and expect all our maintenance from such spies.

'Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the premises to all persons of condition; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall for ever pray, &c.

T

Nº 203 Tuesday, October 23.

Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor —— Ovid. Met. lib. 2. ver. 36.

Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
A parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may *Clymene*'s proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

THere is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the church-warden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of *London* and *Westminster*, and several batchelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the *Jus Trium Liberorum*, or the privileges, which were granted by the *Roman* laws to all such as were fathers of three children: Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of these young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts that squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

I must not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little smattering of heraldry; and

and observing how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the shape of trees, had taken a fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate issue in a figure of the same kind.

——Nec longum tempus & ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non sua poma.
Virg. Georg. 2. ver. 80.

And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies:
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own. DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was marked with his own name, *Will Maple*. Out of the side of it grew a large barren branch, inscribed *Mary Maple*, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the first was written in capital characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three sprigs, *viz. William*, *Richard*, and *Rebecca*. *Sal Twiford* gave birth to another bough that shot up into *Sarah*, *Tom*, *Will*, and *Frank*. The third arm of the tree had only a single infant on it, with a space left for a second, the parent from whom it sprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing tree never came out of the herald's office.

What makes this generation of vermin so very prolifick, is the indefatigable diligence with which they apply themselves to their business. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the course of a vicious amour. As it is said of some men, that they make their business their pleasure, these sons of darkness may be said to make their pleasure their business. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of these men less to be admired than their industry and vigilance. There is a fragment of *Apollodorus* the comic poet (who was contemporary with

with *Menander)* which is full of humour, as follows: *Thou mayest shut up thy doors*, says he, *with bars and bolts: It will be impossible for the blacksmith to make them so fast, but a cat and a whoremaster will find a way through them.* In a word, there, is no head so full of stratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propose a punishment for this infamous race of propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third offence, into our *American* Colonies, in order to people those parts of her Majesty's dominions where there is want of inhabitants, and in the phrase of *Diogenes*, to *plant men.* Some countries punish this crime with death; but I think such a banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, until these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take care of those unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by these indirect methods, and to give their spurious children such an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the best atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their past miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make some provision for those whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, though very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *bastardy* and *cuckoldom* should be looked upon as reproaches, and that the ignominy, which is only due to lewdness and falshood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Am one of those people who by the general opinion of the world are counted both infamous and 'unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom, 'and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am his 'son, but my misfortune is, That I dare not call him 'father, nor he without shame own me as his issue, I 'being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that en'dearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfaction which 'a good man finds in the love and conversation of a 'parent: Neither have I the opportunities to render 'him the duties of a son, he having always carried 'himself at so vast a distance, and with such superiority 'towards me, that by long use I have contracted a timo'rousness when before him, which hinders me from 'declaring my own necessities, and giving him to un'derstand the inconveniencies I undergo.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a 'scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business, which 'renders me intirely uncapable of making provision for 'myself without his assistance; and this creates a con'tinual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in time 'want bread; my father, if I may so call him, giv'ing me but very faint assurances of doing any thing 'for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentleman, 'and it would be very hard for me to labour for my 'living. I am in continual anxiety for my future for'tune, and under a great unhappiness in losing the 'sweet conversation and friendly advice of my parents; 'so that I cannot look upon myself otherwise than as 'a monster, strangely sprung up in nature, which every 'one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a man of some natural parts, 'and by the continual reading what you have offered 'the world, become an admirer thereof, which has 'drawn me to make this confession; at the same time 'hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a 'sense of pity, you would then allow me the favour 'of your opinion thereupon; as also what part I be'ing unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affection

'who

'who begot me, and how far in your opinion I am to 'be thought his son, or he acknowledged as my father, 'Your sentiments and advice herein will be a great 'consolation and satisfaction to,

SIR,

your admirer and
humble Servant,

C W. B.

No 204 Wednesday, October 24.

Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.
Hor. Od. 19. lib. 1. ver. 7.

With winning coyness she my soul disarms:
Her face darts forth a thousand rays;
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.
CONGREVE.

I Am not at all displeased that I am become the courier of Love, and that the distressed in that passion convey their complaints to each other by my means. The following letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their place with great willingness. As to the reader's entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the persons who wrote them of the highest consequence. I shall not trouble you with the prefaces, compliments, and apologies made to me before each epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the persons to whom they are addressed have intimations, by phrases and allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.

'THE word, by which I address you, gives you, 'who understand *Portuguese*, a lively image of 'the tender regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR'S

'late

‘ late letter from *Statira* gave me the hint to uſe the ſame method of explaining myſelf to you. I am not affronted at the deſign your late behaviour diſcovered you had in your addreſſes to me; but I impute it to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your particular fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a ſtranger to your name, your fortune, or any figure which your wife might expect to make in the world, provided my commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I reſign gay dreſs, the pleaſures of viſits, equipage, plays, balls, and operas, for that one ſatisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you ſhall induſtriouſly conceal the only cauſe of triumph which I can know in this life. I wiſh only to have it my duty, as well as my inclination, to ſtudy your happineſs. If this has not the effect this letter ſeems to aim at, you are to underſtand that I had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readieſt way to pall you with an offer of what you would never deſiſt purſuing while you received ill uſage. Be a true man; be my ſlave while you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I love you. I defy you to find out what is your preſent circumſtance with me; but I know while I can keep this ſuſpence,

I am your admired

Belinda.

Madam,

‘ IT is a ſtrange ſtate of mind a man is in, when the very imperfections of a woman he loves turn into excellencies and advantages. I do aſſure you, I am very much afraid of venturing upon you. I now like you in ſpite of my reaſon, and think it an ill circumſtance to owe one's happineſs to nothing but infatuation. I can ſee you ogle all the young fellows who look at you, and obſerve your eye wander after new conqueſts every moment you are in a publick place; and yet there is ſuch a beauty in all your looks and geſtures, that I cannot but admire you in the very act of endeavouring to gain the hearts of others. My condition is the ſame with that of the lover in the *Way of the World*. I have ſtudied your faults ſo long, that

‘ they

they are become as familiar to me, and I like them as well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and conſider whether you think this gay behaviour will appear to me as amiable when an huſband, as it does now to me a Lover. Things are ſo far advanced, that we muſt proceed; and I hope you will lay it to heart, that it will be becoming in me to appear ſtill your Lover, but not in you to be ſtill my miſtreſs. Gaiety in the matrimonial life is graceful in one ſex, but exceptionable in the other. As you improve theſe little hints, you will aſcertain the happineſs or uneaſineſs of,

Madam,

your moſt obedient,

moſt humble ſervant.

T. D.

SIR,

'WHen I ſat at the window, and you at the other end of the room by my couſin, I ſaw you catch me looking at you. Since you have the ſecret at laſt, which I am ſure you ſhould never have known but by inadvertency, what my eyes ſaid was true. But it is too ſoon to confirm it with my hand, therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe my name.

SIR,

'THere were other Gentlemen nearer, and I know no neceſſity you were under to take up that flippant creature's fan laſt night; but you ſhall never touch a ſtick of mine more, that's pos.

Phillis.

To Colonel R——s *in* Spain.

'BEfore this can reach the beſt of huſbands and the fondeſt Lover, thoſe tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indiſpoſition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increaſed upon me; and I am acquainted by my phyſicians I cannot live a week longer. At this time my ſpirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have for you that carries me beyond my ſtrength, and enables me to tell you, The moſt painful thing in the

'proſpect

proſpect of death, is, that I muſt part with you. But let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but, I paſs away my laſt hours in reflexion upon the happineſs we have lived in together, and in ſorrow that it is ſo ſoon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is ſo far from criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being ſo unwilling to be ſeparated from a ſtate which is the inſtitution of heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miſerable to the wicked, why may we not pleaſe ourſelves at leaſt, to alleviate the difficulty of reſigning this Being, in imagining that we ſhall have a ſenſe of what paſſes below, and may poſſibly be employed in guiding the ſteps of thoſe with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my uſual work, and, though unknown to you, be aſſiſtant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to ſay to you, O beſt of men, that I cannot figure to myſelf a greater happineſs than in ſuch an employment: To be preſent at all the adventures to which human life is expoſed, to adminiſter ſlumber to thy eyelids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle, to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee when a weak, a fearful woman: Theſe, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable under my preſent weakneſs of bearing the ſtrong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myſelf the grief you will be in upon your firſt hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, becauſe your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the perſon for whom you lament offers you conſolation. My laſt breath will, if I am myſelf, expire in a prayer for you. I ſhall never ſee thy face again. Farewel for ever.

T

No. 205. Thursday, October 25.

Decipimur specie recti — Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 25.
Deluded by a seeming excellence. ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing mischief, I draw it at length, and set it up as a scarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the person to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her Majesty's subjects, that they may not suffer by it. Thus, to change the allusion, I have marked out several of the shoals and quicksands of life, and am continually employed in discovering those which are still concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with this intention that I publish the following letter, which brings to light some secrets of this nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THere are none of your speculations which I 'read over with greater delight, than those which 'are designed for the improvement of our sex. You 'have endeavoured to correct our unreasonable fears 'and superstitions, in your seventh and twelfth paper; 'our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; our love 'of puppet-shows, in your thirty-first; our notions of 'beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclination for ro'mances, in your thirty-seventh; our passion for *French* 'fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our manhood and party'zeal, in your fifty-seventh; our abuse of dancing, in 'your sixty-sixth and sixty-seventh; our levity, in your 'hundred and twenty-eighth; our love of coxcombs in 'your hundred and fifty-fourth, and hundred and fifty'seventh; our tyranny over the henpeckt, in your hun'dred and seventy-sixth. You have described the *Pict*
'in

'in your forty-first; the idol, in your seventy-third: the 'demurrer, in your eighty-ninth; the salamander, in 'your hundred and ninety-eighth. You have likewise 'taken to pieces our dress, and represented to us the 'extravagances we are often guilty of in that particular. 'You have fallen upon our patches, in your fiftieth and 'eighty-first; our commodes, in your ninety-eighth; our 'fans in your hundred and second; our riding-habits 'in your hundred and fourth; our hoop-petticoats, in 'your hundred and twenty-seventh; besides a great 'many little blemishes which you have touched upon 'in your several other papers, and in those many letters 'that are scattered up and down your works. At the 'same time we must own, that the compliments you 'pay our sex are innumerable, and that those very 'faults which you represent in us, are neither black in 'themselves, nor as you own, universal among us. But, 'Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated 'for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and 'for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than 'vicious. But, Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the 'lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and 'very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know 'it would debase your paper too much to enter into the 'behaviour of these female libertines; but as your 'remarks on some part of it would be a doing of jus-'tice to several women of virtue and honour, whose 'reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it 'improper to give the publick some accounts of this 'nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write 'you this letter by the behaviour of an infamous wo-'man, who having passed her youth in a most shame-'less state of prostitution, is now one of those who 'gain their livelihood by seducing others, that are 'younger than themselves, and by establishing a cri-'minal commerce between the two sexes. Among 'several of her artifices to get money, she frequently 'persuades a vain young fellow, that such a woman 'of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a se-'cret passion for him, and wants nothing but an oppor-'tunity of revealing it: Nay, she has gone so far as 'to write letters in the name of a woman of figure,

'to

'to borrow money of one of these foolish *Roderigo's*, 'which she has afterwards appropriated to her own use. 'In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, 'has thought a lady under obligations to him, who 'scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned 'the favour, though at the same time he was too much 'a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned baggage meets with a man 'who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of 'this nature, she turns him to very good account, by 'repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of 'this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of which she 'often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some '*British* beauty, whom he only knows by fame: Upon 'which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure 'him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good 'fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title; for you must know 'that this cunning purveyor has her representatives 'upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the 'kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is 'usual enough to meet with a *German* Count in foreign 'countries, that shall make his boasts of favours he has 'received from women of the highest ranks, and the 'most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety 'is there for a woman's reputation, when a Lady may 'be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed 'an unchaste woman; as the hero in the ninth book of '*Dryden's* Virgil is looked upon as a coward, because 'the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away 'from *Turnus*? You may depend upon what I relate to 'you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more 'than one of these female panders. If you print this 'letter, I may give you some farther accounts of this 'vicious race of women.

Your humble servant,

BELVIDERA.

I ſhall add two other letters on different ſubjects to fill up my paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend 'me your aſſiſtance in ridiculing ſome little inde-'cencies which cannot ſo properly be expoſed from the 'pulpit.

'A widow Lady, who ſtraggled this ſummer from '*London* into my pariſh for the benefit of the air, as ſhe 'ſays, appears every *Sunday* at church with many 'faſhionable extravagancies, to the great aſtoniſhment 'of my congregation.

'But what gives us moſt offence is her theatrical 'manner of ſinging the Pſalms. She introduces above 'fifty *Italian* airs into the hundredth Pſalm, and whilſt 'we begin *All People* in the old ſolemn tune of our 'forefathers, ſhe in a quite different key runs diviſions 'upon the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of '*Nicolini*; if ſhe meets with eke or aye, which are fre-'quent in the metre of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, we are 'certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after 'us to ſome ſprightly airs of the opera.

'I am very far from being an enemy to church mu-'ſick; but fear this abuſe of it may make my *Pariſh* 'ridiculous, who already look on the ſinging Pſalms as 'an entertainment, and not part of their devotion: 'beſides, I am apprehenſive the infection may ſpread, 'for Squire *Squeekum*, who by his voice ſeems (if I may 'uſe the expreſſion) to be cut out for an *Italian* ſinger, 'was laſt *Sunday* practiſing the ſame airs.

'I know the lady's principles, and that ſhe will plead 'the toleration, which (as ſhe fancies) allows her non-'conformity in this particular; but I beg you to acquaint 'her, That ſinging the Pſalms in a different tune from 'the reſt of the congregation, is a ſort of ſchiſm not 'tolerated by that act.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

R. S.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'IN your paper upon temperance, you prescribe to 'us a rule for drinking, out of Sir *William Temple*, in 'the following words; *The first glass for myself, the 'second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and 'the fourth for mine enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know, 'that I have read this your *Spectator*, in a club whereof 'I am a member; when our president told us, there 'was certainly an error in the print, and that the 'word *Glass* should be *Bottle*; and therefore has ordered 'me to inform you of this mistake, and to desire you to 'publish the following *Errata:* In the paper of *Satur-'day, October* 13, Col. 3, Line 11, for *Glass* read '*Bottle.*

L *Yours*, Robin Good fellow.

N° 206 Friday, October 26.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A dis plura feret—— Hor. Od. 16. lib. 3. ver. 21.

They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky. CREECH.

THERE is a call upon mankind to value and esteem those who set a moderate price upon their own merit; and self-denial is frequently attended with unexpected blessings, which in the end abundantly recompence such losses as the modest seem to suffer in the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious tell us, a determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even before they know any thing of our characters, but from the intimations men gather from our aspect. A man, they say, wears the picture of his mind in his countenance; and one man's eyes are spectacles to his who looks at him to read his heart. But though that way of raising an opinion of those we behold in publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those, who by their words and actions take as much upon themselves, as they can but barely demand

in the strict scrutiny of their deserts, will find their account lessen every day. A modest man preserves his character, as a frugal man does his fortune; if either of them live to the height of either, one will find losses, the other errors, which he has not stock by him to make up. It were therefore a just rule, to keep your desires, your words and actions, within the regard you observe your friends have for you; and never, if it were in a man's power, to take as much as he possibly might either in preferment or reputation. My walks have lately been among the mercantile part of the world; and one gets phrases naturally from those with whom one converses: I say then, he that in his air, his treatment of others, or an habitual arrogance to himself, gives himself credit for the least article of more wit, wisdom, goodness, or valour than he can possibly produce if he is called upon, will find the world break in upon him, and consider him as one who has cheated them of all the esteem they had before allowed him. This brings a commission of bankruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone on to his life's end in a prosperous way, by aiming at more than he should, is no longer proprietor of what he really had before, but his pretensions fare as all things do which are torn instead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the applause of an agreeable and facetious wit; or could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his manner of delivering all his sentiments in conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong desire of applause which he betrays in every syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the civilities they could do to him, or the kind things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the esteem they have for his merit, their reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a room with that theatrical ostentation of her charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft regularity in her motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond approach, and *Roxana* with such a demand of respect in the great gravity of her entrance; you find all the

the ſex, who underſtand themſelves and act naturally, wait only for their abſence, to tell you that all theſe Ladies would impoſe themſelves upon you; and each of them carry in their behaviour a conſciouſneſs of ſo much more than they ſhould pretend to, that they loſe what would otherwiſe be given them.

I remember the laſt time I ſaw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the ſkill of the poet, in making the murderer form fears to himſelf from the moderation of the Prince whoſe life he was going to take away. He ſays of the King, *He bore his faculties ſo meekly*; and juſtly inferred from thence, That all divine and human power would join to avenge his death, who had made ſuch an abſtinent uſe of dominion. All that is in a man's power to do to advance his own pomp and glory, and forbears, is ſo much laid up againſt the day of diſtreſs; and pity will always be his portion in adverſity, who acted with gentleneſs in proſperity.

The great officer who foregoes the advantages he might take to himſelf, and renounces all prudential regards to his own perſon in danger, has ſo far the merit of a volunteer; and all his honours and glories are unenvied for ſharing the common fate with the ſame frankneſs as they do who have no ſuch endearing circumſtances to part with. But if there were no ſuch conſiderations as the good effect which ſelf-denial has upon the ſenſe of other men towards us, it is of all qualities the moſt deſirable for the agreeable diſpoſition in which it places our own minds. I cannot tell what better to ſay of it, than that it is the very contrary of ambition; and that modeſty allays all thoſe paſſions and inquietudes to which that vice expoſes us. He that is moderate in his wiſhes from reaſon and choice, and not reſigned from ſourneſs, diſtaſte or diſappointment, doubles all the pleaſures of his life. The air, the ſeaſon, a ſun-ſhiny day, or a fair proſpect, are inſtances of happineſs, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world, (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquiſitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleaſure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any conſequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred.

He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a company an agreeable conversation: He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well wisher; can look at a prosperous man, with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune (as far as prudence will allow) open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

Lucceius has learning, wit, humour, eloquence, but no ambitious prospects to pursue with these advantages; therefore to the ordinary world he is perhaps thought to want spirit, but known among his friends to have a mind of the most consummate greatness. He wants no man's admiration, is in no need of pomp. His clothes please him if they are fashionable and warm; his companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no occasion for superfluity at meals, for jollity in company, in a word for any thing extraordinary to administer delight to him. Want of prejudice and command of appetite are the companions which make his journey of life so easy, that he in all places meets with more wit, more good cheer, and more good-humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with pleasure and satisfaction. T

Nº 207 Saturday, October 27.

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque
Auroram & Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ
Erroris nebulâ——— Juv. Sat. 10. ver. 1.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue. DRYDEN.

IN my last *Saturday*'s paper I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in *Plato*'s dialogue upon prayer, intitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave

gave occaſion to *Juvenal*'s tenth ſatire, and to the ſecond ſatire of *Perſius*; as the laſt of theſe authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding dialogue, intitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his fourth ſatire.

The ſpeakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the ſubſtance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digreſſions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his devotions, and obſerving his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great ſeriouſneſs and attention, tells him that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a man to bring down evils upon himſelf by his own prayers, and that thoſe things, which the gods ſend him in anſwer to his petitions, might turn to his deſtruction: This, ſays he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is miſchievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the gods to ſow diſſenſion between his ſons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and againſt what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philoſopher ſhews muſt neceſſarily happen among us, ſince moſt men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice or paſſion, which hinder them from ſeeing ſuch things as are really beneficial to them. For an inſtance, he aſks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleaſed and ſatisfied if that god, to whom he was going to addreſs himſelf, ſhould promiſe to make him the ſovereign of the whole earth? *Alcibiades* anſwers, That he ſhould doubtleſs look upon ſuch a promiſe as the greateſt favour that could be beſtowed upon him. *Socrates* then aſks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to loſe his life? or if he would receive it though he was ſure he ſhould make an ill uſe of it? To both which queſtions *Alcibiades* anſwers in the negative. *Socrates* then ſhews him, from the examples of others, how theſe might very probably be the effects of ſuch a bleſſing. He then adds, That other reputed pieces of good-fortune, as that of having a ſon, or procuring the higheſt poſt in a government, are ſubject to the like fatal conſequences; which nevertheleſs, ſays he, men ardently deſire, and would not fail to pray for, if

they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, That all the most apparent blessings of this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotion, a short prayer which a *Greek* poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words; O Jupiter, *give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.*

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the *Lacedemonians* make use of, in which they petition the gods, *to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous.* Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the war with the *Lacedemonians* received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these parti-

particulars. To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply; *I am better pleased with the prayer of the* Lacedemonians, *than with all the oblations of the* Greeks. As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it; the philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of *Homer*, in which the poet says, That the scent of the *Trojan* sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable: *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the prayers and sacrifices which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, *We must therefore wait until such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.* But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the mist from *Diomedes* his eyes, that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says *Alcibiades*, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the high-priest, prophecied unknowingly, and pointed

at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of *Plato*'s Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, That the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without show or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us; this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal blessings but our *daily sustenance.* On the other side, We pray against nothing but sin, and against *evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above mentioned form of the antient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but

very

very much improved by the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his will may be done*: which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, *Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done.* This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L

N° 208 Monday, October, 29.

——*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*

Ovid. Ars Am. lib. 1. ver. 99.

To be themselves a spectacle, they come.

I Have several letters from people of good sense, who lament the depravity or poverty of taste the town is fallen into with relation to plays and public spectacles. A lady in particular observes, that there is such a levity in the minds of her own sex, that they seldom attend any thing but impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little notice is taken of the most exalted parts of the best tragedies in *Shakespear*; nay, it is not only visible that sensuality has devoured all greatness of soul, but the under-passion (as I may so call it) of a noble spirit, pity, seems to be a stranger to the generality of an audience. The minds of men are indeed very differently disposed; and the reliefs from care and attention are of one sort in a great spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The man of a great heart and a serious complexion, is more pleased with instances of generosity and pity, than the light and ludicrous spirit can possibly be with the highest strains of mirth and laughter: It is therefore a melancholy prospect when we see a numerous assembly lost to all serious entertainments, and such incidents, as should move one sort

of concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other night, when the Lady who is conſcious of the crime of murdering the King, ſeems utterly aſtoniſhed at the news, and makes an exclamation at it, inſtead of the indignation which is natural to the occaſion, that expreſſion is received with a loud laugh: They were as merry when a criminal was ſtabbed. It is certainly an occaſion of rejoicing when the wicked are ſeized in their deſigns; but I think it is not ſuch a triumph as is exerted by laughter.

You may generally obſerve, that the appetites are ſooner moved than the paſſions: A ſly expreſſion which alludes to baudry, puts a whole row into a pleaſing ſmirk; when a good ſentence that deſcribes an inward ſentiment of the ſoul, is received with the greateſt coldneſs and indifference. A correſpondent of mine, upon this ſubject, has divided the female part of the audience, and accounts for their prepoſſeſſion againſt this reaſonable delight in the following manner. The prude, ſays he, as ſhe acts always in contradiction, ſo ſhe is gravely ſullen at a comedy, and extravagantly gay at a tragedy. The coquette is ſo much taken up with throwing her eyes around the audience, and conſidering the effect of them, that ſhe cannot be expected to obſerve the actors but as they are her rivals, and take off the obſervation of the men from herſelf. Beſides theſe ſpecies of women, there are the *examples*, or the firſt of the mode: Theſe are to be ſuppoſed too well acquainted with what the actor is going to ſay to be moved at it. After theſe one might mention a certain flippant ſet of females who are mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the conduct of all the people around them, and are ſpectators only of the audience. But what is of all the moſt to be lamented, is the loſs of a party whom it would be worth preſerving in their right ſenſes upon all occaſions, and theſe are thoſe whom we may indifferently call the innocent or the unaffected. You may ſometimes ſee one of theſe ſenſibly touched with a well-wrought incident; but then ſhe is immediately ſo impertinently obſerved by the men, and frowned at by ſome inſenſible ſuperior of her own ſex, that ſhe is aſhamed, and loſes the enjoyment of the moſt laudable concern, pity. Thus the whole

audience is afraid of letting fall a tear, and shun as a weakneſs the beſt and worthieſt part of our ſenſe.

SIR,

'AS you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongſt people of any ſenſe; makes me (who am one of the greateſt of your admirers) give you this trouble to deſire you will ſettle the method of us females knowing when one another is in town: For they have now got a trick of never ſending to their acquaintance when they firſt come; and if one does not viſit them within the week which they ſtay at home, it is a mortal quarrel. Now, dear Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the advertiſement of your paper, which is generally read by our ſex, or elſe order them to breathe their ſaucy footmen (who are good for nothing elſe) by ſending them to tell all their acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it in a better ſtile, as to the ſpelling part. The town is now filling every day, and it cannot be deferred, becauſe people take advantage of one another by this means and break off acquaintance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this in your paper as ſoon as you can poſſibly, to prevent any future miſcarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever ſhall be,

dear SPEC,

your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

Mary Meanwell.

'Pray ſettle what is to be a proper notification of a perſon's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality.'

Mr. SPECTATOR, October *the* 20*th*.

'I Have been out of town, ſo did not meet with your paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my heart's deſire, expoſe that curſed vice of inſnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I aſſure you without flattery it has ſaved a 'prentice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a

'frame

'frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I
'shall take care to make my young ones read it every
'morning to fortify them against such pernicious ras-
'cals. I know not whether what you writ was matter
'of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take
'my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what hap-
'pened to my 'prentice, that had I read your paper
'then, I should have taken your method to have se-
'cured a villain. Go on and prosper.

Your most obliged humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WIthout raillery, I desire you to insert this word
'for word in your next, as you value a Lover's
'prayers. You see it is an hue and cry after a stray
'heart (with the marks and blemishes under-written)
'which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satis-
'faction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you re-
'member the passion you had for her to whom you
'lately ended a paper.

Noble, generous, great and good,
But never to be understood;
Fickle as the wind, still changing,
After every female ranging,
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,
But addicted much to lying:
When the Siren songs repeats,
Equal measures still it beats;
Who-e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar.

T

N° 209 Tueſday, October 30.

Γυναικὸς ὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον ὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς. Simonides.

Of earthly goods the beſt, is a good wife;
A bad, the bittereſt curſe of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleaſed with, than thoſe who ſhew human nature in a variety of views, and deſcribe the ſeveral ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with thoſe which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other perſons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under theſe changeable colours, is apt to ſhame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleaſed or diſpleaſed with ourſelves in the moſt proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepoſſeſſion, and rectify that narrowneſs of temper which inclines us to think amiſs of thoſe who differ from ourſelves.

If we look into the manners of the moſt remote ages of the world, we diſcover human nature in her ſimplicity; and the more we come downward towards our own times, may obſerve her hiding herſelf in artifices and refinements, poliſhed inſenſibly out of her original plainneſs, and at length intirely loſt under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the moſt ancient writers, both ſacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the hiſtory of another ſpecies.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who inſtruct us more openly in the manners of their reſpective

ſpective times in which they lived, than thoſe who have employed themſelves in ſatire, under what dreſs ſoever it may appear; as there are no other authors whoſe province it is to enter ſo directly into the ways of men, and ſet their miſcarriages in ſo ſtrong a light.

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldeſt ſatire that is now extant; and, as ſome ſay, of the firſt that was ever written. This poet flouriſhed about four hundred years after the ſiege of *Troy*; and ſhews, by his way of writing, the ſimplicity, or rather coarſeneſs of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice in my hundred and ſixty-firſt ſpeculation, that the rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance*, in an allusion, has been found out of latter years: and that the antients, provided there was a likeneſs in their ſimilitudes, did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon. The ſatire or iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I ſhall entertain my readers in the preſent paper, are a remarkable inſtance of what I formerly advanced. The ſubject of this ſatire is woman. He deſcribes the ſex in their ſeveral characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful ſuppoſition raiſed upon the doctrine of pre-exiſtence. He tells us, That the gods formed the ſouls of women out of thoſe ſeeds and principles which compoſe ſeveral kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad diſpoſitions ariſe in them according as ſuch and ſuch ſeeds and principles predominate in their conſtitutions. I have tranſlated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at leaſt ſo as to comprehend every one of his ſentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and muſt further premiſe, that the following ſatire affects only ſome of the lower part of the ſex, and not thoſe who have been refined by a polite education, which was not ſo common in the age of this poet.

In the beginning God made the ſouls of womankind out of different materials, and in a ſeparate ſtate from their bodies.

The

The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghil.

A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, *who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.*

The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats and pilferings.

The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil or labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard

for

for their huſbands, who paſs away their time in dreſſing, bathing and perfuming; who throw their hair into the niceſt curls, and trick it up with the faireſt flowers and garlands. A woman of this ſpecies is a very pretty thing for a ſtranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unleſs it be a King or Prince who takes a fancy to ſuch a toy.

The ninth ſpecies of females were taken out of the ape. Theſe are ſuch as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themſelves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears ſo in others.

The tenth and laſt ſpecies of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets ſuch an one for his wife. She is altogether faultleſs and unblameable; her family flouriſhes and improves by her good management. She loves her huſband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She diſtinguiſhes herſelf among her ſex. She is ſurrounded with graces. She never ſits among the looſe tribe of women, nor paſſes away her time with them in wanton diſcourſes. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the beſt [illegible] *that* Jupiter *can beſtow on man.*

I ſhall conclude theſe iambicks with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the ſame author: *A man cannot poſſeſs any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worſe than a bad one.*

As the poet has ſhewn a great penetration in this diverſity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which *Juvenal* and Monſieur *Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his ſixth, and the other in his laſt ſatire, where they have endeavoured to expoſe the ſex in general, without doing juſtice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling ſatires are of no uſe to the world, and for this reaſon I have often wondered how the *French* author abovementioned, who was a man of exquiſite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper ſubject for ſatire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The ſatire upon man.* What vice or frailty can a diſcourſe correct, which cenſures the whole ſpecies alike, and endeavours to ſhew by ſome ſuperficial ſtrokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A ſatire ſhould expoſe nothing but what is corrigible,

rigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper objects of it. L

N° 210 Wednesday, October 31.

Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingeniis altissimisque animis & existit maximè & apparet facillimè.

Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Am fully persuaded that one of the best springs of 'generous and worthy actions, is the having gene'rous and worthy thoughts of ourselves. Whoever 'has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will 'act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in 'his own estimation. If he considers his being as cir'cumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his 'designs will be contracted into the same narrow span 'he imagines is to bound his existence. How can he 'exalt his thoughts to any thing great and noble, who 'only believes that, after a short turn on the stage of 'this world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his 'consciousness for ever?

'For this reason I am of opinion, that so useful and 'elevated a contemplation as that of the *Soul's immortality* cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more 'improving exercise to the human mind, than to be 'frequently reviewing its own great privileges and en'dowments; nor a most effectual means to awaken in 'us an ambition raised above low objects and little pur'suits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

'It

'It is a very great satisfaction to consider the best and 'wisest of mankind in all nations and ages, asserting, 'as with one voice, this their birthright, and to find it 'ratified by an express revelation. At the same time if 'we turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we may 'meet with a kind of secret sense concurring with the 'proofs of our own immortality.

'You have, in my opinion, raised a good presump-'tive argument from the increasing appetite the mind 'has to knowledge, and to the extending its own facul-'ties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more re-'strained perfection of lower creatures may, in the limits 'of a short life. I think another probable conjecture 'may be raised from our appetite to duration itself, and 'from a reflexion on our progress through the several 'stages of it: *We are complaining*, as you observe in a 'former speculation, *of the shortness of life, and yet are 'perpetually hurrying over the parts of it to arrive at 'certain little settlements, or imaginary points of rest, 'which are dispersed up and down in it.*

'Now let us consider what happens to us when we 'arrive at these *imaginary points of rest:* Do we stop our 'motion, and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have 'gained? or are we not removing the boundary, and 'marking out new points of rest, to which we press for-'ward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be 'such as fast as we attain them? Our case is like that 'of a traveller upon the *Alps*, who should fancy that 'the top of the next hill must end his journey, because 'it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives 'at it than he sees new ground and other hills beyond 'it, and continues to travel on as before.

'This is so plainly every man's condition in life, 'that there is no one who has observed any thing, but 'may observe, that as fast as his time wears away, his 'appetite to something future remains. The use there-'fore I would make of it is this, that since nature (as 'some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or, to 'speak properly, since the Author of our being has 'planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has 'not its object, futurity is the proper object of the 'passion so constantly exercised about it; and this rest-

'lessness

'lesness in the present, this assigning ourselves over to 'farther stages of duration, this successive grasping at 'somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may 'to others) as a kind of instinct or natural symptom 'which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

'I take it at the same time for granted, that the im'mortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other 'arguments: And if so, this appetite, which otherwise 'would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very 'reasonable, and adds strength to the conclusion. But 'I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable 'of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can 'form to themselves a sullen satisfaction in thinking other'wise. There is something so pitifully mean in the in'verted ambition of that man who can hope for annihi'lation, and please himself to think that his whole fabrick 'shall one day crumble into dust, and mix with the mass 'of inanimate beings, that it equally deserves our admi'ration and pity. The mystery of such men's unbelief is 'not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to no'thing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be 'immortal, because they dare not be so.

'This brings me back to my first observation, and 'gives me occasion to say further, that as worthy actions 'spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are 'likewise the consequence of worthy actions: But the 'wretch who has degraded himself below the character 'of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions 'to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative 'happiness in the extinction of his being.

'The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong 'image of the unsupported condition of such a person 'in his last minutes in the second part of King *Henry* the 'sixth, where cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been con'cerned in the murder of the good Duke *Humphrey*, is 'represented on his death-bed. After some short con'fused speeches which shew an imagination disturbed 'with guilt, just as he is expiring, King *Henry* stand'ing by him full of compassion, says,

Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope!
He dies, and makes no sign!——

'The despair which is here shewn, without a word 'or action on the part of the dying person, is beyond 'what could be painted by the most forcible expressions 'whatever.

'I shall not pursue this thought farther, but only add, 'That as annihilation is not to be had with a wish, so 'it is the most abject thing in the world to wish it. 'What are honour, fame, wealth or power, when com-'pared with the generous expectation of a being with-'out end, and a happiness adequate to that being?

'I shall trouble you no farther; but with a certain 'gravity which these thoughts have given me, I reflect 'upon some things people say of you, (as they will of 'all men who distinguish themselves) which I hope are 'not true; and wish you as good a man as you are an 'author.

I am, SIR,

your most obedient humble servant,

T T. D.

Nº 211 Thursday, November 1.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari fabulis. Phædr. lib. 1. Prol.

Let it be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.

HAving lately translated the fragment of an old poet which describes womankind under several characters, and supposes them to have drawn their different manners and dispositions from those animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded; I had some thoughts of giving the sex their revenge, by laying together in another paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and shewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of such different humours and constitutions. *Horace* has a thought which is something akin to this, when, in order to excuse himself to his mistress, for an invective

invective which he had written against her, and to account for that unreasonable fury with which the heart of man is often transported, he tells us, that when *Prometheus* made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart, he seasoned it with some furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I observed so many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male souls are diversified with so many characters, that the world has not variety of materials sufficient to furnish out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to supply their several extravagancies.

Instead therefore of pursuing the thought of *Simonides*, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of præ-existence, some of the ancient philosophers have, in a manner, satirized the vicious part of the human species in general, from a notion of the soul's post-existence, if I may so call it; and that as *Simonides* describes brutes entering into the composition of women, others have represented human souls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of transmigration, which supposes that human souls, upon their leaving the body, become the souls of such kinds of brutes as they most resemble in their manners; or to give an account of it as Mr. *Dryden* has described it in his translation of *Pythagoras* his speech in the fifteenth book of *Ovid*, where that philosopher dissuades his hearers from eating flesh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies:
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast,
Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind:
From tenement to tenement is toss'd:
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost.

Then

Then let not piety be put to flight,
To please the taste of glutton-appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

Plato in the vision of *Erus* the *Armenian*, which I may possibly make the subject of a future speculation, records some beautiful transmigrations; as that the soul of *Orpheus*, who was musical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a swan; the soul of *Ajax*, which was all wrath and fierceness, into a lion; the soul of *Agamemnon*, that was rapacious aud imperial, into an eagle; and the soul of *Thersites*, who was a mimick and a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. *Congreve*, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour.

Thus Aristotle's *soul of old that was,*
May now be damn'd to animate an ass;
Or in this very house, for ought we know,
Is doing painful penance in some beau.

I shall fill up this paper with some letters which my last *Tuesday*'s speculation has produced. My following correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the sex.

From my house in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your *Tuesday*'s paper, I find by several symptoms in my constitution that I am a 'bee. My shop, or if you please to call it so, my cell, 'is in that great hive of females which goes by the 'name of *The New Exchange*; where I am daily em- 'ployed in gathering together a little stock of gain 'from the finest flowers about the town, I mean the la- 'dies and the beaus. I have a numerous swarm of chil- 'dren, to whom I give the best education I am able: But, 'Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to a drone, who

'lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into 'the common stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I 'take care not to behave myself towards him like a 'wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me 'as an humble-bee; for which reason I do all I can to 'put him upon laying up provisions for a bad day, and 'frequently represent to him the fatal effects his sloth 'and negligence may bring upon us in our old age. I 'must beg that you will join with me in your good ad-'vice upon this occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble servant,

MELISSA.

SIR, *Piccadilly, October* 31, 1711.

'I Am joined in wedlock for my sins to one of those 'fillies who are described in the old poet with that 'hard name you gave us the other day. She has a 'flowing mane, and a skin as soft as silk: But, Sir, she 'passes half her life at her glass, and almost ruins me 'in ribbons. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft 'man, and in danger of breaking by her laziness and 'expensiveness. Pray, master, tell me in your next pa-'per, whether I may not expect from her so much drud-'gery as to take care of her family, and curry her 'hide in case of refusal.

Your loving friend,

Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapside, October* 30.

'I Am mightily pleased with the humour of the cat; 'be so kind as to enlarge upon that subject.

Your's till death,

Josiah Henpeck.

P. S. 'You must know I am married to a *Grimalkin.*'

SIR, *Wapping, October* 31, 1711.

'EVER since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last came into 'our family, my husband is pleased to call me his '*Oceana*, because the foolish old poet that you have trans-

'lated says, That the souls of some women are made of 'sea-water. This, it seems, has encouraged my saucebox to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries 'pr'ythee my dear *be calm*; when I chide one of my servants, pr'ythee child *do not bluster*. He had the impudence about an hour ago to tell me, That he was a seafaring man, and must expect to divide his life between '*storm* and *sunshine*. When I bestir myself with any 'spirit in my family, it is *high sea* in his house; and 'when I sit still without doing any thing, his affairs forsooth are *wind-bound*. When I ask him whether it rains, 'he makes answer, it is no matter, so that it be *fair weather* within doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak 'my mind freely to him, but I either *swell* or *rage*, or 'do something that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. 'Pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, since you are so sharp upon 'other women, let us know what materials your wife 'is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would 'make us a parcel of poor-spirited tame insipid creatures: but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have 'as good passions in us as yourself, and that a woman 'was never designed to be a milk-sop.

L

Martha Tempest.

Nº 212 Friday, November 2.

——*Eripe turpi*
Colla jugo, liber, liber sum, dic age—Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. ver. 92.

—Loose thy neck from this ignoble chain,
And boldly say thou'rt free. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Never look upon my dear wife, but I think of the 'happiness Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in 'having such a friend as you to expose in proper 'colours the cruelty and perverseness of his mistress. 'I have very often wished you visited in our family, and 'were acquainted with my spouse; she would afford 'you for some months at least matter enough for one

'*Spectator* a week. Since we are not so happy as to be of 'your acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you 'our present circumstances as well as I can in writing. 'You are to know then that I am not of a very different 'constitution from *Nathaniel Henroost*, whom you have 'lately recorded in your speculations; and have a 'wife who makes a more tyrannical use of the know-'ledge of my easy temper than that Lady ever pre-'tended to. We had not been a month married, when 'she found in me a certain pain to give offence, and an 'indolence that made me bear little inconveniences ra-'ther than dispute about them. From this observation it 'soon came to pass, that if I offered to go abroad, 'she would get between me and the door, kiss me, and 'say she could not part with me; and then down again 'I sat. In a day or two after this first pleasant step to-'wards confining me, she declared to me, that I was all 'the world to her, and she thought she ought to be all 'the world to me. If, said she, my dear loves me as 'much as I love him, he will never be tired of my com-'pany. This declaration was followed by my being 'denied to all my acquaintance; and it very soon came 'to that pass, that to give an answer at the door before 'my face, the servants would ask her whether I was 'within or not; and she would answer No with great 'fondness, and tell me I was a good dear. I will not 'enumerate more little circumstances to give you a 'livelier sense of my condition; but tell you in general, 'that from such steps as these at first, I now live the life 'of a prisoner of state; my letters are opened, and 'I have not the use of pen, ink, and paper, but in her 'presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes 'takes me with her in her coach to take the air, if it 'may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, 'with the glasses up. I have over-heard my servants la-'ment my condition, but they dare not bring me mes-'sages without her knowledge, because they doubt my 'resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this insipid 'way of life, an old acquaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*, 'who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in 'her company because he sings prettily, has roused me 'to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the fol-

'lowing manner. My wife is a great pretender to mu-'fick, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the 'Italian tafte. *Tom* goes to *Armftrong*, the famous fine 'writer of mufick, and defires him to put this fentence 'of *Tully* in the fcale of an *Italian* air, and write it out 'for my fpoufe from him. *An ille mihi liber cui mulier 'imperat? Cui leges imponit, præfcribit, jubet, vetat, quod 'videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recufare 'audet? Pofcit? dandum eft. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? 'abeundum. Minitatur? extimifcendum. Does he live like 'a Gentleman who is commanded by a woman? He to 'whom fhe gives law, grants and denies what fhe pleafes? 'who can neither deny her any thing fhe afks, or refufe to 'do any thing fhe commands?*

'To be fhort, my wife was extremely pleafed with 'it; faid, the *Italian* was the only language for mufick; 'and admired how wonderfully tender the fentiment 'was, and how pretty the accent is of that language, 'with the reft that is faid by rote on that occafion. 'Mr. *Meggot* is fent for to fing this air, which he per-'forms with mighty applaufe; and my wife is in ec-'ftacy on the occafion, and glad to find, by my being 'fo much pleafed, that I was at laft come into the no-'tion of the *Italian*; for, faid fhe, it grows upon one 'when one once comes to know a little of the language: 'and pray, Mr. *Meggot*, fing again thofe notes, *Nihil 'imperanti negare, nihil recufare.* You may believe I was 'not a little delighted with my friend *Tom*'s expedient 'to alarm me, and in obedience to his fummons I 'give all this ftory thus at large; and I am refolved, 'when this appears in the *Spectator*, to declare for my-'felf. The manner of the infurrection I contrive by your 'means, which fhall be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, 'who is at our tea-table every morning, fhall read it to 'us; and if my dear can take the hint, and fay not one 'word, but let this be the beginning of a new life with-'out farther explanation, it is very well; for as foon as 'the *Spectator* is read out, I fhall without more ado, call 'for the coach, name the hour when I fhall be at home, 'if I come at all; if I do not, they may go to dinner. 'If my fpoufe only fwells and fays nothing, *Tom* and I 'go out together and all is well, as I faid before; but if 'fhe

'she begins to command or expostulate, you shall in my 'next to you receive a full account of her resistance and 'submission, for submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,

your most obedient humble servant,

Anthony Freeman.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I desire this 'may be in your very next. T

N° 213 Saturday, November 3.

—*Mens sibi conscia recti.* Virg. Æn. 1. ver. 608.

A good intention.

IT is the great art and secret of christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our actions under the division of such as are in themselves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our intentions after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our actions, we may discover that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A good intention joined to a good action, gives it its proper force and efficacy: joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action turns it into a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the best of actions, and makes them in reality, what the fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so

many *shining sins*. It destroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all possible blackness and horror, or in the emphatical language of sacred writ, makes *sin exceeding sinful*.

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an indifferent intention, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a good action; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not so solid, in *Acosta*'s answer to *Limborch*, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the *Jewish* religion, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the *Jew* makes upon this occasion, is, to the best of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are 'not duties enough (says he) in the essential parts of the 'law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, place, 'and person are requisite, before you have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We have 'therefore, says he, enlarged the sphere of our duty, 'and made many things which are in themselves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may have more 'occasions of shewing our love to God, and in all the 'circumstances of life be doing something to please him.'

Monsieur *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the superstitions of the Roman-catholick religion with the same kind of apology, where he pretends to consider the different spirit of the papists and the calvinists, as to the great points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expressions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly

particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing that may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this plausible reason with which both the Jew and the Roman-catholick would excuse their respective superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to mankind, and destructive to religion; because the injunction of superfluous ceremonies makes such actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the shadowy unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this *holy officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the apostle in that uncommon precept, where he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to the particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path,*

and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways. In a word, he remembers that the eye of his judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have *walked with God.*

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of by the precepts or examples of the antient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a pagan philosopher, than to a christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: *Whether or no God will approve my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman catholick, was so much transported with this passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: *When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out,* Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: O *holy* Socrates, *pray for us.*

L

N° 214 Monday, November 5.

———*Periêrunt tempora longi*
Servitii—— Juv. Sat. 3. ver. 124.

A long dependence in an hour is lost. DRYDEN.

I Did some time ago lay before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind, who suffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of persons above them; but there is a set of men who are much more the objects of compassion than even those, and these are the dependents on great men, whom they are pleased to take under their protection as such as are to share in their friendship and favour. These indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors; and these debts, being debts of honour, ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of dependents, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any call, will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have it not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends; but I speak of such leagues where there is power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other.

The division of patron and client may, I believe, include a third of our nation; the want of merit and real worth in the client, will strike out about ninety-nine in a hundred of these; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of that kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not

two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality. There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a man who is got into a considerable station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, lose minutes, hours, days and years in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before: Thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interests to new pretenders. By this means it often happens that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you

you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man perhaps may grow out of humour; if you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are an humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children until they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures: This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservience, to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when his patron pleases, is ended; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices, was not only his partner but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one, who makes observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like *Plato*'s guardian angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like *Epicurus*'s gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them. T

Nº 215 Tuesday, November 6.

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

Ovid. Ep. 9. lib. 2. de Ponto, ver. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
Soften the manners, and subdue the mind.

I Consider an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent

latent virtue and perfection, which without ſuch helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of education, which *Ariſtotle* has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tells us that a ſtatue lies hid in a block of marble, and that the art of the ſtatuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh. The figure is in the ſtone, the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Mens paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? what might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? and what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies? that we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this ſubject, I cannot forbear mentioning a ſtory which I have lately heard, and which

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is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at St. *Christophers*, one of our *British* leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in *England*.

This Gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe abovementioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corps, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief

grief and despair. He immediately ran to the *English* family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or a *Praxiteles* could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: At least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks

thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well-penned, they would do honour to the persons who write them, but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them. C

Nº 216 Wednesday, November 7.

Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius:
Verùm si incipies, neque perficies naviter,
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cùm nemo expetet,
Infectâ pace, ultrò ad eam venies, indicans
Te amare, & ferre non posse: Actum est, ilicet,
Perîsti: eludet, ubi te victum senserit.

Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

If indeed you can keep to your resolution, you will act a noble and a manly part: But if, when you have set about it, your courage fails you, and you make a voluntary submission, acknowledging the violence of your passion, and your inability to hold out any longer, all is over with you; you are undone, and may go hang yourself; she will insult over you, when she finds you her slave.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman* had no 'sooner taken coach, but his Lady was taken 'with a terrible fit of the vapours, which it is 'feared will make her miscarry, if not endanger her 'life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any receipt 'that is good against this fashionable reigning distem'per, be pleased to communicate it for the good of the 'publick, and you will oblige

yours,

A. NOEWILL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE uproar was so great as soon as I had read 'the *Spectator* concerning Mrs *Freeman*, that af-'ter many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swoon-'ing, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling 'her husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neigh-'bouring Lady (who says she has writ to you also) she 'had nothing left for it but to fall in a fit. I had the 'honour to read the paper to her, and have a pretty good 'command of my countenance and temper on such 'occasions; and soon found my historical name to be '*Tom Meggot* in your writings, but concealed myself 'until I saw how it affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked 'frequently at her husband, as often at me; and she 'did not tremble as she filled tea, until she came to the 'circumstance of *Armstrong*'s writing out a piece of '*Tully* for an opera tune: Then she burst out, she was 'exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused: 'The tea-cup was thrown in the fire; and without 'taking vengeance on her spouse, she said of me, that 'I was a pretending coxcomb, a medler that knew not 'what it was to interpose in so nice an affair as between 'a man and his wife. To which Mr. *Freeman*, Madam, 'were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have 'taken this way of writing to the SPECTATOR, to 'inform a woman whom God and Nature has placed 'under my direction, with what I request of her; but 'since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint 'which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, Ma-'dam, in so many words, that you have for a long and 'tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the 'sense you ought to have of the subordination in which 'you are placed. And I must acquaint you once for all, 'that the fellow without, ha, *Tom!* (here the footman 'entered and answered, Madam) sirrah do not you know 'my voice? look upon me when I speak to you: I say, 'Madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself, 'whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am 'from this hour master of this house; and my business 'in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such 'a manner, as it shall be hereafter an honour to you to

'bear

'bear my name; and your pride, that you are the delight, the darling and ornament of a man of honour, useful and esteemed by his friends; and I no longer one that has buried some merit in the world, in complaisance to a froward humour which has grown upon an agreeable woman by his indulgence. Mr. *Freeman* ended this with a tenderness in his aspect and a downcast eye, which shewed he was extremely mov'd at the anguish he saw her in; for she sat swelling with passion, and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when I, fearing he would lose all again, took upon me to provoke her out of that amiable sorrow she was in, to fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably for my friend, that indeed Mr. *Freeman* was become the common talk of the town; and that nothing was so much a jest, as when it was said in company, Mr. *Freeman* has promised to come to such a place. Upon which the good Lady turned her softness into downright rage, and threw the scalding tea kettle upon your humble servant; flew into the middle of the room, and cried out she was the unfortunatest of all women: others kept family dissatisfactions for hours of privacy and retirement: No apology was to be made to her, no expedient to be found, no previous manner of breaking what was amiss to her; but all the world was to be acquainted with her errors, without the least admonition. Mr. *Freeman* was going to make a soft'ning speech, but I interposed; Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say to this matter, but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken; this humour, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in one of your motherly character. With that she lost all patience, and flew directly at her husband's periwig. I got her in my arms, and defended my friend: He making signs at the same time that it was too much; I beckoning, nodding and frowning over her shoulder, that he was lost if he did not persist. In this manner we flew round and round the room in a moment, until the Lady I spoke of above and servants entered; upon which she fell on a couch as breathless. I still kept up my friend; but he, with a very silly air, bid them bring the coach to the door, and we went off, I being

'forced to bid the coachman drive on. We were no 'fooner come to my lodgings, but all his wife's rela- 'tions came to enquire after him; and Mrs. *Freeman*'s 'mother writ a note, wherein fhe thought never to 'have feen this day, and fo forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a thing we 'have no talents for; and I can obferve already, my 'friend looks upon me rather as a man who knows a 'weaknefs of him that he is afhamed of, than one who 'has refcued him from flavery. Mr. SPECTATOR, I am 'but a young fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* fubmits, I 'fhall be looked upon as an incendiary, and never get a 'wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed fent word 'home he fhall lie at *Hampftead* to-night; but I believe 'fear of the firft onfet after this rupture has too great 'a place in this refolution. Mrs. *Freeman* has a very 'pretty fifter; fuppofe I delivered him up, and articled 'with the mother for her for bringing him home. If he 'has not courage to ftand it (you are a great cafuift) 'is it fuch an ill thing to bring myfelf off, as well as 'I can? what makes me doubt my man, is, that I 'find he thinks it reafonable to expoftulate at leaft with 'her; and Capt. *Sentry* will tell you, if you let your 'orders be difputed, you are no longer a commander. 'I wifh you could advife me how to get clear of this 'bufinefs handfomely.

T. Yours, *Tom Meggot*.

No 217 Thurſday, November 8.

——Tunc fœmina ſimplex,
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.
Juv. Sat. 6. ver. 326.

Then unreſtrain'd by rules of decency,
Th' aſſembled females raiſe a general cry.

I Shall entertain my reader to-day with ſome letters from my correſpondents. The firſt of them is the deſcription of a club, whether real or imaginary, I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the writer of it, whoever ſhe is, has formed a kind of nocturnal orgie out of her own fancy: whether this be ſo or not, her letter may conduce to the amendment of that kind of perſons who are repreſented in it, and whoſe characters are frequent enough in the world.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN ſome of your firſt papers you were pleaſed to give 'the publick a very diverting account of ſeveral 'clubs and nocturnal aſſemblies; but I am a member 'of a ſociety which has wholly eſcaped your notice, I 'mean a club of ſhe-romps. We take each a hackney- 'coach, and meet once a week in a large upper cham- 'ber, which we hire by the year for that purpoſe; our 'landlord and his family, who are quiet people, con- 'ſtantly contriving to be abroad on our club-night. We 'are no ſooner come together, than we throw off all that 'modeſty and reſervedneſs with which our ſex are ob- 'liged to diſguiſe themſelves in publick places. I am 'not able to expreſs the pleaſure we enjoy from ten at 'night until four in the morning, in being as rude as 'you men can be for your lives. As our play runs 'high, the room is immediately filled with broken fans, 'torn petticoats, lappets, or head-dreſſes, flounces, 'furbelows, garters, and working aprons. I had for- 'got to tell you at firſt, that beſides the coaches we

'come

'come in ourſelves, there is one which ſtands always 'empty to carry off our *dead Men*, for ſo we call all thoſe 'fragments and tatters with which the room is ſtrewed, 'and which we pack up together in bundles and put in-'to the aforeſaid coach: It is no ſmall diverſion for us 'to meet the next night at ſome member's chamber, 'where every one is to pick out what belonged to her 'from this confuſed bundle of ſilks, ſtuffs, laces, and 'ribbons. I have hitherto given you an account of our 'diverſion on ordinary club-nights; but muſt acquaint 'you further, that once a month we *demoliſh a Prude*, 'that is, we get ſome queer formal creature in among 'us, and unrig her in an inſtant. Our laſt month's prude 'was ſo arm'd and fortified in whalebone and buck-'ram, that we had much ado to come at her, but you 'would have died with laughing to have ſeen how the 'ſober awkward thing looked when ſhe was forced out 'of her intrenchments. In ſhort, Sir, it is impoſſible 'to give you a true notion of our ſport, unleſs you 'would come one night amongſt us: and though it be di-'rectly againſt the rules of our ſociety to admit a male 'viſitant, we repoſe ſo much confidence in your ſilence 'and taciturnity, that it was agreed by the whole club, 'at our laſt meeting, to give you entrance for one night 'as a ſpectator.

I am your humble ſervant,

Kitty Termagant.

P. S. *We ſhall demoliſh a Prude next* Thurſday.

Though I thank *Kitty* for her kind offer, I do not at preſent find in myſelf an inclination to venture my perſon with her and her romping companions. I ſhould regard myſelf as a ſecond *Clodius*, intruding on the myſterious rites of the *Bona Dea*, and ſhould apprehend being *demoliſhed* as much as the *Prude*.

The following letter comes from a Gentleman, whoſe taſte I find is much too delicate to endure the leaſt advance towards romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the hint he has given me, and make it the ſubject of a whole *Spectator*; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own words.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my misfortune to be in love with a young 'creature who is daily committing faults, which 'though they give me the utmost uneasiness, I know 'not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. 'She is pretty, dresses well, is rich, and good-humour'd; 'but either wholly neglects, or has no notion of that 'which polite people have agreed to distinguish by the 'name of *Delicacy*. After our return from a walk the 'other day, she threw herself into an elbow-chair, and 'professed before a large company, that *she was all over 'in a sweat*. She told me this afternoon that her *sto-'mach ak'd*; and was complaining yesterday at dinner 'of something that *stuck in her teeth*. I treated her with 'a basket of fruit last summer, which she eat so very 'greedily, as almost made me resolve never to see her 'more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I 'see her about to speak or move. As she does not want 'sense, if she takes these hints I am happy; if not, I am 'more than afraid, that these things which shock me 'even in the behaviour of a mistress, will appear insup-'portable in that of a wife.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

My next letter comes from a correspondent whom I cannot but very much value upon the account which she gives of herself.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am happily arrived at a state of tranquillity, which 'few people envy, I mean that of an old maid; 'therefore being wholly unconcerned in all that medley 'of follies which our sex is apt to contract from their 'silly fondness of yours, I read your ralleries on us 'without provocation. I can say with *Hamlet*,

——*Man delights not me,*
Nor woman neither——

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own sex, 'do not be afraid of reproving what is ridiculous in ours, 'and you will oblige at least one woman, who is

Your humble servant, Susannah Frost.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am wife to a clergyman, and cannot help think-
'ing that in your tenth or tithe character of woman-
'kind you meant myself, therefore I have no quarrel
'against you for the other nine characters.

'X *Your humble servant*, A. B.

No 218 Friday, November 9.

Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, sæpe caveto.
Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 68.

——Have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where.
POOLY.

I Happened the other day, as my way is, to stroll into a little coffee-house beyond *Aldgate*; and as I sat there, two or three very plain sensible men were talking of the SPECTATOR. One said, he had that morning drawn the great benefit ticket; another wished he had; but a third shaked his head and said, it was pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of man, that it was no great matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good man, the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want; a man, for all he talks so well of œconomy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one. Much reflexion has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness; but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common people say out of their

own talkative temper, to the advantage or diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the sense all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide the general word fame into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to those characters of men, or rather are the life of these characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprises, is impregnable; and all the assailants of his renown, do but shew their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of an high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated: besides which, according to a prevailing custom amongst us, every man has his defence in his own arm: and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lanthorn and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name, as Mr. Cash, *oh! do you leave your money at his shop? why, do you know* Mr. Searoom? *he is indeed a general merchant*. I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name, hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you

you ſpeak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemiſh to it. Since every body who knows the world is ſenſible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in his language of a merchant; it may poſſibly be in the power of a very ſhallow creature to lay the ruin of the beſt family in the moſt opulent city; and the more ſo, the more highly he deſerves of his country; that is to ſay, the farther he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this caſe an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a raſh ſentence a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phraſe to the diſfavour of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the conſequence, as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a Gentleman? Land ſtands where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated, and the ſtate of a great action is juſt as it was before calumny was offered to diminiſh it, and there is time, place and occaſion, expected to unravel all that is contrived againſt thoſe characters; but the trader who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour againſt the inquiſitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his diſhonour. Fire and ſword are ſlow engines of deſtruction, in compariſon of the babbler in the caſe of the merchant.

For this reaſon I thought it an imitable piece of humanity of a Gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and uſed to talk with warmth enough againſt Gentlemen by whom he thought himſelf ill-dealt with; that he would never let any thing be urged againſt a merchant (with whom he had any difference) except in a court of juſtice. He uſed to ſay, that to ſpeak ill of a merchant, was to begin his ſuit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, ſay more on this occaſion than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that of all other ſubjects; for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the ſervice of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of *Ophir* to the country wherein he reſides.

T

Nº 219. Saturday, November 10.

Vix ea noſtra voco——Ovid. Met. lib. 13. ver. 141.
Theſe I ſcarce call our own.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt mechanick, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his ſet of admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the ſoul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

I ſhall therefore put together ſome thoughts on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodiſe them.

All ſuperiority and pre eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of *Quality*, which, conſidered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in birth, title, or riches; and is the moſt foreign to our natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality ariſes from health, ſtrength or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourſelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its riſe from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The

The quality of fortune, though a man has leſs reaſon to value himſelf upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the moſt ſhining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine ſource of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of ſome particular merit that ſhould recommend men to the high ſtations which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the Pope; majeſty to Kings; ſerenity or mildneſs of temper to Princes; excellence or perfection to Ambaſſadors; grace to Archbiſhops; honour to Peers; worſhip or venerable behaviour to magiſtrates; and reverence, which is of the ſame import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, ſuch attributes of honour are generally correſpondent with the virtues of that perſon to whom they are applied; but in the deſcendents they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The ſtamp and denomination ſtill continues, but the intrinſick value is frequently loſt.

The death-bed ſhews the emptineſs of titles in a true light. A poor diſpirited ſinner lies trembling under the apprehenſions of the ſtate he is entering on; and is aſked by a grave attendant, how his holineſs does? Another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the title of highneſs or excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of mortality as are the diſgrace of human nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and mockery than reſpect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppreſſed, and vice triumphant. The laſt day will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjuſted, and precedency ſet right.

Methinks we ſhould have an ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another world, at leaſt to preſerve our poſt in it, and outſhine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a ſtate which is to ſettle the diſtinction for eternity.

Men in ſcripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon earth*, and life a *Pilgrimage*. Several heathen, as

well as christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet with, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the philosopher) is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great inforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be *new cast*, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are several beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, intitled, *The wisdom of* Solomon, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiours in this. 'Then shall the righteous 'man stand in great boldness before the face of such as

'have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they ſee it, they ſhall be troubled 'with terrible fear, and ſhall be amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of his ſalvation, ſo far beyond all that they looked 'for. And they repenting and groaning for anguiſh of 'ſpirit, ſhall ſay within themſelves; This was he whom 'we had ſome time in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madneſs, and his 'end to be without honour. How is he numbered 'among the children of God, and his lot is among the 'ſaints!'

If the reader would ſee the deſcription of a life that is paſſed away in vanity and among the ſhadows of pomp and greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent conſtitution of things, that order and diſtinction ſhould be kept in the world, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper ſtations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condeſcenſion make their ſuperiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in the meaner poſts of life would conſider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a juſt deference and ſubmiſſion to their ſuperiors, make them happy in thoſe bleſſings with which Providence has thought fit to diſtinguiſh them.

C

Nº 220 Monday, November 12.

Rumoresque serit varios— Virg. Æn. 12. ver. 228.
A thousand rumours spreads.

SIR,

'WHY will you apply to my father for my love? I cannot help it if he will give you my person; but I assure you it is not in his power, nor even in my own, to give you my heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill consequence of such a match; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and mightily conversant in arithmetick and making calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine, and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young Lady; but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my father agree, you may take me or leave me: But if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR, your most humble servant,

HENRIETTA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THere are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.

'That feat of poetical activity mentioned by *Horace*, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated

'(as

'as I have heard) by a modern writer; who priding 'himſelf on the hurry of his invention, thought it no 'ſmall addition to his fame to have each piece minuted 'with the exact number of hours or days it coſt him in 'the compoſition. He could taſte no praiſe until he had 'acquainted you in how ſhort ſpace of time he had de-'ſerved it; and was not ſo much led to an oſtentation 'of his art, as of his diſpatch.

——— Accipe ſi vis,
Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis, locus, & hora,
Cuſtodes: videamus uter plus ſcribere poſſit.
Hor. Sat. 4. lib. 1. ver. 14.

Here's pen and ink, and time, and place; let's try,
Who can write moſt, and faſteſt, you or I. CREECH.

'This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore 'I cannot but think the flight of this rapid author very 'proper to be oppoſed to thoſe laborious nothings 'which you have obſerved were the delight of the *Ger-*'*man* wits, and in which they ſo happily got rid of ſuch 'a tedious quantity of their time.

'I have known a Gentleman of another turn of hu-'mour, who, deſpiſing the name of an author, never 'printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by 'the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on 'his little finger, was a conſiderable poet upon glaſs. 'He had a very good epigrammatick wit, and there 'was not a parlour or tavern-window where he vi-'ſited or dined for ſome years, which did not receive 'ſome ſketches or memorials of it. It was his misfor-'tune at laſt to loſe his genius and his ring to a ſharper 'at play, and he has not attempted to make a verſe 'ſince.

'But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I 'admire that of an ingenious projector whoſe book I 'have ſeen. This virtuoſo being a mathematician, has, 'according to his taſte, thrown the art of poetry into 'a ſhort problem, and contrived tables by which any 'one, without knowing a word of grammar or ſenſe, 'may, to his great comfort, be able to compoſe, or ra-'ther to erect *Latin* verſes. His tables are a kind of

'poetical logarithms, which being divided into several 'squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent 'words, appear to the eye something like a fortune-'telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned 'operator to find that these words being carefully col-'lected and writ down in order according to the pro-'blem, start of themselves into hexameter and penta-'meter verses? A friend of mine who is a student in 'astrology, meeting with this book, performed the 'operation by the rules there set down; he shewed his 'verses to the next of his acquaintance, who happened 'to understand *Latin*; and being informed they de-'scribed a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, 'together with a translation, to an almanack he was 'just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold 'the last great storm.

'I think the only improvement beyond this, would 'be that which the late Duke of *Buckingham* mentioned 'to a stupid pretender to poetry, as the project of a '*Dutch* mechanick, *viz.* a mill to make verses. This 'being the most compendious method of all which have 'yet been proposed, may deserve the thoughts of our 'modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries 'for the publick good: and it may be worth the while 'to consider, whether in an island where few are con-'tent without being thought wits, it will not be a com-'mon benefit, that wit as well as labour should be made 'cheap.

I am, SIR,

your humble servant, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Often dine at a Gentleman's house, where there 'are two young ladies in themselves very agree-'able, but very cold in their behaviour, because they 'understand me for a person that is to break my mind, 'as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But 'I take this way to acquaint them, that I am not in 'love with either of them, in hopes they will use me 'with that agreeable freedom and indifference which

'they

'they do all the reſt of the world, and not to drink to 'one another only, but ſometimes caſt a kind look, 'with their ſervice to,

SIR, your humble ſervant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young Gentleman, and take it for a piece of 'good-breeding to pull off my hat when I ſee any 'thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I 'know her or not. I take care that there is nothing 'ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray 'a woman into a ſalutation by way of jeſt or humour; 'and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find ſhe 'ever takes it for a rule, that ſhe is to look upon this 'civility and homage I pay to her ſuppoſed merit, as 'an impertinence or forwardneſs which ſhe is to obſerve 'and neglect. I wiſh, Sir, you would ſettle the buſi-'neſs of ſalutation; and pleaſe to inform me how I ſhall 'reſiſt the ſudden impulſe I have to be civil to what 'gives an idea of merit; or tell theſe creatures how 'to behave themſelves in return to the eſteem I have for 'them. My affairs are ſuch, that your deciſion will be 'a favour to me, if it be only to ſave the unneceſſary 'expence of wearing out my hat ſo faſt as I do at 'preſent.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, T. D.

P. S. 'There are ſome that do know me, and will 'not bow to me.' T

Nº 221 Tueſday, November 13.

——*Ab ovo*
Uſque ad mala—— Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1. ver. 6.

From eggs, which firſt are ſet upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it laſt is ſtor'd.

WHEN I have finiſhed any of my ſpeculations, it is my method to conſider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the ſubject that I treat of. By this means I meet with ſome celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expreſſed in better words, or ſome ſimilitude for the illuſtration of my ſubject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a ſpeculation, which I rather chooſe to take out of the poets than the proſe writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore ſure to meet with at leaſt one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory ſome beautiful paſſage of a claſſick author.

It was a ſaying of an ancient philoſopher, which I find ſome of our writers have aſcribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occaſion to repeat it, That a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquiſitive into the perſon who is the owner of it, and generally prepoſſeſſes them in his favour. A handſome motto has the ſame effect. Beſides that, it always gives a ſupernumerary beauty to a paper, and is ſometimes in a manner neceſſary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it ſhews that he is ſupported by good authorities, and is not ſingular in his opinion.

I muſt confeſs, the motto is of little uſe to an unlearned reader, for which reaſon I conſider it only as *a Word to the Wiſe*. But as for my unlearned friends, if they

they cannot reliſh the motto, I take care to make proviſion for them in the body of my paper. If they do not underſtand the ſign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the houſe; and I think I was never better pleaſed than with a plain man's compliment, who upon his friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he underſtood the motto, replied, *That good wine needs no buſh.*

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which ſhould outſhine one another, and draw together the greateſt congregation. One of them being well verſed in the fathers, uſed to quote every now and then a *Latin* ſentence to his illiterate hearers, who it ſeems found themſelves ſo edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the occaſion of it, reſolved to give his pariſh a little *Latin* in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the fathers, he digeſted into his ſermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however ſuch explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in Præſenti*, which he converted in the ſame manner to the uſe of his pariſhioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagoniſt.

The natural love to *Latin*, which is ſo prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my ſpeculations fare never the worſe among them for that little ſcrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the uſe of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the Ladies, whoſe approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themſelves in a more particular manner pleaſed with my *Greek* mottos.

Deſigning this day's work for a diſſertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already diſpatched my motto, I ſhall, in the next place, diſcourſe upon thoſe ſingle capital letters, which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of ſpecu-

lation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the clergyman; though others ascribe them to the club in general: That the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir ROGER: That L signifies the lawyer, whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the trader or merchant: But the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except *Xenophon* and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it*, says he, *on purpose that you should not know.* I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word *Abracadabra.*

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let him know that the letters, C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of *Pythagoras*, and swear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is the number four, will know very well that the number *Ten*, which is signified by the letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonick writers the complete number; that one, two, three and four put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We

We had a rabbinical divine in *England*, who was chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of *Cambridge*, upon the first verse of the *first* chapter of the *first* book of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr. *Alabaster*, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr. *Fuller*'s book of *English* worthies. This instance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things. C

N° 222 Wednesday, November 14.

Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus——

Hor. Ep. 2. lib. 2. ver. 183.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves,
Prefers his sports to *Herod*'s fragrant groves. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is one thing I have often looked for in your papers, and have as often wondered to find myself disappointed; the rather because I think it a subject every way agreeable to your design, and by being left unattempted by others, seems reserved as a proper employment for you; I mean a disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that men of the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius, completely furnished with talents for any province in human affairs; such as by their wise lessons of œconomy to others have made it evident, that they have the justest notions

'of

'of life, and of true ſenſe in the conduct of it:—— 'from what unhappy contradictious cauſe it proceeds, 'that perſons thus finiſhed by nature and by art, ſhould 'ſo often fail in the management of that which they 'well underſtand, and want the addreſs to make a right 'application of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious inconſiſtency in behaviour, and makes much 'ſuch a figure in morals as a monſtrous birth in naturals, with this difference only, which greatly aggravates the wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what a blemiſh does it caſt upon wit and 'learning in the general account of the world? and in 'how diſadvantageous a light does it expoſe them to the 'buſy claſs of mankind, that there ſhould be ſo many 'inſtances of perſons who have ſo conducted their lives 'in ſpite of theſe tranſcendent advantages, as neither 'to be happy in themſelves, nor uſeful to their friends; 'when every body ſees it was intirely in their own 'power to be eminent in both theſe characters? For my 'part, I think there is no reflection more aſtoniſhing 'than to conſider one of theſe gentlemen ſpending a fair 'fortune, running in every body's debt without the 'leaſt apprehenſion of a future reckoning, and at laſt 'leaving not only his own children, but poſſibly thoſe of 'other people, by his means, in ſtarving circumſtances; 'while a fellow, whom one would ſcarce ſuſpect to have 'a human ſoul, ſhall perhaps raiſe a vaſt eſtate out of 'nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of 'being very conſiderable in their country, and doing 'many illuſtrious ſervices to it. That this obſervation 'is juſt, experience has put beyond all diſpute. But 'though the fact be ſo evident and glaring, yet the 'cauſes of it are ſtill in the dark; which makes me 'perſuade myſelf, that it would be no unacceptable 'piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into the 'hidden ſources of ſo unaccountable an evil.

I am, Sir,

your moſt humble ſervant.

What this correſpondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever ſince there was any ſuch thing as human

human life. *Horace* reflects upon this inconsistency very eeably in the character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a hty pretender to œconomy, and tells you, you might ay hear him speak the most philosophick things ginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessaries, and in half a week after spend a thousand pound. When he says this of him with relation to expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. And indeed if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the character of *Zimri*.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking;
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expences are greater than another's, is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives end, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says, it is the greatest wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who

is

is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit: They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion or keen appetite to any thing. To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application, *No thanks to him; if he had no business, he would have nothing to do.*

T

Nº 223 Thursday, November 15.

O suavis anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cùm sint reliquæ!

Phædr. Fab. 1. lib. 3. ver. 5.

O sweet soul! how good must you have been heretofore, when your remains are so delicious!

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of those multitudes of ancient writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider time as an immense ocean in which many noble authors are intirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the common wreck; but the number of the last is very small.

Appa-

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Virg. Æn. 1. ver. 112.

One here and there floats on the vast abyss.

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her, in the remarks of those great criticks who were conversant with her works when they were intire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern lyricks are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of Love and poetry: She felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great calamities to this poetical Lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into *Sicily*, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, she is supposed to have made the hymn to *Venus*, with a translation of which I shall present my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the violence of her passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this temple it was usual for *despairing* Lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or

no

no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of Love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. *Sappho* tried the cure, but perished in the experiment.

After having given this short account of *Sappho*, so far as it regards the following ode, I shall subjoin the translation of it as it was sent me by a friend, whose admirable pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received. The reader will find in it that pathetick simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the ode he has here translated. This ode in the Greek (besides those beauties observed by Madam *Dacier*) has several harmonious turns in the words, which are not lost in the *English*. I must farther add, that the translation has preserved every image and sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the ease and spirit of an original. In a word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

An HYMN to *VENUS*.

I.

O Venus, *beauty of the skies,*
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles;
O *Goddess! from my heart remove*
The wasting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

III. *Thou*

III.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quiv'ring pinions play.

IV.

The birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you with looks divinely mild
In ev'ry heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what cure to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, *tell me who?*

VI.

Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Tho' now thy off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

Madam *Dacier* observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at *Sappho*'s lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent *Greek* critick, who

who inserted it intire in his works, as a pattern of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another ode of this great poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the antients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation. C

Nº 224 Friday, November 16.

—Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis— Hor. Sat. 6. lib. 1. ver. 23.

—Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws
With equal whirl the noble and the base. CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in

in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study and converse, will bring forth suitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth, upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. *Waller*'s opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been master of the *Roman* empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

> *Great* Julius, *on the mountains bred,*
> *A flock perhaps or herd had led;*
> *He that the world subdu'd, had been*
> *But the best wrestler on the green.*

That

That he ſubdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowlege; had he not met with thoſe advantages, the ſame ſparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to diſtinguiſh himſelf in ſome enterprize of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is ſo unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thouſand accidents may either forward or diſappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleaſant and inoffenſive ſpeculation, to conſider a great man as diveſted of all the adventitious circumſtances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low ſtation of life, the nature of which bears ſome diſtant reſemblance to that high one he is at preſent poſſeſſed off. Thus one may view him exerciſing in miniature thoſe talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the diſcharge of ſome important employment. On the other hand, one may raiſe uneducated merit to ſuch a pitch of greatneſs as may ſeem equal to the poſſible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furniſhes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The deſire of diſtinction is not, I think, in any inſtance more obſervable than in the variety of outſides and new appearances, which the modiſh part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themſelves remarkable; for any thing glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not ſuffer you to paſs over the perſon ſo adorned without due notice and obſervation. It has likewiſe, upon this account, been frequently reſented as a very great ſlight, to leave any Gentleman out of a lampoon or ſatire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, becauſe it ſuppoſes the perſon not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this paſſionate fondneſs for diſtinction are owing various frolickſome and irregular practices, as ſallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, ſinging of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horſes; with many other enterpriſes of the like fiery nature: For certainly many a man is more rakiſh and extra-

extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the ſame time the moſt abſurd ambition that ever ſhewed itſelf in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the ſeaſon when it might be expected he ſhould be wiſeſt; and therefore it cannot receive any of thoſe leſſening circumſtances which do, in ſome meaſure, excuſe the diſorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the paſſion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate huſband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honeſt poverty, that this deſire reigns moſt in thoſe who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren ſoil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is ſtrange to ſee how ſuddenly this abject paſſion kills all the noble ſentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peeviſh and cruel maſter, a ſevere parent, an unſociable huſband, a diſtant and miſtruſtful friend. But it is more to the preſent purpoſe to conſider it as an abſurd paſſion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent inſtances to be met with of a proud humility, ſo this paſſion, contrary to moſt others, affects applauſe, by avoiding all ſhow and appearance; for this reaſon it will not ſometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. *A covetous man will call himſelf poor, that you may ſooth his vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the deſire of glory, as they are the moſt natural, ſo they are capable of being refined into the moſt delicate and rational paſſions. It is true, the wiſe man who ſtrikes out of the ſecret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the ſplendor of a court, and the unfelt weight of publick employment, whether he ſucceeds in his attempts or no, uſually comes near enough to this painted greatneſs to diſcern the daubing; he is then deſirous of extricating himſelf out of the hurry of life, that he may paſs away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better ſtate for a worſe, nor ever to quit that which he knows he ſhall take up again with pleaſure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be ſome danger of its ſtagnating in an unmanly indolence and ſecurity. It is a known ſtory of *Domitian*, that after he had poſſeſſed himſelf of the *Roman* empire, his deſires turned upon catching flies. Active and maſculine ſpirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at reſt; if they debar themſelves from aiming at a noble object, their deſires will move downwards, and they will feel themſelves actuated by ſome low and abject paſſion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not ſuffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore ceaſe to grow, but will quickly ſhoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with the narrow views of ſelf-intereſt, who catches at the applauſe of an idle multitude, as he can find no ſolid contentment at the end of his journey, ſo he deſerves to meet with diſappointment in his way; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle, whoſe mind is ſo far enlarged as to take in the proſpect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praiſe which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not thoſe acclamations which are not ſeconded by the impartial teſtimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low ſtation which Providence has at preſent allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himſelf by juſtifiable means to a more riſing and advantageous ground; ſuch a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wiſh and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and ſent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or miſchief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuſe into the untainted youth early notices of juſtice and honour, that ſo the poſſible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to baſe and unworthy purpoſes. It is the buſineſs of religion and philoſophy not ſo much to extinguiſh our paſſions, as to regulate and direct them

to

to valuable well-chosen objects: When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desire.

N° 225 Saturday, November 17.

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia——.

Juv. Sat. 10. ver. 365.

Prudence supplies the want of every god.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberless extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation, between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud*.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, That a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that when a friend is turned to an enemy, and (as the son of *Sirach* calls him) a betrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little mean ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimick of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity approach nearer to him every moment, and will be

preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers itſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his ſchemes are large and glorious, and his conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper methods.

I have, in this eſſay upon diſcretion, conſidered it both as an accompliſhment and as a virtue, and have therefore deſcribed it in its full extent; not only as it is converſant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole exiſtence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reaſonable Being. It is in this light that diſcretion is repreſented by the wiſe man, who ſometimes mentions it under the name of diſcretion, and ſometimes under that of wiſdom. It is indeed (as deſcribed in the latter part of this paper) the greateſt wiſdom, but at the ſame time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquiſition eaſy; or to ſpeak of her in the words of the Apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my laſt *Saturday*'s paper, *Wiſdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet ſhe is eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of ſuch as ſeek her. She preventeth them that deſire her, in making herſelf firſt known unto them. He that ſeeketh her early, ſhall have no great travel: for he ſhall find her ſitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her is perfection of wiſdom, and whoſo watcheth for her ſhall quickly be without care. For ſhe goeth about ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of her, ſheweth herſelf favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.* C

N° 226 Monday, November 19.

—— *Mutum est pictura poema.* Hor.

A picture is a poem without words.

I Have very often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several speculations, that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those features the height of the painter's imagination, What strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labours of the pencil? This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expence of time, than what is taught by writing; but the use of it is generally perverted and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demigods, satyrs, *Polyphemes*, sphinxes, or fawns? But if the virtues and vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such draughts, were given us by the painter in the characters of real life, and the persons of men and women whose actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good history-piece without receiving an instructive lecture. There needs no other proof of this truth, than the testimony of every reasonable creature who has seen the cartons in her Majesty's gallery at *Hampton Court*: These are representations of no less actions than those of our blessed Saviour and his apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible even from the faint traces in one's memory of what one has not

ſeen theſe two years, to be unmoved at the horror and reverence which appear in the whole aſſembly when the mercenary man fell down dead; at the amazement of the man born blind, when he firſt receives ſight; or at the graceleſs indignation of the ſorcerer, when he is ſtruck blind. The lame, when they firſt find ſtrength in their feet, ſtand doubtful of their new vigour. The heavenly apoſtles appear acting theſe great things, with a deep ſenſe of the infirmities which they relieve, but no value of themſelves who adminiſter to their weakneſs. They know themſelves to be but inſtruments; and the generous diſtreſs they are painted in when divine honours are offered to them, is a repreſentation in the moſt exquiſite degree of the beauty of holineſs. When St. *Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful art are almoſt all the different tempers of mankind repreſented in that elegant audience? You ſee one credulous of all that is ſaid, another wrapt up in deep ſuſpenſe, another ſaying there is ſome reaſon in what he ſays, another angry that the apoſtle deſtroys a favourite opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his hands in rapture, while the generality attend, and wait for the opinion of thoſe who are of leading characters in the aſſembly. I will not pretend ſo much as to mention that chart on which is drawn the appearance of our Bleſſed Lord after his reſurrection. Preſent authority, late ſuffering, humility and majeſty, deſpotic command, and divine love, are at once ſeated in his celeſtial aſpect. The figures of the eleven apoſtles are all in the ſame paſſion of admiration, but diſcover it differently according to their characters. *Peter* receives his maſter's orders on his knees with an admiration mixed with a more particular attention: The two next with a more open extaſy, though ſtill conſtrained by the awe of the divine Preſence: The beloved diſciple, whom I take to be the right of the two firſt figures, has in his countenance wonder drowned in love; and the laſt perſonage, whoſe back is towards the ſpectator, and his ſide towards the preſence, one would fancy to be St. *Thomas*, as abaſhed by the conſcience of his former diffidence; which perplexed concern it is poſſible *Raphael* thought

too

too hard a task to draw but by this acknowledgment of the difficulty to describe it.

The whole work is an exercise of the highest piety in the painter; and all the touches of a religious mind are expressed in a manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving eloquence. These invaluable pieces are very justly in the hands of the greatest and most pious sovereign in the world; and cannot be the frequent object of every one at their own leisure: but as an engraver is to the painter what a printer is to an author, it is worthy her Majesty's name, that she has encouraged that noble artist, Monsieur *Dorigny*, to publish these works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a piece of the transfiguration, which, I think, is held a work second to none in the world.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our people of condition, after their large bounty to foreigners of no name or merit, should they overlook this occasion of having, for a trifling subscription, a work which it is impossible for a man of sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest sentiments that can be inspired by love, admiration, compassion, contempt of this world, and expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest honour we can do our country, to distinguish strangers of merit who apply to us with modesty and diffidence, which generally accompanies merit. No opportunity of this kind ought to be neglected; and a modest behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that disadvantage in the possessor of that quality. My skill in paintings, where one is not directed by the passion of the pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great perplexity when I offer to speak of any performances of painters of landskips, buildings, or single figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the pieces which Mr. *Boul* exposes to sale by auction on *Wednesday* next in *Shandois-street*: But having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great integrity in his dealing, and overheard him himself (though a laudable painter) say, Nothing of his own was fit to come into the room with those he had to sell, I feared I should

lose an occasion of serving a man of worth, in omitting to speak of his auction. T

Nº 227 Tuesday, November 20.

Ὤ μοι ἐγώ τι πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὧπερ τὼς θύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς·
Κἤκα μὴ ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἁδὺ τέτυκται.

Theocr.

IN my last *Thursday*'s paper I made mention of a place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a part of *Acarnania*, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the *Ionian* sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the Lover took his leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of *Leucas* under the name of St. *Mauro*, and the ancient promontory of *Leucate* under the name of *The Cape of St*. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the motto prefixed to my paper, describes one of the despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner, *Alas! what will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I will throw off my clothes, and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by* Olphis *the fisherman. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the criticks to determine whether the place, which this

this ſhepherd ſo particularly points out, was not the above mentioned *Leucate*, or at leaſt ſome other Lover's Leap which was ſuppoſed to have had the ſame effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the ſhepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himſelf, ſince he repreſents the iſſue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he ſhould eſcape with life he knows his miſtreſs would be pleaſed with it; which is according to our interpretation, that ſhe would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was ſo trou-bleſome to her.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall preſent my reader with ſome letters which I have received upon this ſubject. The firſt is ſent me by a phyſician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very 'effectual cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for 'all other evils. In ſhort, Sir, I am afraid it was ſuch a 'leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her paſſion 'for *Leander*. A man is in no danger of breaking his 'heart, who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very 'well the wonders which ancient authors relate con-'cerning this leap; and in particular that very many 'perſons who tried it, eſcaped not only with their lives 'but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their 'Love, though it may in part be aſcribed to the reaſons 'you give for it; why may we not ſuppoſe that the cold 'bath into which they plunged themſelves, had alſo 'ſome ſhare in their cure? A leap into the ſea or into 'any creek of ſalt waters, very often gives a new motion 'to the ſpirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which 'reaſon we preſcribe it in diſtempers which no other 'medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out 'of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy pro-'duced by Love is compared to that which is produced 'by the biting of a mad dog. But as this compariſon 'is a little too coarſe for your paper, and might look 'as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made 'uſe of it; I ſhall only hint at it, and deſire you to 'conſider whether, if the frenzy produced by theſe two dif-

'ferent causes be of the same nature, it may not very 'properly be cured by the same means.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

and well-wisher,

ÆSCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young woman crossed in Love. My story is 'very long and melancholy. To give you the heads 'of it: A young Gentleman, after having made his ap-'plications to me for three years together, and filled my 'head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few 'days since married another. Pray tell me in what part 'of the world your promontory lies, which you call *The* '*Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by land? 'But alas, I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a 'woman of our times would find no more relief in tak-'ing such a leap, than in singing an hymn to *Venus*. 'So that I must cry out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love!

Your disconsolate servant,

ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICTATUR,

'MY heart is so full of loses and passions for Mrs. '*Gwinifrid*, and she is so pettish and over-run 'with cholers against me, that if I had the good hap-'piness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my 'creat-cra-father upon the pottom of an hill) no far-'ther distance but twenty mile from the Lofer's Leap, 'I would indeed indeafour to preak my neck upon it 'on purpose. Now, good Mister SPICTATUR of *Crete* '*Pritain*, you must know it, there is in *Caernarvanshire* 'a very pig mountain, the clory of all *Wales*, which is 'named *Penmainmaure*, and you must also know, it is 'no great journey on foot from me; but the road is 'stony and bad for shooes. Now, there is upon the 'forehead of this mountain a very high rock, (like a

'parish

'parish steeple) that cometh a huge deal over the sea; 'so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw 'myself from it, I do desire my fery good friend to tell 'me in his *Spictatur*, if I shall be cure of my griefous 'loses; for there is the sea clear as the glass and as creen 'as the leek: Then likewise if I be drown, and preak 'my neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will not lose me after-'wards. Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in 'crete haste, and it is my tesires to do my pusiness with-'out loss of time. I remain with cordial affections, 'your ever losing friend,

Davyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. 'My law-suits have brought me to *London*, but 'I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolu-'tions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for 'I am apt to take colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against Love than sober advice, and I am of opinion, that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the translation of a little *Greek* manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the little temple of *Apollo*, that stood upon the promontory of *Leucate*. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentick, and not rather the production of one of those *Grecian* sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers, of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.

C

Nº 228 Wednesday, November 21.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.
Hor. Ep. 18. lib. 1. ver. 69.

Shun the inquisitive and curious man;
For what he hears he will relate again. POOLY.

THERE is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerable good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterwards he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This humour is far from making a man unhappy, though it may subject him to rallery; for he generally falls in with a person who seems to be born for him, which is your talkative fellow. It is so ordered, that there is a secret bent, as natural as the meeting of different sexes, in these two characters, to supply each other's wants. I had the honour the other day to sit in a publick room, and saw an inquisitive man look with an air of satisfaction upon the approach of one of these talkers. The man of ready utterance sat down by him, and rubbing his head, leaning on his arm, and making an

an uneasy countenance, he began; 'There is no manner of news to-day. I cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I slept very ill last night; whether I caught cold or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear shoes thick enough for the weather, and I have coughed all this week; it must be so, for the custom of washing my head winter and summer with cold water, prevents any injury from the season entering that way; so it must come in at my feet. But I take no notice of it; as it comes so it goes. Most of our evils proceed from too much tenderness; and our faces are naturally as little able to resist the cold as other parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an *European*, who asked him how he could go naked; I am all face.'

I observed this discourse was as welcome to my general inquirer as any other of more consequence could have been; but some body calling out talker to another part of the room, the inquirer told the next man who sat by him, that Mr. such a one, who was just gone from him, used to wash his head in cold water every morning; and so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been said to him. The truth is, the inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another: They are the channels through which all the good and evil that is spoken in town are conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or think they suffer by their behaviour, may themselves mend that inconvenience; for they are not a malicious people, and if you will supply them you may contradict any thing they have said before by their own mouths. A farther account of a thing is one of the gratefullest goods that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that they are more particular than to say, The town will have it, or I have it from a good hand: So that there is room for the town to know the matter more particularly, and for a better hand to contradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this humour more ridiculous than in a father, who has been earnestly solicitous to have an account how his son has passed his leisure hours; if it be in a way thoroughly insignificant, there cannot be a greater joy than an inquirer discovers in seeing him follow

low so hopefully his own steps: But this humour among men is most pleasant when they are saying something which is not wholly proper for a third person to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other day there came in a well-dressed young fellow, and two Gentlemen of this species immediately fell a whispering his pedigree. I could overhear, by breaks, She was his aunt; then an answer, Ay, she was of the mother's side: Then again in a little lower voice, His father wore generally a darker wig; answer, Not much. But this Gentleman wears higher heels to his shoes.

As the inquisitive, in my opinion, are such merely from a vacancy in their own imaginations, there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to communicate secrets to them; for the same temper of inquiry makes them as impertinently communicative: But no man, though he converses with them, need put himself in their power, for they will be contented with matters of less moment as well. When there is fuel enough, no matter what it is—Thus the ends of sentences in the news papers, as, *This wants confirmation, This occasions many speculations,* and *Time will discover the event*, are read by them, and considered not as mere expletives.

One may see now and then this humour accompanied with an insatiable desire of knowing what passes, without turning it to any use in the world but merely their own entertainment. A mind which is gratified this way is adapted to humour and pleasantry, and formed for an unconcerned character in the world; and, like myself, to be a mere spectator. This curiosity, without malice or self-interest, lays up in the imagination a magazine of circumstances which cannot but entertain when they are produced in conversation. If one were to know, from the man of the first quality to the meanest servant, the different intrigues, sentiments, pleasures, and interests of mankind, would it not be the most pleasing entertainment imaginable to enjoy so constant a farce, as the observing mankind much more different from themselves in their secret thoughts and publick actions, than in their night-caps and long periwigs?

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'PLutarch tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the *Roman*, 'was frequently hurried by his paſſion into ſo loud 'and tumultuous a way of ſpeaking, and ſo ſtrained 'his voice as not to be able to proceed. To remedy 'this exceſs, he had an ingenious ſervant, by name '*Licinius*, always attending him, with a pitch-pipe or 'inſtrument to regulate the voice; who, whenever he 'heard his maſter begin to be high, immediately touch-'ed a ſoft note; at which, it is ſaid, *Caius* would pre-'ſently abate, and grow calm.

'Upon recollecting this ſtory, I have frequently 'wondered that this uſeful inſtrument ſhould have been 'ſo long diſcontinued; eſpecially ſince we find that this 'good office of *Licinius* has preſerved his memory for 'many hundred years, which, methinks, ſhould have 'encouraged ſome one to have revived it, if not for the 'public good, yet for his own credit. It may be ob-'jected, that our loud talkers are ſo fond of their own 'noiſe, that they would not take it well to be checked 'by their ſervants: But granting this to be true, ſurely 'any of their hearers have a very good title to play 'a ſoft note in their own defence. To be ſhort, no '*Licinius* appearing and the noiſe increaſing, I was re-'ſolved to give the late long vacation to the good of 'my country; and I have at length, by the aſſiſtance of 'an ingenious artiſt, (who works to the Royal Society) 'almoſt completed my deſign, and ſhall be ready in a 'ſhort time to furniſh the publick with what number of 'theſe inſtruments they pleaſe, either to lodge at cof-'fee-houſes, or carry for their own private uſe. In 'the mean time I ſhall pay that reſpect to ſeveral 'Gentlemen, who I know will be in danger of offend-'ing againſt this inſtrument, to give them notice of it 'by private letters, in which I ſhall only write, *Get a* 'Licinius.

'I ſhould now trouble you no longer, but that I 'muſt not conclude without deſiring you to accept one 'of theſe pipes, which ſhall be left for you with '*Buckley*; and which I hope will be ſerviceable to you, 'ſince

'since, as you are silent yourself, you are most open to 'the insults of the noisy.

I am, SIR, &c. W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an im- 'provement in this instrument, there will be a par- 'ticular note, which I call a hush note; and this is to 'be made use of against a long story, swearing, ob- 'sceneness, and the like. T.

Nº 229 Thursday, November 22.

——*Spirat adhuc amor,*
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor. Od. 9. lib. 4. ver. 10.

Sappho's charming lyre
Preserves her soft desire,
And tunes our ravish'd souls to Love. CREECH.

AMong the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues and even his pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called *Michael Angelo*'s school.

A fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and criticks, as the mutilated figure above mentioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. *Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their dramatick writings, and in their poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he

he ſuppoſes it to have been written in the perſon of a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs. I ſhall ſet to view three different copies of this beautiful original: The firſt is a tranſlation by *Catullus*, the ſecond by Monſieur *Boileau*, and the laſt by a Gentleman whoſe tranſlation of the *Hymn* to *Venus* has been ſo deſervedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mi par eſſe deo videtur,
Ille, ſi fas eſt, ſuperare divos,
Qui ſedens adverſus identidem te
Spectat, et audit
Dulce ridentem, miſero quod omnis
Eripit ſenſus mihi: nam ſimul te,
Leſbia, adſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mî
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua ſed torpet: tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat, ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My learned reader will know very well the reaſon why one of theſe verſes is printed in *Roman* letter; and if he compares this tranſlation with the original, will find that the three firſt ſtanzas are rendered almoſt word for word, and not only with the ſame elegance, but with the ſame ſhort turn of expreſſion which is ſo remarkable in the *Greek*, and ſo peculiar to the *Sapphick* ode. I cannot imagine for what reaſon Madam *Dacier* has told us, that this ode of *Sappho* is preſerved intire in *Longinus*, ſince it is manifeſt to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there muſt at leaſt have been another ſtanza, which is not tranſmitted to us.

The ſecond tranſlation of this fragment which I ſhall here cite, is that of Monſieur *Boileau*.

Heureux! qui prés de toi, pour toi ſeule ſoûpire;
Qui jouit du plaiſir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui ſourire.
Les Dieux, dans ſon bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?

Je

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tôt que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports, où s'egare mon ame,
Je ne sçaurois trover de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs;
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur *Boileau* has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the *English* translation.

I.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed that this description of love in *Sappho* is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances which follow one another in such an hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder, that not one of the criticks or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That author, in the famous story of *Antiochus*, who fell in love with *Stratonice*, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho*'s writings. *Stratonice* was in the room of the love-sick Prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his mistress. This story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the sequel of it, which has no relation to my present subject. C

Nº 230 Friday, November 23.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quàm salutem hominibus dando. Tull.

Men resemble the Gods in nothing so much, as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

HUMAN nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful object, according to the different lights in which it is viewed. When we see men of inflamed passions, or of wicked designs, tearing one another to pieces by open violence, or undermining each other by secret treachery; when we observe base and narrow ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest means; when we behold men mixed in society as if it were for the destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our species, and out of humour with our own Being: But in another light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous regard for the publick prosperity, compassionating each other's distresses, and relieving each other's wants, we can hardly believe they are creatures of the same kind. In this view they appear gods to each other, in the exercise of the noblest power, that of doing good; and the greatest compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this disposition of mind humanity. We cannot but observe a pleasure arising in our own breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper instance of this, than by a letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a friend in the most handsome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great pleasure to know the success of this epistle, though each party concerned in it has been so many hundred years in his grave.

To

To MAXIMUS.

'WHat I should gladly do for any friend of yours, 'I think I may now with confidence request for 'a friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most 'considerable man of his country; when I call him so, 'I do not speak with regard to his fortune, though 'that is very plentiful, but to his integrity, justice, gra-'vity and prudence; his advice is useful to me in busi-'ness, and his judgment in matters of learning: His 'fidelity, truth, and good understanding, are very great; 'besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I can-'not say any thing that signifies a warmer affection. He 'has nothing that is aspiring; and though he might rise 'to the highest order of nobility, he keeps himself in 'an inferior rank; yet I think myself bound to use 'my endeavours to serve and promote him; and would 'therefore find the means of adding something to his 'honours, while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, 'though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I 'would have for him that may be honourable, but not 'troublesome; and I intreat that you will procure him 'the first thing of this kind that offers, by which you 'will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he 'does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in 'acknowledging your favour as if he had asked it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE reflexions in some of your papers on the ser-'vile manner of education now in use, have given 'birth to an ambition, which, unless you discounte-'nance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, 'though not ungrateful adventure. I am about to under-'take, for the sake of the *British* youth, to instruct 'them in such a manner, that the most dangerous page 'in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read by them with much 'pleasure, and with perfect safety to their persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the 'protection of some few of them, (for I am not hero 'enough to rescue many) my design is to retire with 'them to an agreeable solitude; though within the neigh-'bourhood of a city, for the convenience of their being

'instructed

'instructed in musick, dancing, drawing, designing, 'or any other such accomplishments, which it is con- 'ceived may make as proper diversions for them, and 'almost as pleasant, as the little sordid games which 'dirty school-boys are so much delighted with. It may 'easily be imagined, how such a pretty society, convers- 'ing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes ad- 'mitted as perhaps not unentertaining parties amongst 'better company, commended and caressed for their lit- 'tle performances, and turned by such conversations to 'a certain gallantry of soul, might be brought early 'acquainted with some of the most polite *English* wri- 'ters. Thus having given them some tolerable taste of 'books, they would make themselves masters of the *La- 'tin* tongue by methods far easier than those in *Lilly*, 'with as little difficulty or reluctance as young Ladies 'learn to speak *French*, or to sing *Italian* operas. When 'they had advanced thus far, is would be time to form 'their taste something more exactly: One that had 'any true relish of fine writing, might, with great 'pleasure both to himself and them, run over together 'with them the best *Roman* historians, poets, and ora- 'tors, and point out their more remarkable beauties; 'give them a short scheme of chronology, a little view 'of geography, medals, astronomy, or what else might 'best feed the busy inquisitive humour so natural to 'that age. Such of them as had the least spark of 'genius, when it was once awakened by the shining 'thoughts and great sentiments of those admired wri- 'ters, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from 'attempting that more difficult sister language, whose 'exalted beauties they would have heard so often ce- 'lebrated as the pride and wonder of the whole 'learned world. In the mean while it would be 'requisite to exercise their stile in writing any light 'pieces that ask more of fancy than of judgment: And 'that frequently in their native language, which every 'one methinks should be most concerned to cultivate, 'especially letters, in which a Gentleman must have so 'frequent occasions to distinguish himself. A set of gen- 'teel good-natured youths fallen into such a manner of 'life, would form almost a little academy, and doubt-

'less

'less prove no such contemptible companions, as might 'not often tempt a wiser man to mingle himself in their 'diversions, and draw them into such serious sports as 'might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest 'lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of 'their favourite plays, to contend which of them should 'recite a beautiful part of a poem or oration most grace-'fully, or sometimes to join in acting a scene of *Terence*, '*Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespear*. The cause of *Milo* 'might again be pleaded before more favourable 'judges, *Cæsar* a second time be taught to tremble, and 'another race of *Athenians* be afresh enraged at the am-'bition of another *Philip*. Amidst these noble amuse-'ments, we could hope to see the early dawnings of 'their imagination daily brighten into sense, their in-'nocence improve into virtue, and their unexperienced 'good-nature directed to a generous love of their 'country.

T *I am, &c.*

N° 231 Saturday, November 24.

O Pudor! O Pietas!—— Mart.

O Modesty! O Piety!

LOoking over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU, who are no stranger to publick assemblies, 'cannot but have observed the awe they often 'strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before 'them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which in-'genuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore 'deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave 'fellow,

'fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the field,
' has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech
' before a body of his friends at home: One would think
' there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a
' large circle of people, when darting altogether upon
' one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so
' bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move,
' and have expected he would have died above three acts
' before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in.
' It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first in-
' troduced as a ghost, or a statue, until he recovered
' his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

' As this sudden desertion of one's self shews a diffi-
' dence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same
' time the greatest respect to an audience that can be.
' It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their
' favour much better than words could do; and we find
' their generosity naturally moved to support those who
' are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was ex-
' tremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the
' opera of *Almahide*, in the encouragement given to a
' young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on
' her first appearance, recommended her no less than her
' agreeable voice, and just performance. Mere bash-
' fulness without merit is awkward; and merit without
' modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double
' claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many
' patrons as beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the wind-pipe. Upon which, says my friend, you have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

——*Linguâ melior, sed frigida bello*
Dextera—— Virg. Æn. 11. ver. 338.

———Bold at the council-board;
But cautious in the field, he shun'd the sword.
DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate *Feeling* in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient *Greece*, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable me-

lancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, That if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corps should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most publick manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward show

of

of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are, or to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels. C

N° 232 Monday, November 26.

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est. Sallust.

By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

MY wise and good friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country: His time in town is given up to the publick, and the management of his private fortune; and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, labour and rest, recommend each other. They take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man; nor is it possible

he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes too with an air of care in his looks: But in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetorick of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

" Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the " prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and perhaps " too our healths will be drunk at the next alehouse: " So all we shall be able to value ourselves upon, is, " that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and " the excises of the government. But how few ounces " of wool do we see upon the backs of those poor " creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, " they will hardly be better dressed; they must always " live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If " their families too are such as they are represented, it " is certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be " a great deal worse fed: One would think potatoes " should be all their bread, and their drink the pure " element; and then what goodly customers are the " farmers like to have for their wool, corn, and cattle? " Such customers, and such a consumption, cannot " but advance the landed interest, and hold up the " rents of the gentlemen.

" But of all men living, we merchants, who live by " buying and selling, ought never to encourage beg- " gars. The goods which we export are indeed the pro- " duct of the lands, but much the greatest part of their " value is the labour of the people: But how much of " these people's labour shall we export whilst we hire " them to sit still? The very alms they receive from " us, are the wages of idleness. I have often thought " that no man should be permitted to take relief from " the

"the parish, or to ask it in the street, until he has first "purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by "the labour of his own hands; and then the public "ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. "If this rule was strictly observed, we should see every "where such a multitude of new labourers, as would "in all probability reduce the prices of all our manu-"factures. It is the very life of merchandize to buy "cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make "his out-set as cheap as possible, that he may find the "greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will "enable him to do this like the reduction of the price "of labour upon all our manufactures. This too would "be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign "markets: The abatement of the price of the manu-"facture would pay for the carriage of it to more "distant countries; and this consequence would be "equally beneficial both to the landed and trading in-"terests. As so great an addition of labouring hands "would produce this happy consequence both to the "merchant and the gentleman; our liberality to com-"mon beggars, and every other obstruction to the in-"crease of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both."

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, that the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man: But observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. "It may seem, says he, a paradox, that the "price of labour should be reduced without an abate-"ment of wages, or that wages can be abated without "any inconvenience to the labourer, and yet nothing "is more certain than that both these things may hap-"pen. The wages of the labourers make the greatest "part of the price of every thing that is useful; and "if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other "things should be abated, every labourer with less "wages would still be able to purchase as many neces-"saries of life; where then would be the inconve-"nience? but the price of labour may be reduced by "the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet "the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The

" admirable Sir *William Petty* has given examples of " this in some of his writings: One of them, as I re- " member, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour " to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is " certain that a single watch could not be made so " cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred " watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in " the work, no one person could equally suit himself to " all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious " and at last but clumsily performed: But if an hundred " watches were to be made by an hundred men, the cases " may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels " to another, the springs to another, and every other " part to a proper artist; as there would be no need of " perplexing any one person with too much variety, " every one would be able to perform his single part " with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred " watches would be finished in one fourth part of the " time of the first one, and every one of them at one " fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every " man were equal. The reduction of the price of the " manufacture would increase the demand of it, all the " same hands would be still employed and as well paid. " The same rule will hold in the clothing, the ship- " ping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus an " addition of hands to our manufactures will only re- " duce the price of them; the labourer will still have as " much wages, and will consequently be enabled to " purchase more conveniences of life; so that every " interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the " increase of our working people.

" Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to com- " mon beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of " a parish, and every parish is taxed to the mainte- " nance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot " be mightily pleased with the laws which have done " this, which have provided better to feed than employ " the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, " that after the first of those laws was made, they were " insulted with that famous song;

Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
The parish is bound to find us, &c.

" And

"And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain "them without work, they can do no less in return than "sing us *The Merry Beggars.*

"What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God "forbid! I know of no virtue in the gospel that is in "more pathetick expressions recommended to our "practice. *I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, thirsty "and ye gave me no drink, naked and ye cloathed me not, "a stranger and ye took me not in; sick and in prison and "ye visited me not.* Our blessed Saviour treats the exer- "cise or neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the "performance or breach of this duty towards himself. "I shall endeavour to obey the will of my Lord and "Master: And therefore if an industrious man shall "submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare, rather "than endure the shame of taking relief from the "parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, "the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any "man is come hither for shelter against persecution or "oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take "him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into "the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable "captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should con- "tribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital "of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I "can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an "alms house of idle people; and for the same reason I "should not think it a reproach to me if I had witheld "my charity from those common beggars. But we "prescribe better rules than we are able to practise; "we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken customs "of our country: But at the same time, I cannot but "think it a reproach worse than that of common swear- "ing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered in "the name of heaven and all that is sacred, to extort "from christian and tender minds a supply to a pro- "fligate way of life, that is always to be supported, "but never relieved. Z

N° 233 Tuesday, November 27.

——*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,*
Aut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.
Virg. Ecl. 10. ver. 60.

As if by these my sufferings I cou'd ease,
Or by my pains the god of love appease. DRYDEN.

I Shall, in this paper, discharge myself of the promise I have made to the publick, by obliging them with a translation of the little *Greek* manuscript, which is said to have been a piece of those records that were preserved in the temple of *Apollo*, upon the promontory of *Leucate*: It is a short history of the lover's leap, and is inscribed, *An account of persons male and female, who offered up their vows in the temple of the* Pythian Apollo, *in the forty-sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the promontory of* Leucate *into the* Ionian *sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love.*

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it. After this short preface take the account as follows.

Battus, the son of *Menalcas* the *Sicilian*, leaped for *Bombyca* the musician: got rid of his passion with the loss of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Melissa, in love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with life.

Cynisca, the wife of *Æschines*, being in love with *Lycus*; and *Æschines* her husband being in love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this married couple very

very uneasy to one another for several years) both the husband and the wife took the leap by consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together every since.

Larissa, a virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a courtship of three years; she stood upon the brow of the promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw herself into the sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Larissa, before she leaped, made an offering of a silver *Cupid* in the temple of *Apollo*.

Simætha, in love with *Daphnis* the *Myndian*, perished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of *Sappho*, in love with *Rhodope* the courtesan, having spent his whole estate upon her, was advised by his sister to leap in the beginning of his amour, but would not hearken to her until he was reduced to his last talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the leap. Perished in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful youth of *Epirus*, in love with *Praxinoe*, the wife of *Thespis* escaped without damage, saving only that two of his foreteeth were struck out and his nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short conversation with him, laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are still seen hanging up in the western corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fisherman, having received a box on the ear from *Thestylis* the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of *Sparta*, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus being passionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-master, in love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* matron, threw himself from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the *Pythian* records, being asked the name of the person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of *Paphos*, aged nineteen, in love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the second time of her leaping.

Hesperus, a young man of *Tarentum*, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the *Lesbian*, in love with *Phaon*, arrived at the temple of *Apollo*, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments, like a *Spartan* virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards, to the utmost summit of the promontory, where after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air, under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might

 not

not really be metamorphoſed into that muſical and melancholy bird, is ſtill a doubt among the *Leſbians.*

Alcæus, the famous *Lyrick* poet, who had for ſome time been paſſionately in love with *Sappho,* arrived at the promontory of *Leucate* that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generouſly lamented her fall, and is ſaid to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth ode upon that occaſion.

Leaped in this Olympiad		250
Males	124	
Females	126	
Cured		120
Males	51	
Females	69	

C

Nº 234 Wedneſday, November 28.

Vellem in amicitia ſic erraremus. Hor. Sat. 3. lib. 1. ver. 41.

I wiſh this error in our friendſhip reign'd. CREECH.

YOU very often hear people, after a ſtory has been told with ſome entertaining circumſtances, tell it over again with particulars that deſtroy the jeſt, but give light into the truth of the narration. This ſort of veracity, though it is impertinent, has ſomething amiable in it, becauſe it proceeds from the love of truth, even in frivolous occaſions. If ſuch honeſt amendments do not promiſe an agreeable companion, they do a ſincere friend; for which reaſon one ſhould allow them ſo much of our time, if we fall into their company, as to ſet us right in matters that can do us no manner of harm, whether the facts be one way or the other. Lies which are told out of arrogance and oſtentation a man ſhould detect in his own defence, becauſe he ſhould not be triumphed over; lies which are told out of malice he ſhould expoſe, both for his own ſake and that of the reſt of mankind, becauſe every man ſhould riſe againſt

a common enemy: But the officious liar many have argued is to be excuſed, becauſe it does ſome man good, and no man hurt. The man who made more than ordinary ſpeed from a fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete victory, and put the whole city into the utmoſt joy and exultation, was checked by the magiſtrates for his falſehood; but excuſed himſelf by ſaying, O *Athenians!* am I your enemy becauſe I gave you two happy days? This fellow did to a whole people what an acquaintance of mine does every day he lives in ſome eminent degree to particular perſons. He is ever lying people into good humour, and, as *Plato* ſaid, it is allowable in phyſicians to lie to their patients to keep up their ſpirits, I am half doubtful whether my friend's behaviour is not as excuſeable. His manner is to expreſs himſelf ſurpriſed at the chearful countenance of a man whom he obſerves diffident of himſelf; and generally by that means makes his lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know any thing of the circumſtance, aſk one whom he knows at variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. ſuch-a-one, naming his adverſary, does not applaud him with that heartineſs which formerly he has heard him? He ſaid indeed, (continued he) I would rather have that man for my friend than any man in *England*; but for an enemy— This melts the perſon he talks to, who expected nothing but downright rallery from that ſide. According as he ſees his practices ſucceed, he goes to the oppoſite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that ſome people know one another ſo little; you ſpoke with ſo much coldneſs of a Gentleman who ſaid more good of you, than, let me tell you, any man living deſerves. The ſucceſs of one of theſe accidents was, that the next time that one of the adverſaries ſpied the other, he hems after him in the publick ſtreet, and they muſt crack a bottle at the next tavern, that uſed to turn out of the other's way to avoid one another's eye-ſhot. He will tell one beauty ſhe was commended by another, nay, he will ſay ſhe gave the woman he ſpeaks to, the preference in a particular for which ſhe herſelf is admired. The pleaſanteſt confuſion imaginable is made through the whole town by my friend's indirect offices;

offices; you shall have a visit returned after half a year's absence, and mutual railing at each other every day of that time. They meet with a thousand lamentations for so long a separation, each party naming herself for the greatest delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the world, but from the knowledge of her goodness to hope for. Very often a whole train of railers of each side tire their horses in setting matters right which they have said during the war between the parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's falshood occasion, has been that he turned detraction into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of the world, and by over-looking what men really are, he grounds his artifices upon what they have a mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant friends are brought together, and the cement seems to be weak, he never rests until he finds new appearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Devonshire*, *Nov.* 14, 1711.

'THere arrived in this neighbourhood two days 'ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the town, 'who being attended at his entry with a servant of his 'own, besides a countryman he had taken up for a guide, 'excited the curiosity of the village to learn whence 'and what he might be. The countryman (to whom 'they applied as most easy of access) knew little more 'than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and 'see fashions, and was, as he heard say, a free-thinker: 'What religion that might be, he could not tell; and 'for his own part, if they had not told him the man 'was a free-thinker, he should have guessed by his 'way of talking, he was little better than a heathen; 'excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to 'him and made him drunk twice in one day, over and 'above what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the simplicity of this, and seve'ral odd inquiries with which I shall not trouble you

'to

'to be wondered at, much less can I think that our 'youths of fine wit, and enlarged understandings, have 'any reason to laugh. There is no necessity that every 'Squire in *Great Britain* should know what the word 'free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be 'wished, that they who value themselves upon that con-'ceited title were a little better instructed in what it 'ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade 'themselves a man is really and truly a free-thinker in 'any tolerable sense, merely by virtue of his being an 'atheist, or an infidel of any other distinction. It may 'be doubted with good reason, whether there ever was 'in nature a more abject, slavish, and bigotted genera-'tion than the tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so pre-'vailing in this island. Their pretension to be free-'thinkers, is no other than rakes have to be free-livers, 'and savages to be free-men, that is, they can think 'whatever they have a mind to, and give themselves 'up to whatever conceit the extravagancy of their 'inclination, or their fancy, shall suggest; they can 'think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not en-'dure that their wit should be controlled by such formal 'things as decency and common sense: Deduction, 'coherence, consistency, and all the rules of reason 'they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechani-'cal for men of a liberal education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their writings, 'or my own observation, is a true account of the *British* 'free-thinker. Our visitant here who gave occasion to 'this paper, has brought with him a new system of 'common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet 'acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of in-'forming myself whether it contains any thing worth 'Mr. SPECTATOR's notice. In the mean time, Sir, I 'cannot but think it would be for the good of mankind, 'if you would take this subject into your consideration, 'and convince the hopeful youth of our nation, that 'licentiousness is not freedom; or, if such a paradox 'will not be understood, that a prejudice towards athe-'ism is not impartiality.

I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

PHILONOUS.

T

N° 235. Thursday, November 29.

——Populares
Vincentem strepitus ——Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. 81.

Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit. Roscommon.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a spectator than publick shows and diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper-gallery*. Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his day's work used to unbend his mind at these publick diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the play-house thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large

black

black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that passes on the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence: After which, he composes himself in his former posture, until such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time, and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera; and upon *Nicolini*'s first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon *Dogget*, and seldom goes away from a tragedy of *Shakespear*, without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at this his obstreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the musick of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like *Virgil's* ruler of the winds, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane and set the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain, the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation: his strokes are always just and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shews the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able bodied critick should be advanced to his post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree-cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the publick expence. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit,

merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon *Horace's* art of poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the *trunk-maker* may not be missed by our posterity. C

Nº 236. Friday, November 30.

—*Dare jura maritis.* Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 398.

With laws connubial tyrants to restrain.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon 'the subject of marriage as that important case 'deserves. It would not be improper to observe 'upon the peculiarity in the youth of *Great Britain*, of 'railing and laughing at that institution; and when 'they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, 'being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, 'and treating their wives with the most barbarous dis-'respect.

'Particular circumstances and cast of temper, must 'teach a man the probability of mighty uneasinesses in 'that state, (for unquestionably some there are whose 'very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal 'friendship;) but no one, I believe, is by his own na-'tural complexion prompted to teaze and torment an-'other for no reason but being nearly allied to him: 'And can there be any thing more base, or serve to 'sink a man so much below his own distinguishing cha-'racteristick, (I mean reason) than returning evil for 'good in so open a manner, as that of treating an help-'less creature with unkindness, who has had so good an 'opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to 'one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering 'her happiness in this world to his care and protec-'tion? Must not that man be abandoned even to all

'manner

'manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with 'appearances of affection and kindness, for no other 'end but to torment her with more ease and authority? 'Is any thing more unlike a Gentleman, than when his 'honour is engaged for the performing his promises, 'because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to be- 'come afterwards false to his word, and be alone the 'occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but 'lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? 'Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? 'or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in 'his incapacity of being otherwise?

'There is one cause of this usage no less absurd than 'common, which takes place among the more unthink- 'ing men; and that is the desire to appear to their 'friends free and at liberty, and without those tram- 'mels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this they 'fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they 'may seem masters. Because an uncontrolable com- 'mand of their own actions is a certain sign of intire 'dominion, they will not so much as recede from the 'government even in one muscle of their faces. A kind 'look they believe would be fawning, and a civil an- 'swer yielding the superiority. To this must we attri- 'bute an austerity they betray in every action: What 'but this can put a man out of humour in his wife's 'company, though he is so distinguishingly pleasant 'every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the 'severity of his frowns to the tenderest of wives, clear- 'ly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being 'thought too submissive, is at the bottom of this, as I 'am willing to call it, affected moroseness; but if it be 'such only, put on to convince his acquaintance of his 'intire dominion, let him take care of the conse- 'quence, which will be certain and worse than the pre- 'sent evil; his seeming indifference will by degrees 'grow into real contempt, and if it doth not wholly 'alienate the affections of his wife for ever from him, 'make both him and her more miserable than if it 'really did so.

'However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought 'a well bred person, has no small share in this clownish 'behaviour: A discourse therefore relating to good-

'breeding

'breeding towards a loving and a tender wife, would 'be of great use to this sort of Gentlemen. Could 'you but once convince them, that to be civil at least 'is not beneath the character of a Gentleman, nor 'even tender affection towards one who would make it 'reciprocal, betray any softness or effeminacy that the 'most masculine disposition need be ashamed of; could 'you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civi-'lity, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in 'benevolence without immediate obligations; could 'you recommend to people's practice the saying of 'the Gentleman quoted in one of your speculations, '*That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the incli-'nations of a woman of merit go along with her duty*: Could 'you, I say, persuade these men of the beauty and rea-'sonableness of this sort of behaviour, I have so much 'charity for some of them at least, to believe you 'would convince them of a thing they are only asham-'ed to allow: besides you would recommend that state 'in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable co-'lours; and the Gentlemen who have for any time been 'such professed enemies to it, when occasion should 'serve, would return you their thanks for assisting their 'interest in prevailing over their prejudices. Marri-'age in general would by this means be a more easy 'and comfortable condition; the husband would be no 'where so well satisfied as in his own parlour, nor the 'wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband: 'A desire of being agreeable in the lover would be in-'creased in the husband, and the mistress be more ami-'able by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I 'am apt to believe we should find the race of men 'grow wiser as their progenitors grew kinder, and the 'affection of the parents would be conspicuous in the 'wisdom of their children; in short, men would in 'general be much better humoured than they are, did 'not they so frequently exercise the worst turns of their 'temper where they ought to exert the best.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a woman who left the admiration of this 'whole town, to throw myself (for love of wealth) 'into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I 'could

'could have had any one of several men of sense who 'languished for me; but my case is just. I believed my 'superior understanding would form him into a trac-'table creature. But alas, my spouse has cunning and 'suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds; 'and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an 'agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behavi-'our, he looks upon as the first act towards an insur-'rection against his undeserved dominion over me. Let 'every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern 'a fool, remember *TRISTISSA.*

Mr. SPECTATOR, *St. Martins, November* 25.

'THIS is to complain of an evil practice which I 'think very well deserves a redress, though you 'have not as yet taken any notice of it: If you mention 'it in your paper, it may perhaps have a very good ef-'fect. What I mean is the disturbance some people 'give to others at church, by the repetition of the 'prayers after the minister, and that not only in the 'prayers, but also the absolution and the commandments 'fare no better, which are in a particular manner the 'priest's office: This I have known done in so audible 'a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as 'loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is 'frequently done by people seemingly devout. This ir-'religious inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive: 'But I do not recommend it as a thing I give you li-'berty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the 'bare mention.

T *SIR, your very humble servant,* T. S.

N° 237 Saturday, December 1.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet. Seneca in Œdip.

The blind see truth by halves.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that part of the plea-sure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the government of the world, and a dis-

discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect.

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded from bliss may consist, not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them in labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandring mazes lost.

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are as it were chequered with truth and falsehood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil

evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all those pathetick complaints of so many tragical events, which happen to the wise and the good; and of such surprising prosperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. *Seneca* has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.* He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. On this occasion the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, That it must be a pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant figure in holy writ, *We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.* It is to be

be confidered, that Providence in its œconomy regards the whole fyftem of time and things together, fo that we cannot difcover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely feparate in time, and by lofing fo many links of the chain, our reafonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thofe parts of the moral world which have not an abfolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in refpect of fome other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye before whom *paft*, *prefent*, and *to come*, are fet together in one point of view: And thofe events, the permiffion of which feems now to accufe his goodnefs, may in the confummation of things both magnify his goodnefs, and exalt his wifdom. And this is enough to check our prefumption, fince it is in vain to apply our meafures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the confequents, the beginning nor the end.

I fhall relieve my readers from this abftracted thought, by relating here a *Jewifh* tradition concerning *Mofes*, which feems to be a kind of parable, illuftrating what I have laft mentioned. That great prophet, it is faid, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propofe to him fome queftions concerning his adminiftration of the univerfe. In the midft of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iffued out a clear fpring of water, at which a foldier alighted from his horfe to drink. He was no fooner gone than a little boy came to the fame place, and finding a purfe of gold which the foldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirft, fat down to reft himfelf by the fide of the fpring. The foldier miffing his purfe, returns to fearch for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not feen it, and appeals to heaven in witnefs of his innocence. The foldier not believing his proteftations, kills him. *Mofes* fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine voice thus prevented his expoftulation: 'Be not furprifed, *Mofes*, nor afk why 'the judge of the whole earth has fuffered this thing to

come

'come to paſs: the child is the occaſion that the blood 'of the old man is ſpilt; but know, that the old man 'whom thou ſaweſt, was the murderer of that child's 'father.

C

Nº 238 Monday, December 3.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures;
Reſpue quod non es ——— Perſius, Sat. 4. ver. 50.

Pleaſe not thyſelf the flatt'ring crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to pleaſe thy itching ear.
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art.—— DRYDEN.

AMONG all the diſeaſes of the mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the diſeaſe rages with moſt violence; ſo in this diſtemper of the mind, where there is ever a propenſity and inclination to ſuck in the poiſon, it cannot be but that the whole order of reaſonable action muſt be overturned, for, like muſic, it

——*So ſoftens and diſarms the mind,*
That not one arrow can reſiſtance find.

Firſt we flatter ourſelves, and then the flattery of others is ſure of ſucceſs. It awakens our ſelf-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profuſion of favours we ſo often ſee poured upon the paraſite, are repreſented to us, by our ſelf love, as juſtice done to the man, who ſo agreeably reconciles us to ourſelves. When we are overcome by ſuch ſoft inſinuations and inſnaring compliances, we gladly recompence the artifices that are made uſe of to blind our reaſon, and which triumph over the weakneſſes of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man perſuaded from how mean and low a principle this paſſion is derived, there can be no

 doubt

doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the play, please by the grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at sometimes be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if flattery be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable: For it is laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward: Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the recompence of merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art, who, like a skilful painter, retains the features and complexion, but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure, than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst with an undesigned sincerity they praised

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his noble and majestic mien, his affability, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart full blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encouragement still to proceed in those steps which had already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*; he has wit, learning and discernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, self-love and detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the mirth and good humour of the company, if it center not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method, he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of flattery. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment, and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume; but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour and applause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt: But it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes; as in a thermometer, it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE translations which you have lately given us 'from the *Greek*, in some of your last papers, 'have been the occasion of my looking into some of

'those authors; among whom I chanced on a collection 'of letters which pass under the name of *Aristænetus*. 'Of all the remains of antiquity, I believe there can be 'nothing produced of an air so gallant and polite; each 'letter contains a little novel or adventure, which is 'told with all the beauties of language and heightened 'with a luxuriance of wit. There are several of them 'translated, but with such wide deviations from the ori-'ginal, and in a stile so far differing from the authors, 'that the translator seems rather to have taken hints 'for the expressing his own sense and thoughts, than 'to have endeavoured to render those of *Aristænetus*. 'In the following translation, I have kept as near the 'meaning of the *Greek* as I could, and have only added 'a few words to make the sentences in *English* fit toge-'ther a little better than they would otherwise have 'done. The story seems to be taken from that of '*Pygmalion* and the statue in *Ovid*: Some of the thoughts 'are of the same turn, and the whole is written in a kind 'of poetical prose.

Philopinax to *Chromation*.

"NEver was man more overcome with so fan-"tastical a passion as mine. I have painted a beau-"tiful woman, and am despairing, dying for the pic-"ture. My own skill has undone me; it is not the "dart of *Venus*, but my own pencil has thus wounded "me. Ah me! with what anxiety am I necessitated to "adore my own idol? How miserable am I, whilst "every one must as much pity the painter as he praises "the picture, and own my torment more than equal to "my art! But why do I thus complain? Have there "not been more unhappy and unnatural passions than "mine? Yes, I have seen the representations of *Phædra*, "*Narcissus*, and *Pasiphae*. *Phædra* was unhappy in her "love; that of *Pasiphae* was monstrous; and whilst the "other caught at his beloved likeness, he destroyed "the watery image, which ever eluded his embraces. "The fountain represented *Narcissus* to himself, and "the picture both that and him, thirsting after his "adored image. But I am yet less unhappy, I enjoy "her presence continually, and if I touch her, I de-

"stroy

"ftroy not the beauteous form, but fhe looks pleafed, "and a fweet fmile fits in the charming fpace which "divides her lips. One would fwear that voice and "fpeech were iffuing out, and that one's ears felt the "melodious found. How often have I, deceived by a "lover's credulity, hearkened if fhe had not fomething "to whifper me? and when fruftrated of my hopes, "how often have I taken my revenge in kiffes from "her cheeks and eyes, and foftly wooed her to my "embrace, whilft fhe (as to me it feemed) only with-"held her tongue the more to inflame me? But, mad-"man that I am, fhall I be thus taken with the repre-"fentation only of a beauteous face, and flowing hair, "and thus wafte myfelf, and melt to tears for a fha-"dow? Ah, fure it is fomething more, it is a reality! "for fee her beauties fhine out with new luftre, and "fhe feems to upbraid me with fuch unkind reproaches. "Oh may I have a living miftrefs of this form, that "when I fhall compare the work of nature with that "of art, I may be ftill at a lofs which to choofe, and "be long perplexed with the pleafing uncertainty. T

N° 239. Tuefday, December 4.

—*Bella, horrida bella!* Virg. Æn. 6. ver. 86.
Wars, horrid wars! DRYDEN.

I HAVE fometimes amufed myfelf with confidering the feveral methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The firft races of mankind ufed to difpute, as our ordinary people do now-a days, in a kind of wild logick, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would afk his adverfary queftion upon queftion, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, feizes all the paffes through which he can make an efcape, and forces him to furrender at difcretion.

Ariſtotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called ſyllogiſms. As in the *Socratick* way of diſpute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the *Ariſtotelick* you are ſtill denying and contradicting ſome part or other of what he ſays. *Socrates* conquers you by ſtratagem, *Ariſtotle* by force: The one takes the town by ſap, the other ſword in hand.

The univerſities of *Europe*, for many years, carried on their debates by ſyllogiſm, inſomuch that we ſee the knowledge of ſeveral centuries laid out into objections and anſwers, and all the good ſenſe of the age cut and minced into almoſt an infinitude of diſtinctions.

When our univerſities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure of *Ariſtotle*. It was called the *Argumentum Baſilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expreſſed in our *Engliſh* word *Club-Law*. When they were not able to confute their antagoniſt, they knocked him down. It was their method in theſe polemical debates, firſt to diſcharge their ſyllogiſms, and afterwards to betake themſelves to their clubs, until ſuch time as they had one way or other confounded their gainſayers. There is in *Oxford* a narrow defile, (to make uſe of a military term) where the partizans uſed to encounter, for which reaſon it ſtill retains the name of *Logic Lane*. I have heard an old gentleman, a phyſician, make his boaſts, that when he was a young fellow he marched ſeveral times at the head of a troop of *Scotiſts*, and cudgelled a body of *Smigleſians* half the length of *High-ſtreet*, until they had diſperſed themſelves for ſhelter into their reſpective garriſons.

This humour, I find, went very far in *Eraſmus*'s time. For that author tells us, That upon the revival of *Greek* letters, moſt of the univerſities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were thoſe who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the *Grecians*, inſomuch that if they met with any who underſtood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. *Eraſmus* himſelf had, it ſeems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of *Trojans* who laid on him with ſo

many

many blows and buffets that he never forgot their hoſtilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made uſe of by ſtates and communities, when they draw up a hundred thouſand diſputants on each ſide, and convince one another by dint of ſword. A certain Grand Monarch was ſo ſenſible of his ſtrength in this way of reaſoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima Regum, The Logick of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philoſopher of this kind, one ſhould remember the old Gentleman's ſaying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the *Roman* emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, That he wondered he would give up the queſtion, when he had viſibly the better of the diſpute; *I am never aſhamed*, ſays he, *to be confuted by one who is maſter of fifty legions.*

I ſhall but juſt mention another kind of reaſoning, which may be called arguing by poll; and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made uſe of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras*.

But the moſt notable way of managing a controverſy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a method of reaſoning which has been made uſe of with the poor refugees, and which was ſo faſhionable in our country during the reign of queen *Mary*, that in a paſſage of an author quoted by Monſieur *Bayle*, it is ſaid the price of wood was raiſed in *England*, by reaſon of the executions that were made in *Smithfield*. Theſe diſputants convince their adverſaries with a *Sorites*, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is alſo a kind of ſyllogiſm which has been uſed with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly diſputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reaſon, and won over to opinions by the candour, ſenſe, and ingenuity of thoſe who had the right on their ſide; but this method of conviction operated too ſlowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightning than reaſon. Every ſcruple was looked upon as obſtinacy, and not to be removed but by ſeveral engines invented for that purpoſe. In a word, the application of

whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of *Athens*, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR. C

Nº 240 Wednesday, December 5.

——*Aliter non fit, avite, liber.* Mart. Ep. 17. lib. 1.
Of such materials, Sir, are books composed.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am of one of the most genteel trades in the city, 'and understand thus much of liberal education, 'as to have an ardent ambition of being useful to 'mankind, and to think that the chief end of being as 'to this life. I had these good impressions given me

'from

'from the handsome behaviour of a learned, generous, 'and wealthy man, towards me when I first began the 'world. Some dissatisfaction between me and my pa-'rents made me enter into it with less relish of business 'than I ought; and to turn off this uneasiness I gave 'myself to criminal pleasures, some excesses, and a 'general loose conduct. I know not what the excellent 'man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended 'from the superiority of his wisdom and merit, to 'throw himself frequently into my company. This 'made me soon hope that I had something in me worth 'cultivating, and his conversation made me sensible of 'satisfactions in a regular way, which I had never be-'fore imagined. When he was grown familiar with 'me, he opened himself like a good angel, and told 'me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a prepa-'ration to receive his friendship and advice, both which 'I should daily command, and the use of any part of 'his fortune, to apply the measures he should propose 'to me, for the improvement of my own. I assure you, 'I cannot recollect the goodness and confusion of the 'good man when he spoke to this purpose to me, with-'out melting into tears; but in a word, Sir, I must 'hasten to tell you, that my heart burns with gratitude 'towards him, and he is so happy a man, that it can 'never be in my power to return him his favours in 'kind, but I am sure I have made him the most agree-'able satisfaction I could possibly, in being ready to 'serve others to my utmost ability, as far as is consistent 'with the prudence he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I do not owe to him only the good will 'and esteem of my own relations, (who are people of 'distinction) the present ease and plenty of my circum-'stances, but also the government of my passions, and 'regulation of my desires. I doubt not, Sir, but in 'your imagination such virtues as these of my worthy 'friend, bear as great a figure as actions which are more 'glittering in the common estimation. What I would 'ask of you, is to give us a whole *Spectator* upon heroick 'virtue in common life, which may incite men to the 'same generous inclinations, as have by this admirable 'person been shewn to, and raised in,

SIR, your most humble servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a country gentleman of a good plentiful
'estate, and live as the rest of my neighbours with
'great hospitality. I have been ever reckoned among the
'ladies the best company in the world, and have access
'as a sort of favourite. I never came in publick but I
'saluted them, though in great assemblies, all around,
'where it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering
'my spurs in their petticoats, while I moved amongst
'them; and on the other side how prettily they curtsied
'and received me, standing in proper rows, and ad-
'vancing as fast as they saw their elders, or their
'betters, dispatched by me. But so it is, Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, that all our good-breeding is of late lost by
'the unhappy arrival of a courtier, or town gentleman,
'who came lately among us: This person wherever
'he came into a room made a profound bow, and fell
'back, then recovered with a soft air, and made a
'bow to the next, and so to one or two more, and then
'took the cross of the room, by passing by them in a
'continued bow until he arrived at the person he thought
'proper particularly to entertain. This he did with so
'good a grace and assurance, that it is taken for the
'present fashion; and there is no young gentlewoman
'within several miles of this place has been kissed ever
'since his first appearance among us. We country
'Gentlemen cannot begin again and learn these fine
'and reserved airs; and our conversation is at a stand,
'until we have your judgment for or against kissing, by
'way of civility or salutation; which is impatiently ex-
'pected by your friends of both sexes, but by none so
'much as

'*your humble servant,* Rustick Sprightly.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *December* 3, 1711.

'I Was the other night at *Philaster*, where I expected
'to hear your famous Trunk-maker, but was un-
'happily disappointed of his company, and saw another
'person who had the like ambition to distinguish him-
'self in a noisy manner, partly by vociferation or talk-
'ing loud, and partly by his bodily agility. This was
'a very lusty fellow but withal a sort of beau, who get-
'ting

'ting into one of the side-boxes on the stage before the 'curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole audience 'his activity by leaping over the spikes; he passed from 'thence to one of the entring doors, where he took 'snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine 'clothes, made two or three feint passes at the curtain 'with his cane, then faced about and appeared at the 'other door: Here he affected to survey the whole 'house, bowed and smiled at random, and then shewed 'his teeth, which were some of them indeed very white: 'After this he retired behind the curtain, and obliged 'us with several views of his person from every open-'ing.

'During the time of acting, he appeared frequently 'in the prince's apartment, made one at the hunting-'match, and was very forward in the rebellion. If 'there were no injunctions to the contrary, yet this 'practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of 'the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and 'unwarrantable: But since her majesty's late com-'mand has made it criminal, you have authority to 'take notice of it.

SIR, your humble servant,

T Charles Easy.

N° 241 Thursday, December 6.

——Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam.—— Virg. Æn. 4. ver. 466.

——She seems alone
To wander in her sleep thro' ways unknown,
Guideless and dark. DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have considered virtuous love 'in most of its distresses, I do not remember that 'you have given us any dissertation upon the ab-'sence of lovers, or laid down any methods how they

'should support themselves under those long separations
'which they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at
'present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted
'with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service
'of his country, and may not possibly return for some
'years. His warm and generous affection while we
'were together, with the tenderness which he expressed
'to me at parting, make his absence almost insupport-
'able. I think of him every moment of the day, and
'meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I
'see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more
'than ordinary diligence to the care of his family and
'his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me
'but so many occasions of wishing for his return. I
'frequent the rooms where I used to converse with him,
'and not meeting him there, sit down in his chair, and
'fall a weeping. I love to read the books he delighted
'in, and to converse with the persons whom he esteem-
'ed. I visit his picture a hundred times a day, and
'place myself over-against it whole hours together. I
'pass a great part of my time in the walks where I used
'to lean upon his arm, and recollect in my mind the
'discourses which have there passed between us: I look
'over the several prospects and points of view which we
'used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects
'which he has made me take notice of, and call to mind
'a thousand agreeable remarks which he has made on
'those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance,
'and contrary to other people, am always in good
'humour when an east wind blows, because it seldom
'fails of bringing me a letter from him. Let me intreat
'you, Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion,
'and to let me know how I may relieve myself in this
'my widowhood.

I am, SIR, your very humble servant,

ASTERIA.

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. *Ovid*'s epistles are full of them. *Otway*'s *Monimia* talks very tenderly upon this subject.

——*It*

——— It was not kind
To leave me like a turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by *Asteria*, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery*'s romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed upon; and that whatever company or business they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting, It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiments with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his prolusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the

the help of a certain loadſtone, which had ſuch virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner, that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were ſome hundred miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence, to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetick needle moving of itſelf to every letter which that of his correſpondent pointed at. By this means they talked together acroſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſerts.

If Monſieur *Scudery*, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a preſent to two lovers of a couple of thoſe above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleaſed to have ſeen them correſponding with one another when they were guarded by ſpies and watches, or ſeparated by caſtles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention ſhould be revived or put in practice, I would propoſe, that upon the lover's dial-plate there ſhould be written not only the four and twenty letters, but ſeveral intire words which

which have always a place in paſſionate epiſtles, as *flames, darts, die, languiſh, abſence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown,* and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to expreſs the moſt uſeful and ſignificant words with a ſingle touch of the needle. C

Nº 242 Friday, December 7.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum—— Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 2. ver. 168.

To write on vulgar themes, is thought an eaſy taſk.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR ſpeculations do not ſo generally prevail over men's manners as I could wiſh. A former paper of yours concerning the miſbehaviour of people, who are neceſſarily in each other's company in travelling, ought to have been a laſting admonition againſt tranſgreſſions of that kind: But I had the fate of your quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow in a ſtage-coach, who entertained two or three women of us (for there was no man beſide himſelf) with language as indecent as ever was heard upon the water. The impertinent obſervations which the coxcomb made upon our ſhame and confuſion were ſuch, that it is an unſpeakable grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed againſt duelling, I hope you will do us the juſtice to declare, that if the brute has courage enough to ſend to the place where he ſaw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a lover who ſhall avenge the inſult. It would certainly be worth your conſideration, to look into the frequent misfortunes of this kind, to which the modeſt and innocent are expoſed by the licentious behaviour of ſuch as are as much ſtrangers to good-breeding as to virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as eaſily as we can ſeeing what is diſagreeable, there were ſome conſolation;

but

'but since in a box at a play, in an assembly of Ladies, 'or even in a pew at church, it is in the power of a 'gross coxcomb to utter what a woman cannot avoid 'hearing, how miserable is her condition who comes 'within the power of such impertinents? And how 'necessary is it to repeat invectives against such a be-'haviour? If the licentious had not utterly forgot what 'it is to be modest, they would know that offended 'modesty labours under one of the greatest sufferings to 'which human life can be exposed. If one of these 'brutes could reflect thus much, though they want 'shame, they would be moved, by their pity, to abhor 'an impudent behaviour in the presence of the chaste 'and innocent. If you will oblige us with a *Spectator* 'on this subject, and procure it to be pasted against 'every stage-coach in *Great-Britain*, as the law of the 'journey, you will highly oblige the whole sex, for 'which you have professed so great an esteem; and in 'particular, the two Ladies my late fellow-sufferers, and,

SIR, your most humble servant,

Rebecca Ridinghood.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE matter which I am now going to send you, 'is an unhappy story in low life, and will re-'commend itself, so that you must excuse the manner 'of expressing it. A poor idle drunken weaver in '*Spittlefields* has a faithful laborious wife, who by her 'frugality and industry had laid by her as much money 'as purchased her a ticket in the present lottery. She 'had hid this very privately in the bottom of a trunk, 'and had given her number to a friend and confident 'who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her 'news of the success. The poor adventurer was one 'day gone abroad, when her careless husband suspect-'ing she had saved some money, searches every corner, 'until at length he finds this same ticket; which he 'immediately carries abroad, sells and squanders away 'the money without his wife's suspecting any thing of 'the matter. A day or two after this, this friend, who 'was a woman, comes and brings the other word, that 'she had a benefit of five hundred pounds. The poor

'creature

'creature overjoyed, flies up ſtairs to her huſband, who 'was then at work, and deſires him to leave his loom 'for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of 'his and hers below. The man received this chearful 'invitation as bad huſbands ſometimes do, and after a 'croſs word or two, told her he would not come. His 'wife with tenderneſs renewed her importunity, and 'at length ſaid to him, My love! I have within theſe 'few months, unknown to you, ſcraped together as 'much money as has bought us a ticket in the lottery, 'and now here is Mrs. *Quick* come to tell me that it is 'come up this morning a five hundred pound prize. 'The huſband replies immediately, You lye, you ſlut, 'you have no ticket, for I have ſold it. The poor 'woman upon this faints away in a fit, recovers, and is 'now run diſtracted. As ſhe had no deſign to defraud 'her huſband, but was willing only to participate in his 'good fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her 'huſband's puniſhment but juſt. This, Sir, is matter 'of fact, and would, if the perſons and circumſtances 'were greater, in a well wrought play be called *beauti-* '*ful diſtreſs*. I have only ſketched it out with chalk, 'and know a good hand can make a moving picture 'with worſe materials.

S I R, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am what the world calls a warm fellow, and by 'good ſucceſs in trade I have raiſed myſelf to a 'capacity of making ſome figure in the world; but no 'matter for that. I have now under my guardianſhip a 'couple of nieces, who will certainly make me run 'mad; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you 'they are female virtuoſos, and during the three years 'and a half that I have had them under my care, they 'never in the leaſt inclined their thoughts towards any 'one ſingle part of the character of a notable woman. 'Whilſt they ſhould have been conſidering the proper 'ingredients for a ſack-poſſet, you ſhould hear a diſ-'pute concerning the magnetick virtue of the load-'ſtone, or perhaps the preſſure of the atmoſphere: Their 'language is peculiar to themſelves, and they ſcorn 'to expreſs themſelves on the meaneſt trifle with words

'that

that are not of a *Latin* derivation. But this were ſupportable ſtill, would they ſuffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted ignorance; but, unleſs I fall in with their abſtracted ideas of things (as they call them) I muſt not expect to ſmoke one pipe in quiet. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that diſtemper, when my niece *Kitty* begged leave to aſſure me, that whatever I might think, ſeveral great philoſophers, both antient and modern, were of opinion that both pleaſure and pain were imaginary diſtinctions, and that there was no ſuch thing as either *in rerum natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, deſired one of them to put my blue cloak on my knees; ſhe anſwered, Sir, I will reach the cloak; but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your deſcription; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the ſun. Miſs *Molly* told me one day; That to ſay ſnow was white, is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it may more reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be black. In ſhort, the young huſſeys would perſuade me, that to believe one's eyes is a ſure way to be deceived; and have often adviſed me, by no means, to truſt any thing ſo fallible as my ſenſes. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one ſpeculation to the due regulation of female literature, ſo far at leaſt, as to make it conſiſtent with the quiet of ſuch whoſe fate it is to be liable to its inſults; and to tell us the difference between a Gentleman that ſhould make cheeſe-cakes and raiſe paſte, and a Lady that reads *Locke*, and underſtands the mathematicks. In which you will extremely oblige

your hearty friend and humble ſervant,

T Abraham Thrifty.

N° 243 Saturday, December 8.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

You see, my son *Marcus*, the very shape and countenance, as it were, of virtue; which if it could be made the object of sight, should (as *Plato* says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

I Do not remember to have read any discourse written expresly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject, in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature, after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world under the name of honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice, to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common saying among the heathens, that the wise man hates no body, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to shew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, says he, who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit; nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story:

story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of *Pyrrhus*, whom *Tully* mentions on this occasion in opposition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications of what kind soever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly *Cato*, in the character *Tully* has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the stoicks thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the Fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and in short all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely; are cheerfulneſs and good-nature. Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from ſouring into ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can ſuffer their averſion for a party to blot out all the merit of the perſon who is engaged in it. A man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own ſide, and that there are not men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to thoſe qualities which are of ſo amiable a nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the points in diſpute. Men of virtue, though of different intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame love towards a man of honour who is a living antagoniſt, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned paſſage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I ſpeak this with an eye to thoſe cruel treatments which men of all ſides are apt to give the characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many perſons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue on either ſide, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour expoſed to publick obloquy and reproach? Thoſe therefore who are either the inſtruments or abetters in ſuch infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as perſons who make uſe of religion to promote their cauſe, not of their cauſe to promote religion.

C

Nº 244 Monday, December 10.

Judex & callidus audis. Hor. Sat. 7. lib. 2. ver. 101.

A judge of painting you, and man of ſkill. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Covent Garden, December* 7.

'I Cannot, without a double injuſtice, forbear expreſſing to you the ſatisfaction which a whole clan of virtuoſos have received from thoſe hints which you have lately given the town on the cartons of the inimitable *Raphael*. It ſhould be methinks the buſineſs of a SPECTATOR to improve the pleaſures of ſight, and there cannot be a more immediate way to it than recommending the ſtudy and obſervation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I firſt went to view thoſe of *Raphael* which you have celebrated, I muſt confeſs I was but barely pleaſed; the next time I liked them better; but at laſt, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them, like wiſe ſpeeches they ſunk deep into my heart; for you know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that a man of wit may extremely affect one for the preſent, but if he has not diſcretion, his merit ſoon vaniſhes away, while a wiſe man that has not ſo great a ſtock of wit, ſhall neverthelеſs give you a far greater and more laſting ſatisfaction: Juſt ſo it is in a picture that is ſmartly touched but not well ſtudied; one may call it a witty picture, though the painter in the mean time may be in danger of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly underſtood in the whole, and well performed in the particulars, that is, begun on the foundation of geometry, carried on by the rules of perſpective, architecture, and anatomy, and perfected by a good harmony, a juſt and natural colouring, and ſuch paſſions and expreſſions of the mind as are almoſt peculiar to *Raphael*; this is what you may juſtly ſtile a wiſe picture, and which ſeldom fails to ſtrike us dumb, until we can aſſemble all our faculties to make but a tolerable judgment upon it.

Other

'Other pictures are made for the eyes only, as rattles are made for childrens ears; and certainly that picture that only pleaſes the eye, without repreſenting ſome well-choſen part of nature or other, does but ſhew what fine colours are to be ſold at the colour-ſhop, and mocks the works of the Creator. If the beſt imitator of nature is not to be eſteemed the beſt painter, but he that makes the greateſt ſhow and glare of colours; it will neceſſarily follow, that he who can array himſelf in the moſt gaudy draperies is beſt dreſt, and he that can ſpeak loudeſt the beſt orator. Every man when he looks on a picture ſhould examine it according to that ſhare of reaſon he is maſter of, or he will be in danger of making a wrong judgment. If men as they walk abroad would make more frequent obſervations on thoſe beauties of nature which every moment preſent themſelves to their view, they would be better judges when they ſaw her well imitated at home: This would help to correct thoſe errors which moſt pretenders fall into, who are over haſty in their judgments, and will not ſtay to let reaſon come in for a ſhare in the deciſion. It was for want of this that men miſtake in this caſe, and in common life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent fellow for a man of true courage and bravery, haſty and unreaſonable actions for enterprizes of ſpirit and reſolution, gaudy colouring for that which is truly beautiful, a falſe and inſinuating diſcourſe for ſimple truth elegantly recommended. The parallel will hold through all the parts of life and painting too; and the virtuoſos above mentioned will be glad to ſee you draw it with your terms of art. As the ſhadows in a picture repreſent the ſerious or melancholy, ſo the lights do the bright and lively thoughts: As there ſhould be but one forcible light in a picture which ſhould catch the eye and fall on the hero, ſo there ſhould be but one object of our love, even the Author of nature. Theſe and the like reflections well improved, might very much contribute to open the beauty of that art, and prevent young people from being poiſoned by the ill guſto of any extravagant workman that ſhould be impoſed upon us.

I am, SIR, your moſt humble ſervant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THough I am a woman, yet I am one of thoſe who confeſs themſelves highly pleaſed with a ſpeculation you obliged the world with ſome time ago, from an old *Greek* poet you call *Simonides*, in relation to the ſeveral natures and diſtinctions of our own ſex. I could not but admire how juſtly the characters of women in this age, fall in with the times of *Simonides*, there being no one of thoſe ſorts I have not at ſome time or other of my life met with a ſample of. But, Sir, the ſubject of this preſent addreſs, are a ſet of women comprehended, I think, in the ninth ſpecies of that ſpeculation, called the apes; the deſcription of whom I find to be, “That they are ſuch as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful themſelves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing that appears ſo in others.” Now, Sir, this ſect, as I have been told, is very frequent in the great town where you live; but as my circumſtance of life obliges me to reſide altogether in the country, though not many miles from *London*, I cannot have met with a great number of them, nor indeed is it a deſirable acquaintance, as I have lately found by experience. You muſt know, Sir, that at the beginning of this ſummer a family of theſe apes came and ſettled for the ſeaſon not far from the place where I live. As they were ſtrangers in the country, they were viſited by the Ladies about them, of whom I was one, with an humanity uſual in thoſe that paſs moſt of their time in ſolitude. The apes lived with us very agreeably our own way until towards the end of the ſummer, when they began to bethink themſelves of returning to town; then it was, Mr. SPECTATOR, that they began to ſet themſelves about the proper and diſtinguiſhing buſineſs of their character; and as it is ſaid of evil ſpirits, that they are apt to carry away a piece of the houſe they are about to leave, the apes, without regard to common mercy, civility, or gratitude, thought fit to mimick and fall foul on the faces, dreſs, and behaviour of their innocent neighbours, beſtowing abominable cenſures and diſgraceful appellations, commonly called nick names, on all of them; and in ſhort, like true fine ladies, made

'their honeſt plainneſs and ſincerity matter of ridicule. I 'could not but acquaint you with theſe grievances, as well 'at the deſire of all the parties injured, as from my own 'inclination. I hope, Sir, if you cannot propoſe intirely 'to reform this evil, you will take ſuch notice of it in 'ſome of your future ſpeculations, as may put the de- 'ſerving part of our ſex on their guard againſt theſe 'creatures; and at the ſame time, the apes may be 'ſenſible, that this ſort of mirth is ſo far from an inno- 'cent diverſion, that it is in the higheſt degree that 'vice which is ſaid to comprehend all others.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T Conſtantia Field.

N° 245 Tueſday, December 11.

Ficta voluptatis cauſâ ſint proxima veris.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 338.

Fictions, to pleaſe, ſhould wear the face of truth.

THERE is nothing which one regards ſo much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a daſh of folly. At the ſame time that one eſteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the ſimplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the leaſt grain of the ſerpent in his compoſition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumſtances of life, and very often diſcredits his beſt actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a ſtory of their founder St. *Francis*, that as he paſſed the ſtreets in the duſk of the evening, he diſcovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, ſay they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a ſecret thankſgiving, that there was ſtill ſo much chriſtian charity in the world. The innocence of the ſaint made him miſtake the kiſs of a lover for a ſalute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I ſee a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and

if there be any uſe in theſe my papers, it is this, that without repreſenting vice under any falſe alluring notions, they give my reader an inſight into the ways of men, and repreſent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it, *hackney'd in the ways of men*, may here find a picture of its follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know in ſpeculation what they could never arrive at by practice; and by this means avoid the ſnares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reaſonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an eye to my following correſpondent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who ſeems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this ſhort preface, to which I ſhall ſubjoin a letter from the ſaid Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

‘I Could heartily wiſh that you would let us know your
‘opinion upon ſeveral innocent diverſions which are
‘in uſe among us, and which are very proper to paſs away
‘a winter night for thoſe who do not care to throw away
‘their time at an opera, or at the play-houſe. I would
‘gladly know in particular, what notion you have of hot-
‘cockles; as alſo whether you think that queſtions and
‘commands, mottoes, ſimiles, and croſs-purpoſes, have
‘not more mirth and wit in them, than thoſe publick di-
‘verſions which are grown ſo very faſhionable among us.
‘If you would recommend to our wives and daughters,
‘who read your papers with a great deal of pleaſure,
‘ſome of thoſe ſports and paſtimes that may be practiſed
‘within doors, and by the fire ſide, we who are maſters
‘of families ſhould be hugely obliged to you. I need not
‘tell you that I would have theſe ſports and paſtimes not
‘only merry but innocent, for which reaſon I have not
‘mentioned either whiſk or lanterloo, nor indeed ſo much
‘as one and thirty. After having communicated to
‘you my requeſt upon this ſubject, I will be ſo free as to
‘to tell you how my wife and I paſs away theſe tedious
‘winter evenings with a great deal of pleaſure. Though
‘ſhe be young and handſome, and good humoured to a
‘miracle, ſhe does not care for gadding abroad like

others

'others of her ſex. There is a very friendly man, a 'colonel in the army, whom I am mightily obliged to 'for his civilities, that comes to ſee me almoſt every 'night; for he is not one of thoſe giddy young fellows 'that cannot live out of a play-houſe. When we are 'together, we very often make a party at blind man's 'buff, which is a ſport that I like the better, becauſe 'there is a good deal of exerciſe in it. The colonel and 'I are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your heart 'out to ſee what pains my dear takes to hoodwink us, ſo 'that it is impoſſible for us to ſee the leaſt glimpſe of 'light. The poor colonel ſometimes hits his noſe againſt 'a poſt, and makes us die with laughing. I have gene-'rally the good luck not to hurt myſelf, but am very 'often above half an hour before I can catch either of 'them; for you muſt know we hide ourſelves up and 'down in corners, that we may have the more ſport. I 'only give you this hint as a ſample of ſuch innocent 'diverſions as I would have you recommend; and am,

moſt eſteemed SIR, *your ever loving friend,*

Timothy Doodle.

The following letter was occaſioned by my laſt *Thurſday*'s paper, upon the abſence of Lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making ſuch abſence ſupportable.

SIR,

'AMONG the ſeveral ways of conſolation which 'absent lovers make uſe of while their ſouls are in 'that ſtate of departure, which you ſay is death in love, 'there are ſome very material ones that have eſcaped your 'notice. Among theſe, the firſt and moſt received is a 'crooked ſhilling, which has adminiſtred great comfort 'to our forefathers, and is ſtill made uſe of on this occa-'ſion with very good effect in moſt parts of her majeſty's 'dominions. There are ſome, I know, who think a crown-'piece cut into two equal parts, and preſerved by the 'diſtant lovers, is of more ſovereign virtue than the 'former. But ſince opinions are divided in this parti-'cular, why may not the ſame perſons make uſe of both? 'The figure of a heart, whether cut in ſtone or caſt in 'metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, ſtuck with darts,

'or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been looked 'upon as talismanick in distresses of this nature. I am 'acquainted with many a brave fellow, who carries his 'mistress in the lid of his snuff-box, and by that expedient 'has supported himself under the absence of a whole cam-'paign. For my own part, I have tried all these reme-'dies, but never found so much benefit from any as from 'a ring, in which my mistress's hair is platted together 'very artificially in a kind of true lover's knot. As I have 'received great benefit from this secret, I think myself 'obliged to communicate it to the publick, for the good 'of my fellow-subjects. I desire you will add this letter as 'an appendix to your consolations upon absence, and am,

your very humble servant, T. B.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from an university Gentleman, occasioned by my last *Tuesday*'s paper, wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those learned bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

'THIS will give you to understand, that there is at 'present in the society, whereof I am a member, a 'very considerable body of *Trojans*, who, upon a proper 'occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the 'mean while we do all we can to annoy our enemies by 'stratagem, and are resolved by the first opportunity to 'attack Mr. *Joshua Barnes*, whom we look upon as the '*Achilles* of the opposite party. As for myself I have had 'the reputation ever since I came from school of being a 'trusty *Trojan*, and am resolved never to give quarter to 'the smallest particle of *Greek*, wherever I chance to 'meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, 'that you sometimes hang out *Greek* colours at the head 'of your paper, and sometimes give a word of the enemy 'even in the body of it. When I meet with any thing 'of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon 'the table, with that form of words which we make use 'of when we declare war upon an author.

Græcum est, non potest legi.

'I give you this hint, that you may for the future ab-'stain from any such hostilites at your peril. *Troilus.*

C

Nº 246 Wedneſday, December 12.

—Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατὴρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δέ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

Hom. Iliad. 16. 33.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,
Nor ever tender goddeſs brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm:
A ſoul well ſuiting thy tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-
'table, I conjure you to print what I now write
'to you: for I have no other way to communi-
'cate what I have to ſay to the Fair-ſex on the moſt im-
'portant circumſtance of life, even the care of children.
'I do not underſtand that you profeſs your paper is always
'to conſiſt of matters which are only to entertain the learn-
'ed and polite, but that it may agree with your deſign to
'publiſh ſome which may tend to the information of
'mankind in general; and when it does ſo, you do more
'than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to
'tell you, that of all the abuſes that ever you have as yet
'endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted ſo
'much your aſſiſtance as the abuſe in nurſing children. It
'is unmerciful to ſee that a woman endowed with all the
'perfections and bleſſings of nature, can, as ſoon as ſhe
'is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender and helpleſs
'infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thouſand
'to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither
'ſound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor
'reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but
'more regard for the money than for the whole child,
'and never will take farther care of it than what by all
'the encouragement of money and preſents ſhe is forced

'to; like *Æſop*'s earth, which would not nurſe the plant of another ground, although never ſo much improved, by reaſon that plant was not of its own production. And ſince another's child is no more natural to a nurſe than a plant to a ſtrange and different ground, how can it be ſuppoſed that the child ſhould thrive; and if it thrives, muſt it not imbibe the groſs humours and qualities of the nurſe, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different ſtock? Do not we obſerve that a lamb ſucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay even its ſkin and wool into the goat kind? The power of a nurſe, over a child, by infuſing into it, with her milk, her qualities and diſpoſition, is ſufficiently and daily obſerved: Hence came that old ſaying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that he had imbibed his malice with his nurſe's milk, or that ſome brute or other had been his nurſe. Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were ſaid to have been nurſed by a wolf, *Telephus* the ſon of *Hercules* by a hind, *Pelias* the ſon of *Neptune* by a mare, and *Ægiſthus* by a goat; not that they had actually ſucked ſuch creatures, as ſome ſimpletons have imagined, but that their nurſes had been of ſuch a nature and temper, and infuſed ſuch into them.

'Many inſtances may be produced from good authorities and daily experience, that children actually ſuck in the ſeveral paſſions and depraved inclinations of their nurſes, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, ſadneſs, deſire, and averſion. This *Diodorus*, *lib.* 2. witneſſes, when he ſpeaks, ſaying, That *Nero* the emperor's nurſe had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit *Nero* received from his nurſe, and was ſo very particular in this, that the people took ſo much notice of it, as inſtead of *Tiberius Nero*, they called him *Biberius Mero*. The ſame *Diodorus* alſo relates of *Caligula*, predeceſſor to *Nero*, that his nurſe uſed to moiſten the nipples of her breaſt frequently with blood, to make *Caligula* take the better hold of them; which, ſays *Diodorus*, was the cauſe that made him ſo blood-thirſty and cruel all his life-time after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewiſe wiſhed that all human kind wore but one neck, that he might have the

'pleaſure

'pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the 'parents, who not knowing after whom the child can 'take, see one to incline to stealing, another to drinking, 'cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, 'it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be 'born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an 'ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily 'brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c. merely by 'sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But in-'deed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the 'child, and few nurses can be found in this town but 'what labour under some distemper or other. The first 'question that is generally asked a young woman that 'wants to be a nurse, Why she should be a nurse to other 'people's children? is answered, by her having an ill hus-'band, and that she must make shift to live. I think now 'this very answer is enough to give any body a shock, if 'duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one 'if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, 'or at least vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes 'the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accord-'ingly, or else very coarse at best; whence proceeds an 'ill-concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the 'blood, so is the milk; and hence I am very well assured 'proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. 'I beg of you, for the sake of the many poor infants that 'may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, 'to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let 'the children suck their own mothers, both for the benefit 'of mother and child. For the general argument, that 'a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is 'vain and simple; I will maintain that the mother grows 'stronger by it, and will have her health better than she 'would have otherwise: She will find it the greatest cure 'and preservative for the vapours and future miscarriages, 'much beyond any other remedy whatsoever: Her child-'ren will be like giants, whereas otherwise they are but 'living shadows and like unripe fruit; and certainly if 'a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is 'beyond all doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. 'It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor

'children are daily ruined by careless nurses; and yet 'how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the 'least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make 'it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

'But I cannot well leave this subject as yet; for it seems 'to me very unnatural, that a woman that has fed a child 'as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire 'to nurse it farther, when brought to light and before her 'eyes, and when by its cry it implores her assistance and 'the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of 'brutes tend their young ones with all the care and de-'light imaginable? For how can she be called a mother 'that will not nurse her young ones? The earth is called 'the mother of all things, not because she produces, but 'because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The 'generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the 'care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant 'but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother 'cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must 'be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am sure in 'a thousand there is hardly one real instance; for if a 'woman does but know that her husband can spare 'about three or six shillings a week extraordinary, (al-'though this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with 'the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good 'man to send the child to nurse, and easily impose up-'on him by pretending indisposition. Thus cruelty is 'supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

T *SIR, your humble servant.*

Nº 247 Thursday, December 13.

———Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
'Εκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα——— ——— Hesiod.

Their untired lips a wordy torrent pour.

WE are told by some antient authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*. I have indeed very

very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex, and I think the universities would do well to consider whether they should not fill the rhetorick chairs with she professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetorick.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the Ladies of the *British* fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetorick in which *Socrates* his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry at her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflexions which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure

N 5 and

and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word *Gossips*. Mrs. *Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon a head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room: She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimicks, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the Fair-sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine

whether

whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart, to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluency of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman*'s thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a female orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of *The wanton wife of Bath*, has the following remarkable lines:

I think, quoth Thomas, *womens tongues*
Of aspen leaves are made.

And *Ovid*, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

——*Comprensam forcipe linguam*
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat—— Met. lib. 6. ver. 556.

————The blade had cut,
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root:
The mangl'd part still quiver'd on the ground,
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;
And, as a serpent wreaths his wounded train,
Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain. CROXAL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech,

and accomplices of ſound about it? I might here mention the ſtory of the pippin-woman, had I not ſome reaſon to look upon it as fabulous.

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charmed with the muſick of this little inſtrument, that I would by no means diſcourage it. All that I aim at by this diſſertation is, to cure it of ſeveral diſagreeable notes, and in particular of thoſe little jarrings and diſſonances which ariſe from anger, cenſoriouſneſs, goſſiping, and coquetry. In ſhort, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, diſcretion, and ſincerity. C

Nº 248 Friday, December 14.

Hoc maximè officii eſt, ut quiſque maximè opis indigeat, ita ei potiſſimum opitulari. Tull.

It is a principal point of duty, to aſſiſt another moſt, when he ſtands moſt in need of aſſiſtance.

THere are none who deſerve ſuperiority over others in the eſteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to ſociety; and who upon all occaſions which their circumſtances of life can adminiſter, do not take a certain unfeigned pleaſure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Thoſe whoſe great talents and high birth have placed them in conſpicuous ſtations of life, are indiſpenſably obliged to exert ſome noble inclinations for the ſervice of the world, or elſe ſuch advantages become misfortunes, and ſhade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the ſame perſon, we ſometimes ſee ſublime inſtances of virtue which ſo dazzle our imaginations, that we look with ſcorn on all which in lower ſcenes of life we may ourſelves be able to practiſe. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears ſome ſpice of romantick madneſs, for a man to imagine that he muſt grow ambitious, or ſeek adventures to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things

worthy

worthy but heroick. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of publick spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since *Lapirius*, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a new-year's day in the morning the following letter;

Honoured Brother,

'I Inclose to you the deeds whereby my father gave 'me this house and land: Had he lived until now, 'he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he 'took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the 'man you are. I am,

SIR, your affectionate Brother,

and humble servant, P. T.

As great and exalted spirits undertake the pursuit of hazardous actions for the good of others, at the same time gratifying their passion for glory; so do worthy minds in the domestick way of life deny themselves many advantages, to satisfy a generous benevolence which they bear to their friends oppressed with distresses and calamities. Such natures one may call stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret celestial influence to undervalue the ordinary gratifications of wealth, to give comfort to an heart loaded with affliction, to save a falling family, to preserve a branch of trade in their neighbourhood, and

give

give work to the induſtrious, preſerve the portion of the helpleſs infant, and raiſe the head of the mourning father. People whoſe hearts are wholly bent towards pleaſure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of induſtry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant who the other day ſent this billet to an eminent trader under difficulties to ſupport himſelf, in whoſe fall many hundreds beſides himſelf had periſhed; but becauſe I think, there is more ſpirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phillis*, I ſhall inſert it even in the mercantile honeſt ſtile in which it was ſent.

SIR,

'I Have heard of the caſualties which have involved 'you in extreme diſtreſs at this time; and knowing 'you to be a man of great good-nature, induſtry, and 'probity, have reſolved to ſtand by you. Be of good 'chear, the bearer brings with him five thouſand pounds, 'and has my order to anſwer your drawing as much 'more on my account. I did this in haſte, for fear I 'ſhould come too late for your relief: but you may 'value yourſelf with me to the ſum of fifty thouſand 'pounds; for I can very chearfully run the hazard of 'being ſo much leſs rich than I am now, to ſave an 'honeſt man whom I love.

Your friend and ſervant, W. S.

I think there is ſomewhere in *Montaigne* mention made of a family book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that houſe to another were recorded. Were there ſuch a method in the families which are concerned in this generoſity, it would be an hard taſk for the greateſt in *Europe* to give, in their own, an inſtance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjuſt ſtep made to the diſadvantage of a trader; and by how much ſuch an act towards him is deteſtable, by ſo much an act of kindneſs towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a bencher of the *Temple* tell a ſtory of a tradition in their houſe, where they had

had formerly a custom of choosing Kings for such a season, and allowing him his expences at the charge of the society: One of our Kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world. The king out of his royal compassion privately inquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a plaudite without farther examination, upon the recital of this article in them,

		l.	s.	d.
T	*For making a man happy*	10	00	00

N° 249 Saturday, December 15.

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν. Frag. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

WHEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflexions on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other Beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have

I have in my forty-ſeventh paper raiſed a ſpeculation on the notion of a modern philoſopher, who deſcribes the firſt motive of laughter to be a ſecret compariſon which we make between ourſelves, and the perſons we laugh at; or, in other words, that ſatisfaction which we receive from the opinion of ſome pre-eminence in ourſelves, when we ſee the abſurdities of another, or when we reflect on any paſt abſurdities of our own. This ſeems to hold in moſt caſes, and we may obſerve that the vaineſt part of mankind are the moſt addicted to this paſſion.

I have read a ſermon of a conventual in the church of *Rome*, on thoſe words of the wiſe man, *I ſaid of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original ſin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it laſts, ſlackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and cauſes a kind of remiſſneſs and diſſolution in all the powers of the ſoul: And thus far it may be looked upon as weakneſs in the compoſition of human nature. But if we conſider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depreſs the mind and damp our ſpirits, with tranſient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wiſe for ſo great a pleaſure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and expoſing to laughter thoſe one converſes with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this caſt of mind cuts himſelf off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weakneſſes; nay, the greateſt blemiſhes are often found in the moſt ſhining characters: but what an abſurd thing is it to paſs over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? To obſerve his imperfections more than his virtues? And to make uſe of him for the ſport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that perſons the moſt accompliſhed in ridicule are thoſe who are very ſhrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing maſterly in themſelves. As there are many eminent criticks who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every ſingle defect in another, without

ever

ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human life.

We may observe that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggrel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more rallery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds: the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. *Don Quixote* is an instance of the first, and *Lucian*'s gods of the second. It is a dispute among the criticks, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroick verse, like that of the *Dispensary*; or in doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroick is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroick verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shews that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise *Venus* has gained the title of Φιλομειδής the laughter-loving dame, as *Waller* has translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the goddess who delights in laughter. *Milton* in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a birth;*
With two sister graces more,
To ivy crowned Bacchus *bore:*
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *cheek,*
And love to live in dimple sleek:
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe:
And in the right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.

N° 250 Monday, December 17.

Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.
Hor. Ep. 17. lib. 1. ver 3.

Yet hear what thy unskilful friend can say,
As if one blind pretends to shew the way;
Yet see a while, if what is fairly shown
Be good, and such as you may make your own.
CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU see the nature of my request by the *Latin* motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not to use many words to you, who are one of but few; but the following piece, as it relates to speculation in propriety of speech, being a curiosity in its kind, begs your patience. It was found in a poetical virtuoso's closet among his rarities; and since the several treatises of thumbs, ears and noses, have obliged the world, this of eyes is at your service.

'The first eye of consequence (under the invisible author of all) is the visible luminary of the universe. This glorious spectator is said never to open his eyes at his rising in a morning, without having a whole kingdom of adorers in *Persian* silk waiting at his levée. Millions of creatures derive their sight from this original, who, besides his being the great director of opticks, is the surest test whether eyes be of the same species with that of an eagle or that of an owl: The one he emboldens with a manly assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the faces of a numerous assembly; the other he dazzles out of countenance into a sheepish dejectedness. The sun proof eye dares lead up a dance in a full court; and without blinking at the lustre of beauty, can distribute an eye of proper complaisance to a room crouded

'with

'with company, each of which deserves particular re-'gard: while the other sneaks from conversation, like a 'fearful debtor, who never dares to look out, but when 'he can see nobody, and nobody him.

'The next instance of opticks is the famous *Argus*, who '(to speak the language of *Cambridge*) was one of an 'hundred; and being used as a spy in the affairs of jea-'lousy, was obliged to have all his eyes about him. We 'have no account of the particular colours, casts and 'turns of this body of eyes; but as he was pimp for his 'mistress *Juno*, it is probable he used all the modish 'leers, sly glances, and other ocular activities to serve 'his purpose. Some look upon him as the then King at 'arms to the heathenish deities; and make no more of 'his eyes than as so many spangles of his herald's coat.

'The next upon the optick list is old *Janus*, who stood 'in a double-sighted capacity, like a person placed be-'twixt two opposite looking-glasses, and so took a sort 'of retrospective cast at one view. Copies of this double-'faced way are not yet out of fashion with many pro-'fessions, and the ingenious artists pretend to keep up 'this species by double-headed canes and spoons; but 'there is no mark of this faculty, except in the emble-'matical way of a wise general having an eye to both 'front and rear, or a pious man taking a review and 'prospect of his past and future state at the same time.

'I must own, that the names, colours, qualities, and 'turns of eyes vary almost in every head; for, not to 'mention the common appellations of the black, the 'blue, the white, the gray, and the like; the most remark-'able are those that borrow their titles from animals, by 'virtue of some particular quality or resemblance they 'bear to the eyes of the respective creatures; as that of 'a greedy rapacious aspect takes its name from the cat, 'that of a sharp piercing nature from the hawk, those of 'an amorous roguish look derive their title even from 'the sheep, and we say such an one has a sheep's eye, 'not so much to denote the innocence, as the simple 'sliness of the cast: Nor is this metaphorical inoculation 'a modern invention, for we find *Homer* taking the free-'dom to place the eye of an ox, bull, or cow in one of 'his principal goddesses, by that frequent expression of

Βοῶπις

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη——

The ox-eyed venerable *Juno.*

'Now as to the peculiar qualities of the eye, that fine 'part of our constitution seems as much the receptacle 'and seat of our passions, appetites and inclinations as 'the mind itself; at least it is as the outward portal to 'introduce them to the house within, or rather the com-'mon thorough-fare to let our affections pass in and out. 'Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in 'those little orbs. I know a young Lady that cannot see 'a certain Gentleman pass by without shewing a secret 'desire of seeing him again by a dance in her eye-balls; 'nay, she cannot for the heart of her help looking 'half a street's length after any man in a gay dress. 'You cannot behold a covetous spirit walk by a gold-'smith's shop without casting a wishful eye at the heaps 'upon the counter. Does not a haughty person shew the 'temper of his soul in the supercilious roll of his eye? 'and how frequently in the height of passion does that 'moving picture in our head start and stare, gather a 'redness and quick flashes of lightning, and make all its 'humours sparkle with fire, as *Virgil* finely describes it,

——*Ardentis ab ore*
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.

Æn. 12. ver. 101.

——From his wide nostrils flies
A fiery stream, and sparkles from his eyes. DRYDEN.

'As for the various turns of the eye-sight, such as the 'voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole leer, I 'shall not enter into a very particular account of them, 'but let me observe, that oblique vision, when natural, 'was anciently the mark of bewitchery and magical fas-'cination, and to this day it is a malignant ill look; but 'when it is forced and affected, it carries a wanton de-'sign, and in play-houses, and other publick places, 'this ocular intimation is often an assignation for bad 'practices: But this irregularity in vision, together with 'such enormities as tipping the wink, the circumspec-'tive roll, the side-peep through a thin hood or fan, 'must be put in the class of heteropticks, as all wrong 'notions of religion are ranked under the general name

'of

of heterodox. All the pernicious applications of ſight are more immediately under the direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope you will arm your readers againſt the miſchiefs which are daily done by killing eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown friend,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU profeſſed in ſeveral papers your particular endeavours in the province of SPECTATORS, to correct the offences committed by ſtarers who diſturb whole aſſemblies without any regard to time, place or modeſty. You complained alſo that a ſtarer is not uſually a perſon to be convinced by the reaſon of the thing, nor ſo eaſily rebuked, as to amend by admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient mechanical way, which may eaſily prevent or correct ſtaring, by an optical contrivance of new perſpective-glaſſes, ſhort and commodious like opera-glaſſes, fit for ſhort-ſighted people as well as others, theſe glaſſes making the objects appear, either as they are ſeen by the naked eye, or more diſtinct, though ſomewhat leſs than life, or bigger and nearer. A perſon may, by the help of this invention, take a view of another without the impertinence of ſtaring; at the ſame time it ſhall not be poſſible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his right or left hand, when he is ſuppoſed to look forwards: This is ſet forth at large in the printed propoſals for the ſale of theſe glaſſes, to be had at Mr. *Dillon*'s in *Long-Acre*, next door to the *White-Hart*. Now, Sir, as your *Spectator* has occaſioned the publiſhing of this invention for the benefit of modeſt ſpectators, the inventor deſires your admonitions concerning the decent uſe of it; and hopes, by your recommendation, that for the future beauty may be beheld without the torture and confuſion which it ſuffers from the inſolence of ſtarers. By this means you will relieve the innocent from an inſult which there is no law to puniſh, though it is a greater offence than many which are within the cognizance of juſtice. I am,

SIR, your moſt humble ſervant,

Abraham Spy.

Q

No 251 Tuesday, December 18.

——*Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox.—— Virg. Æn. 6. ver. 625.

——A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs. DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the *Cries of London.* My good friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get then out of his head or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, WILL HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the musick of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader without saying any thing further of it,

SIR,

'I Am a man out of all business, and would willingly 'turn my head to any thing for an honest livelihood. 'I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I 'cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look 'upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that 'despairing to enrich either myself or my country by 'this publick-spiritedness, I would make some proposals 'to you relating to a design which I have very much 'at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the 'cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

'The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general 'of the *London* cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place as being a man of very strong lungs, 'of great insight into all the branches of our *British* trades 'and manufactures, and of a competent skill in musick.

'The

'The cries of *London* may be divided into vocal and 'instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under 'a very great disorder. A freeman of *London* has the 'privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour toge-'ther, with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-'pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us 'in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. 'The sow-gelder's horn has indeed something musical 'in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I 'would therefore propose, that no instrument of this na-'ture should be made use of, which I have not tuned and 'licensed, after having carefully examined in what man-'ner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

'Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed 'so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear 'a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend 'the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is gene-'rally sold in a note above *Ela*, and in sounds so exceed-'ing shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The 'chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he 'sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and some-'times in the sharpest treble: sometimes in the high-'est, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. 'The same observation might be made on the retailers 'of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-'dust. In these therefore, and the like cases, it should 'be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these 'itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance 'in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to 'their respective wares; and to take care in particular, 'that those may not make the most noise who have the 'least to sell, which is very observable in the venders 'of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply the old 'proverb of *much cry but little wool.*

'Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very 'loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that 'an honest splenetick Gentleman of my acquaintance 'bargained with one of them never to come into the street 'where he lived: But what was the effect of this contract? 'Why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which fre-'quent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, 'in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

‘ It is another great imperfection in our *London* cries,
‘ that there is no juſt time or meaſure obſerved in them.
‘ Our news ſhould indeed be publiſhed in a very quick
‘ time, becauſe it is a commodity that will not keep
‘ cold. It ſhould not, however, be cried with the ſame
‘ precipitation as *fire*: Yet this is generally the caſe. A
‘ bloody battle alarms the town from one end to ano-
‘ ther in an inſtant. Every motion of the *French* is pub-
‘ liſhed in ſo great a hurry, that one would think the
‘ enemy were at our gates. This likewiſe I would take
‘ upon me to regulate in ſuch a manner, that there ſhould
‘ be ſome diſtinction made between the ſpreading of a
‘ victory, a march, or an incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Por-*
‘ *tugal*, or a *Spaniſh* mail. Nor muſt I omit under this
‘ head thoſe exceſſive alarms with which ſeveral boiſte-
‘ rous ruſticks infeſt our ſtreets in turnip-ſeaſon; and
‘ which are more inexcuſable, becauſe theſe are wares
‘ which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

‘ There are others who affect a very ſlow time, and
‘ are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the
‘ former; the cooper in particular ſwells his laſt note
‘ in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony;
‘ nor can I forbear being inſpired with a moſt agreeable
‘ melancholy, when I hear that ſad and ſolemn air
‘ with which the publick are very often asked, If they
‘ have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may
‘ ſuggeſt to you many other lamentable ditties of the
‘ ſame nature, in which the muſick is wonderfully lan-
‘ guiſhing and melodious.

‘ I am always pleaſed with that particular time of the
‘ year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cu-
‘ cumbers; but alas, this cry, like the ſong of the
‘ nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would
‘ therefore be worth while to conſider, whether the
‘ ſame air might not in ſome caſes be adapted to other
‘ words.

‘ It might likewiſe deſerve our moſt ſerious conſi-
‘ deration, how far, in a well regulated city, thoſe hu-
‘ mouriſts are to be tolerated, who, not contented with
‘ the traditional cries of their foreſathers, have invented
‘ particular ſongs and tunes of their own: Such as was
‘ not many years ſince, the paſtry-man, commonly

'known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such 'as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls 'who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name 'of *Powder-Wat*.

'I must not here omit one particular absurdity which 'runs through this whole vociferous generation, and 'which renders their cries very often not only incom-'modious, but altogether useless to the publick; I mean 'that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim 'at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or 'no they have learned this from several of our affected 'singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most 'certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in 'rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch 'that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to 'buy apples of a bellows-mender, and gingerbread from 'a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay so strangely 'infatuated are some very eminent artists of this par-'ticular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaint-'ance are able to guess at their profession; for who else 'can know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the signifi-'cation of a corn cutter?

'Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are sel-'dom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be 'very proper, that some man of good sense and sound 'judgment should preside over these public cries who 'should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, 'that have not tunable throats, and are not only able 'to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of 'coaches, but also to vend their respective merchan-'dises in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agree-'able sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my-'self as a person rightly qualified for this post; and if 'I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate 'some other projects which I have by me, that may no 'less conduce to the emolument of the publick.

I am, Sir, &c.

Ralph Crotchet.

G

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